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MARCH
1929

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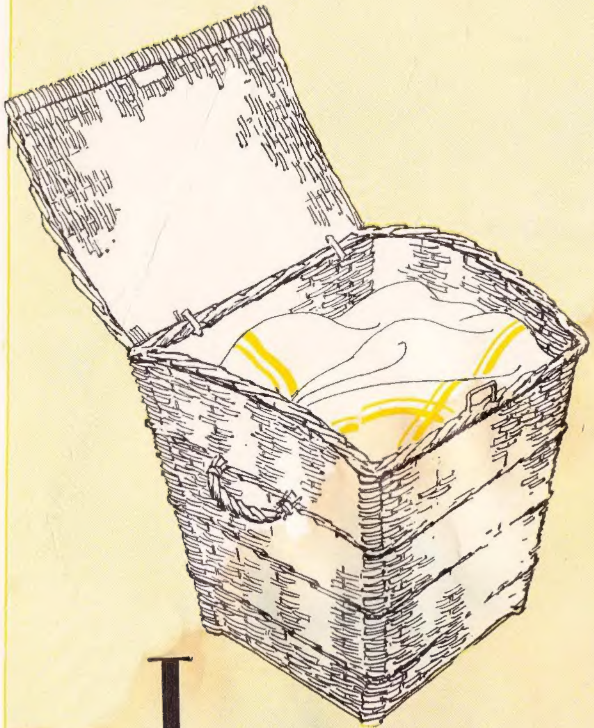

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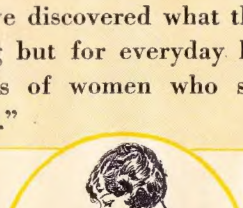

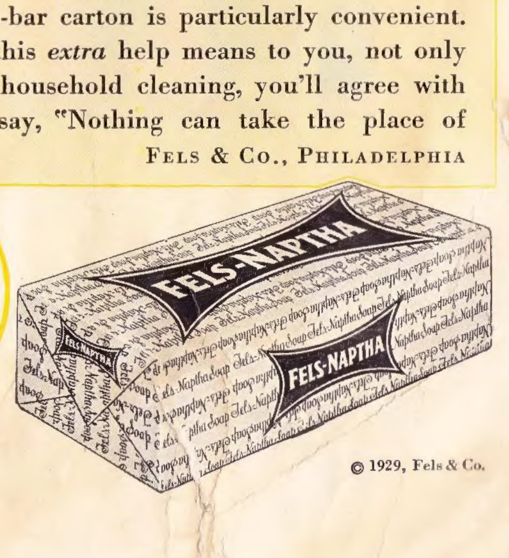

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ARTHUR T. VANCE, *Editor*

William Paul Ahnelt
President and Publisher

VOL. XXX. No. 6

MARCH, 1929

WELCOME AND GODSPEED!

WE ARE welcoming this month to the White House our new first lady, Mrs. Herbert Hoover, the wife of the thirty-first President of the United States.

As a nation we have gone a long way since that handful of young patriots, on July 4, 1776, sent the tocsin of freedom ringing out from the bell-tower of Independence Hall.

From a federation of thirteen States with a population of less than a million we have grown to a commonwealth of forty-eight States and several territories, dependencies, and protectorates, extending more than half-way around the globe and with a population close to 130,000,000.

The leaven of our earlier emancipation, followed by the complete suffrage of all those within our boundaries, giving to each and every citizen equal opportunity according to the quality of his peculiar talents, has raised us to a level of prosperity unique in history. From an embryonic people we have become a nation among nations.

This broadening of our horizons has increased the scope of our activities and our power, until the task of our Chief Executive has become one of ponderous and innumerable duties and responsibilities, requiring a complete absorption in the problems involved and as complete a devotion to their solving.

Such concentration of thought and purpose renders great men inarticulate in ways unrelated to that purpose. No longer has our President the time or the energy for extraneous considerations.

He must have one close to him, and always close at hand, who can relieve him of these vexing by-products.

Therefore the President's wife must be a woman among women. Her intelligence, understanding, and graces must fit her to be his aid and his counselor in those many things which, while they do not come within the categories of governmental functioning, are none the less important in the mind of a people given to exacting and untiring demands.

Time was when we expected little from our Presidents' wives except that they be proper chatelaines of the White House. In the roster but few of them stand out in retrospect. And when they do it is only for the minor virtues. Martha Washington we think of as gray-haired and motherly, with a white kerchief and muslin cap the only symbols remaining to us of the place she took in our national life being the sewing-table and the cake which bear her name.

The name of Dolly Madison calls to mind the quality of her silver service and the gaiety of her social régime.

Mary Todd Lincoln lives a doubtful figure in our minds. Historians and biographers are divided in their estimates. By some she is considered wholly inadequate for the position she occupied. To others she was a woman of strong character and of incalculable help to that great man who was the greatest of our great leaders.

But with the coming of a new era for women a new era in Presidents' wives began. With Grace Goodhue Coolidge a precedent was established. Always we shall think of her, and she will be written down in history, as one whose intellect, whose interest in things worth while, and whose rare charm endeared her to the country at large. Her name has become a byword throughout the land as standing for all that a President's wife should be. With a real thoughtfulness she has lightened his task, so that he could be freer to direct his full energy to the many taxing questions which confronted him. As a hostess her tact has been unfailing. And she has had time to give to useful purposes.

A graduate of the University of Vermont, she devoted her early maturity to teaching at the Clarke School at Northampton, Mass., to guiding children who were thought to be doomed to silence, because they were without hearing, into the land of speech. After her marriage to Calvin Coolidge, who was a young lawyer just beginning to make his way, she was able, altho she was the mother of two sons and did her own housework, to offer her services as a substitute when the needs at the school were pressing. Through all the years she has given support and influence to the cause of these afflicted little ones. She has also been active in social work of many kinds, and has been truly interested in all things related to women's progress. Even when a great sorrow came upon her, she could forget herself and smile at a world which knew that there could be little of joy in her heart.

In Mrs. Herbert Hoover Mrs. Calvin Coolidge is giving way in the White House to one whose intellectual gifts and social graces have received nation-wide and even world-wide recognition.

She graduated from Leland Stanford University, Cal., with high honors. Her honeymoon in China, where Herbert Hoover, altho a very young man, had received recognition as a mining-expert, was spent in translating with him an erudite and hitherto untranslated Latin classic on mining.

Throughout his career she has worked side by side with him, always a wise and energetic mentor. During the World War she was one of his auxiliaries in his relief-work with the Belgians. She was his silent partner when he was Food Administrator at Washington. When he was Secretary of Commerce not only did she endear herself as a hostess, but as president of the Girl Scouts she increased the prestige and activities of that organization, which is doing so much toward the building of a strong and splendid American womanhood. None of these outside endeavors has interfered with her home duties. She is the successful mother of two fine, upstanding, and successful young men.

That she is already highly esteemed was well indicated during the recent campaign when a woman's organization sent out a questionnaire to American women appearing in "Who's Who." In the majority these women were for Herbert Hoover, and in the majority they gave among many reasons for their choice "And Mrs. Hoover." They felt, many of them, that because of her outstanding intelligence she would be a fine factor in furthering the cause of women.

We welcome Mrs. Herbert Hoover to the White House and we bid Godspeed to Mrs. Calvin Coolidge—two women who stand out unchallenged as the ideal of what the wife of the President of the United States should be.

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Illustrations by Herman Palmer

"WHAT MEN REALLY WANT, AFTER THEIR EXTREMEST YOUTH, IS COMFORT"

FOR COMPANIONS I PREFER MEN

Frank expressions on friendship by a noted novelist

BY JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

THE actual masculine preference—between men or women—rests with men. What men really want, after their extremest youth, is comfort. Peace. They do not want it all the time, but they want it mostly. Love is a fire that burns out very quickly. After thirty, quite without knowing it, the great majority of men are done with love. As a moving and controlling force. Love, in reality, after thirty, begins to appear rather absurd. What is splendid at twenty progressively loses its radiance at thirty and after. This, of course, is biologically correct. Nature is only interested in youth; civilization, on the contrary, is only engaged by maturity; and the qualities, the tastes, of maturity are civilized rather than natural.

Love, in spite of all the poetry that will ever be written about it, is strictly natural, logical, and commonplace. It is without a trace of individual dignity. Its dignity is universal and racial. Young men of appropriate years react to young women of appropriate years in obedience to the impulse, the tyranny, of birth. That is love and there is no need to be mysterious, transcendental, about it. This does not operate perfectly. Nature is too indifferent to the individual to care for perfection. But it is the general law, the natural law, of love.

The poetic conception, for example, that love, even for the appropriate young, is a blessing, is one of the serious comedies of human belief. Love is a poison to the individual; it destroys, during its course, all personality. The individual, in the interest of nature, of birth, is simply obliterated.

I remember very well indeed the love that overtook me between the years of eighteen and twenty-one. It was mainly the cause of an utter wretchedness. I slept almost as badly as I do now; all the benefits, the pleasures, of a charming situation went for nothing; I was totally incapable of any sort of reason. I was literally poisoned. Among other unpleasant things I had gloomy delusions of grandeur. I bought cigars that cost a dollar each—terrific cigars in silver-foil—and, negligently mentioning this fact to the girl I loved, I smoked them to their black ends hardly this side of nausea.

The delusions of grandeur took strange unhappy forms—I was a somber spirit isolated in a world that had never suffered. That knew nothing of suffering. I spoke of my heart, but it was my stomach, really, that troubled me. The seat of emotion, I believe, has since been discovered to reside in the stomach. Or is it the liver? I wouldn't go to bed—that would have been ignominious, a surrender—but sat up or walked. I walked over the dark countryside stewing with wretchedness. I regarded the stars. I was filled with ideas of self-sacrifice—I wanted to be an orderly in a hospital. To wipe the dampness from pallid and drawn brows. I wanted to go away in a sailing ship and founder in a great storm. Sink into an eternal salt silence. Nobility and death alternately engaged my imagination. Both sufficiently uncomfortable. I wanted, at other times, simply to be great. Nothing more. A celebrated scientist. A general. I wanted to be an explorer and return from tropical lands burned the color of cured tobacco—the sunburn was essential—and announce amazing discoveries. I performed—in my mind, since I was not only a timid but a cowardly youth—acts of supreme heroism. In all of these situations I was alone, solitary and resigned.

The girl I loved, it happened, didn't love me. Not in a tangible and satisfactory manner. As a matter of fact, she was quite disagreeable about it all. She had a romantic name, Eleanor, and a romantic taste for interesting mature men. Dark men! I was neither dark nor light, but brown, and I was fat. Looking back upon us, I can now recognize that, probably, I hadn't one quality that could entrance her. I was, through that part of her life, a convenience. She liked, I believe, to hear me talk. Well, I talked. I had to. I had, where she was concerned, a superb hopefulness. A hopefulness even more notable than my stupidity. For example, she encouraged me to go to Europe. To leave her. I had never been to Europe, and she insisted that it would improve me. Perhaps Europe would give me the romantic quality she found me innocent of.

I went to Europe, I cabled her a great many times, and in reply, when I was in Venice, I had one cable from her. Its wording was conspicuously not hers; it was plainly masculine in tone; and it unaccountably depressed me. She had, I discovered, asked a friend, a boy, to send it for her! Europe quickly exhausted my money, and I returned before the end of a month; she was amazed, glad to see me—for a week. Then we reassumed our old relationship. My position, however, began to be difficult; it fast became desperate. Eleanor's sister, I recall, asked us if we were engaged, and Eleanor laughed. A sinister, detached sound. Her general complaint about me was that I was young. It was only in appearance, in years; my mind was older, more somber, than the tablets of Moses. She became slowly, then more and more rapidly, tired of me.

During this process my wretchedness actually increased; it touched new incredible depths of suffering; I didn't see how it was possible, but it occurred. I took to drink, that is—I went in saloons and bought glasses, perhaps two, of beer. I went in the side rooms, the ladies' rooms, of saloons and stared gloomily at the ladies there. Even they never made the slightest show of interest in me. I drank a glass or two of beer or a glass of whisky and hated it. The family in general—in addition to all this I was studying art—began to have grave doubts about me. My father was dead and there were consultations with my mother. I went, as usual, to see Eleanor; I had, apparently, the same familiar position in her house; but that was only on the surface. No more than appearance. I had already faded out of her existence.

"SHE WILL LIE FOR HIM—GIVE HIM HER EARRINGS TO TURN INTO CIGARETS"

She was increasingly impatient, critical. Most of what I said, she assured me, was ridiculous. It was young. She began to talk of going to Europe. Italy, Italians, were her ideal. "I'm going to Italy," she at last told me decidedly. I asked her, in an abject misery of spirit, how long she thought she'd stay. She gazed calmly past me over a wide lawn obscured in dusk. Oh, a year at least, she finally replied. A year! She had always liked Italy, I managed to say. It's simply miraculous, she exclaimed. Napoli—she said Napoli—and Florence and Rome. And the lakes! Como. Isolo Bella. Bellagio. I told her, tragic and absurd error, that I might be able to see her in Italy. That, she answered, might be difficult. She couldn't tell where she might be. She might be anywhere. Perhaps in Norway. The fiords were simply miraculous.

I continued stubbornly, fatally, in the face of disaster. When you come back—I said. Her expression stopped me.

I caught a glimmer of the fact that, in the sense I meant, she would never come back again. I didn't say anything for a while. I looked about at the lawn and the piazza, at the house, where I had spent supreme moments. I could not credit what was happening to me. Such a thing couldn't happen to any one. It was too brutal. It was too inhuman. It was unbearable. I did manage to bear it. My manner suddenly grew stiff; my voice, when I spoke, was at once formal and uncertain. I spoke of trivialities.

Three years of unreasonable hope came to an end. Hope died inside me. There were, then, no supporting delusions of grandeur, no splendid and romantic visions. I was crushed. On the contrary, Eleanor grew brighter at once. She was almost gay. She talked encouragingly about my painting. When I grew older, she thought, my work might be very interesting. But she had already left me. On the steamer for Italy. In Italy. She was scarcely conscious of my existence. She had on a white dress with a ruffle at her throat, her skirt ended in a ruffle, and her hair was pinned up in a soft brown turn. She had never, actually, cared for me; I had never been really happy; I had sustained myself on pretense and illusions. I had been patient, disastrous virtue, and meek, ridiculous, impracticable trait.

THE greatest poetry, the greatest romances, ever written could not convince me that love, at an age when love is supremely important, was a blessing to me. It was a curse. It was without any nobility at all. In the place of that I was constantly humiliated. I was, I realize now, a fool. If I hadn't been a fool, meek and patient, it might all, and very easily, have been different. In other words, if I had known then what I know to-day it might have been different. But to-day it would all be impossible for me. I wouldn't, now, put up with a week, a day, of it. I am no longer, then, a candidate for love. I mean the Simon-pure thing itself.

I no longer have a talent for suffering. I want to be comfortable. Love, as I have said, is a natural state, a state of nature, and nature is blind to anything beyond its prime. A man with thirty behind him is beyond his prime. Not in civilization, where maturity, every sort of maturity, is so essential, but in nature. Love, and marriage, ought to belong exclusively to the young; the years afterward are better devoted to a more civilized, a more strictly individual and intelligent, existence.

That brings me to a subject of great controversial difficulty—the relationship between mature men and women. I can, fortunately, here, dismiss the most serious phase of that. Concern myself with hardly more than its negative side. I can, for example, say that I do not believe in any friendship. That is, in the accepted sentimental meaning of that fantastic state. I have said this before, but never more appropriately than here. I do not, I am afraid, believe very much in unselfishness. A condition, I am assured, inseparable from friendship.

I like a companionship of equal privilege and a mutual independence. A complete superiority of contact and obligation. The reverse of sentimental. I believe in the

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This food without fibre

These gums without work!

Soft foods have hurt our gums by robbing them of work and stimulation—but Ipana and massage will bring them back to sound and sturdy health

JUST steal a glance, to the left or right, next time you sit down to dinner! Delicious this modern food may be...but how much chewing does it need? How much stimulation does it give to your gums?

Day after day you eat the soft fare of civilization. Your gums are robbed of their needed work and exercise. Is it any wonder that they become soft and tender ...that they bleed easily...that "pink tooth brush" comes, with its warning of worse trouble ahead?

How Ipana and massage defeat "pink tooth brush"

Fortunately, dentists have found a way to check the alarming spread of gum troubles. Massage the gums, they say, twice daily. For massage stirs the circulation of blood within the gum walls, sweeping away impurities, toning the tiny cells and building the tissues back to firm and hardy health.

And even better than massage alone is massage with Ipana Tooth Paste. For Ipana has a special ingredient —ziratol—a hemostatic and antiseptic widely used in the practice of dentistry. Its presence gives Ipana the power to tone and invigorate the depleted tissues, restoring the gums to their normal firmness of texture.

There's nothing difficult or complicated about it. After you clean your teeth with Ipana, simply squeeze out some more of this delicious dentifrice and brush your gums with it gently. If at first your gums are tender to the brush, rub them with Ipana on your fingertips. This gentle frictionizing makes your gums firm, rosy—more resistant to disease and infection—better guardians of the health and beauty of your teeth.

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Make a full month's test of Ipana

The coupon offers you a ten-day trial tube of Ipana. Ten days will amply demonstrate Ipana's superb cleaning power, its delicious taste. But it can only start the work of restoring gums to health. So get a full-size tube of Ipana — enough for 100 brushings.

Clean your teeth, massage your gums, with Ipana, twice a day, for one full month, and learn the double joy of sparkling teeth and firm, healthy gums.

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73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Address...

City...................................*State*.........................

DO THE STARS RULE OUR DESTINY?

BY C. J. KULLMER, PH.D.

Illustration by A. D. Rahn

"'NO PRINCE'S COURT WAS COMPLETE WITHOUT ITS OFFICIAL ASTROLOGER'"

THE telephone rang. It was a woman's voice. "Is this Professor Kullmer?"

"Yes."

"Well, they tell me you are an astrologer and can read the stars."

"Why, no, I am merely an amateur astronomer, a lover of the stars."

"Well, Professor, I wish you could read the stars and tell me what to do with my boy. He won't hold on to a job and I can't make him go to school. I just don't know what to do; I'm at my wit's end."

Then the heart-broken mother unfolded a tale of years of struggle to guide her boy aright and, ending, implored me to read the stars and tell her what to do.

There are probably many women like this poor mother who do not know the difference between astronomy and astrology, that astronomy is the marvelous science, studied in the universities, that tells us all we really know about the stars, and that astrology is a survival from ancient days, pretending to show the influence of the heavenly bodies on the weather, health and disease, temperaments of human beings, and on our destinies in general.

What should I have told this mother? It was an actual case. I could not laugh at her. She was too earnest. She seemed to me like a symbol of all mankind to-day. She was knocking at the doors of the university, like all mankind, in vague confidence that somehow new insight would guide her right; at the same time she was clinging, like all mankind, to old interpretations which the powerful methods of modern science have long ago shown to be false.

What did I actually tell this poor woman? I told her that no university in all the civilized world has a professor who "reads the stars" and "makes horoscopes," since the stars have, as far as true science knows, no "influences" at all on the lives of men. But I also told her that the university has three departments that might help her solve her problem.

First, in the college of education there is a professor who studies just such cases—measures the pupil's abilities and interests and adjusts the pupil to a suitable course of study. Second, I referred her to a professor who has spent years of study in the new field of vocational guidance; he might help the boy find his proper place. And third, but most important probably, there is the new "mental hygiene clinic," where men skilled in the new scientific study of human conduct seek for the causes of maladjustment to life and give to faltering human beings a new direction in life.

It may not be clearly understood by all that astrology is now absolutely tabu in all universities; and there are probably many more who do not understand just why astrology is banished from consideration in the universities of the world. Let us get some books on astrology to see what it is all about. Let me take you to our public library, where the books are arranged on the scientific Dewey system; that is, books of a kind are all together; each group has a number. Let us find "Astrology."

132	Mental Derangement
133	Witchcraft
133.4	Witches
133.5	Astrology
133.6	Palmistry
133.9	Spiritism

My, what company! Well, let us look at the books. What follows is based on what actually happened in our city public library. There are nine titles in the catalog; but strange, only one book is on the shelves—a book on medical astrology. We consult the librarian. Yes, all the others are loaned out except one, which is kept locked in a case because it is called for so much and because the former copy of it was stolen. We get the book; it is the twenty-fifth edition of "Solar Biology"; it sounds very learned. We will take it with us. Evidently there must be many people who read such books.

But before we leave the library we might turn for a moment to a few standard reference-books. The "New International Encyclopedia" says: "Astrology is one of the most ancient forms of superstition." Furthermore: "The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were the palmy days of the science; chairs for its teaching were founded in the two oldest universities, Bologna and Padua, and no prince's court was complete without its official astrologer."

The "Americana" encyclopedia concludes its article on astrology as follows: "It still flourishes, however, in Asia and Africa and is a means of livelihood to many charlatans who prey upon the lower classes of all countries."

Of places where bloodletting is still science and barbers are still surgeons we read: "Even in modern times travelers relate how, when an auspicious day has been proclaimed by the astrologers, the streets of Bagdad may be seen running with blood from the barber shops." This calls to mind incidentally an advertisement, which I once received, of an astrological hair remedy; the bottle was to be accompanied with a calendar on which the days were marked when the stars are properly set for growing hair.

If we open our book from the library, "Solar Biology," or any other book of astrology, we shall find a long series of statements, such as, for example, that the planet Saturn has an evil effect, or that the planet Jupiter has control over the liver, or that children born under the influence of Mercury will have a sullen disposition. Now, you yourself could write a book of astrology and state that the planet Saturn has a good effect, and that the planet Jupiter has control over the heart, and that children born under the influence of Mercury will have a sunny disposition.

"Yes," replies the reader perhaps, "but that would not be so. I don't know about such things, and the author of the book of astrology must know; he would not make the statement unless he knew it were true." This is what is generally called "belief in authority." This trust in the superior insight or in the mystic source of knowledge of others has controlled the opinions and actions of men and misled them from the earliest times down to the discovery by Galileo and his age of *experiment* as the source of truth.

Let us suppose that one astrologer says: Jupiter has control over the liver, and another astrologer says: Jupiter has control over the heart, and a modern scientist says: Jupiter has no influence whatever on health and disease. Is there no method of testing and proving the truth or falsity of these three statements? It is the glory of our age that we have such a test. It is the "test of experiment." We have found that under fixed conditions the same results always happen; no exception to this rule has ever been found.

With regard to the influence of Jupiter we should need a large mass of observations; they could be easily obtained from hospital records. Of course, no scientist would waste his time on such a study, since the guess, or the hypothesis, as it is called, of Jupiter's influence is not worth testing. Any astrologer would be hailed as a great scientist if he could demonstrate by observation and experiment such an influence of Jupiter or any other planet. But this has never been done.

It would be futile, therefore, to attempt to disprove scientifically any of the claims of astrology, since there is no evidence to examine and there are no experiments to repeat and confirm. Error dies not by scientific disproof; error dies by neglect. The triumphs of science, based on experiment, offer a marvelous wealth of predictions that always come true. Science has no time, therefore, to bother with unsupported statements; if, in addition, such statements have come down to us from primitive superstitious past ages, we have found the chances are very small that they may contain a useful kernel of truth.

THE case of astrology is, however, much more complicated. Let us assume a complete disproof of astrology. Is our astrologer or our believer in astrology modernized thereby? Not at all. I have before me a "New Thought," "Bahai" magazine of twelve years' standing, containing numerous advertisements. Here is one of an astrologer:

REV. . R. F. Z. . . . , F. B. P. I.; D. D.; Ph.D.; D. Sc. Prominent Spiritualist—crystal gazer—medium—psychic—mystic—healer—occultist—psychologist—astrologer—numerologist—yogi—lecturer and teacher.
Send full name, date of birth, and questions.
Short readings $3; general readings $5; full reading $10.

In the presence of the ogre of astrology I often feel like David before Goliath; but this must be the nine-headed monster Hydra that Hercules slew in the swamp of Lerna. If I cut off the "astrologer," two new heads may grow and I shall still have to struggle with the "yogi" and the "crystal gazer" and all the rest.

Here is another "New Thought practitioner," according to the heading used by the magazine:

Psychic and Clairvoyant Readings!!
Send $1.00, ask five questions: You will be helped. What has Solar Biology for you? Send date of birth and $2.00; you will be surprized! Do you suffer physically? Why not try Nature's Remedies? Pure dry herbs! One month's treatment!! Send lock of hair for diagnosis. Rev. S. P. Q.

"Solar Biology" and "date of birth and $2.00" are astrology all right, but that "lock of hair for diagnosis"! I find myself "surprized" without even sending the $2.00.

We find a new astrological angle in the following advertisement:

If your life is not expressing harmony on all levels—physically, mentally, emotionally, financially, spiritually, the cause is in your name. Have it analyzed scientifically. A change of name is a change of destiny. Write me today enclosing $1.00 for my Mystic Self-Help Letter. I can help you.
Rev. X. L. T., National Authority on Numerology-Astrology.

From the examples given above, which might be extended indefinitely, we see that the connections of astrology are strange, to say the least. What the average reader probably does not sense is what bad form it is in enlightened circles to show any belief in or sincere curiosity concerning astrology. Let me illustrate by an example which happened about fifteen years ago. The faculty of the university was standing in cap and gown in the commencement procession waiting to start. Because of my interest in the stars the conversation happened to turn in that direction. A professor of voice-culture spoke up, and with obvious

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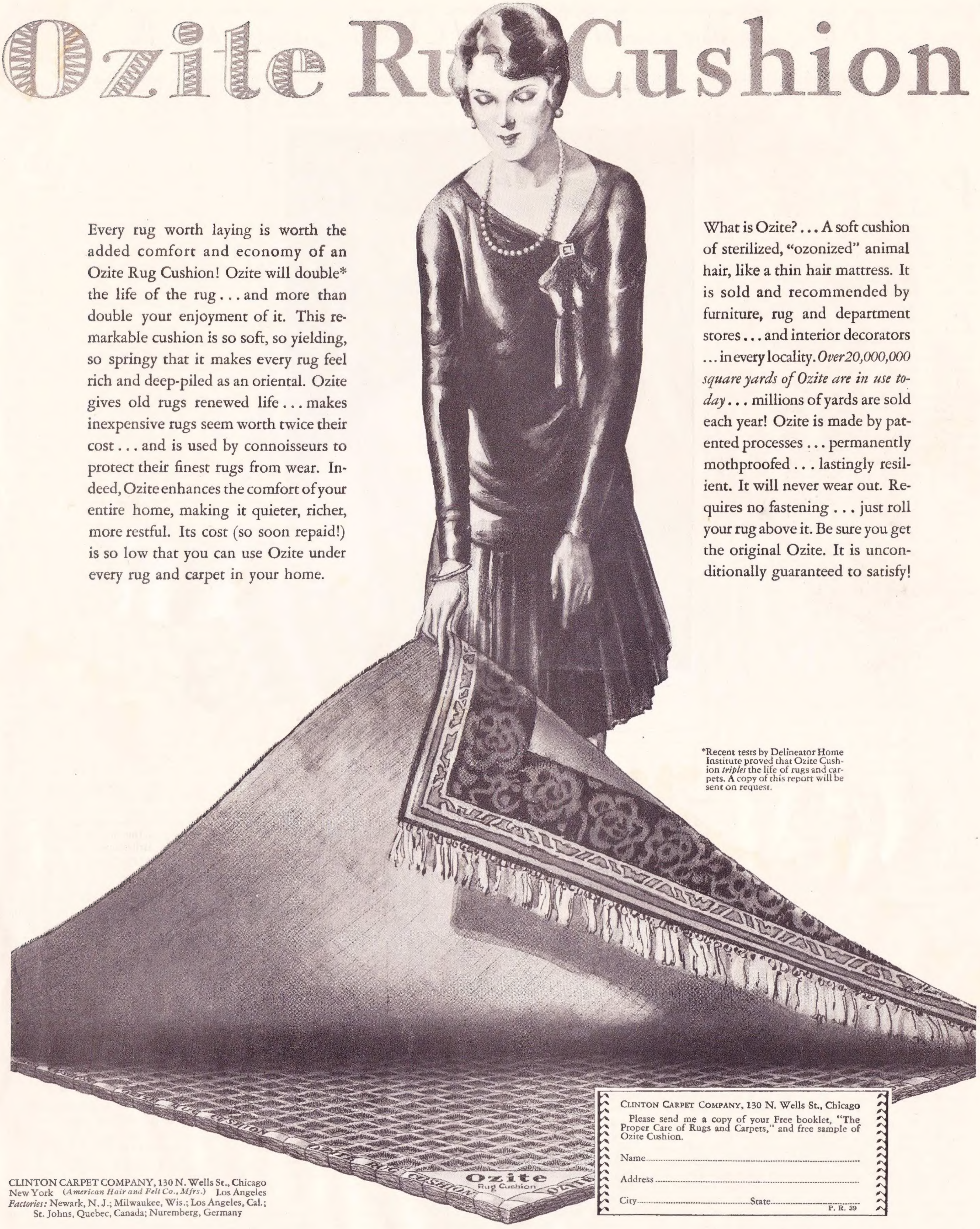
Ozite Rug Cushion



Every rug worth laying is worth the added comfort and economy of an Ozite Rug Cushion! Ozite will double* the life of the rug . . . and more than double your enjoyment of it. This remarkable cushion is so soft, so yielding, so springy that it makes every rug feel rich and deep-piled as an oriental. Ozite gives old rugs renewed life . . . makes inexpensive rugs seem worth twice their cost . . . and is used by connoisseurs to protect their finest rugs from wear. Indeed, Ozite enhances the comfort of your entire home, making it quieter, richer, more restful. Its cost (so soon repaid!) is so low that you can use Ozite under every rug and carpet in your home.

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*Recent tests by Delineator Home Institute proved that Ozite Cushion *triples* the life of rugs and carpets. A copy of this report will be sent on request.

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P. R. 39

EVERY RUG NEEDS AND DESERVES AN OZITE CUSHION

Some interesting personal experiences of England's greatest woman pilot

Photo by Nicholas E. Smirnoff

Lady James Heath

WHY I ALWAYS FLY SOLO

BY LADY HEATH

As told to Helen Buckler

PSYCHOLOGISTS are fond these days of telling us why we do what we do. Their favorite method is to seek out the forgotten events of our childhood and from them trace an undeviating dotted line right down to our every present act. I am not so sure about the finer points of their deductions, however. Sometimes, it seems, we do things because we have always done them as children. Again, it seems, we do things because we have not been allowed to do them as children. Both these rules, contradictory as they are, seem to apply in my own case.

I was brought up by two dear old maiden aunts of mine in a small town in County Limerick, Ireland, and a most quietly decorous bringing up it was. I was a healthy young person and longed to pit my strength and skill against those of other youngsters in their games and sports. But my aunts shuddered at such things, as they considered them unladylike manifestations, and led me gently but firmly away to play with my dolls in dignified loneliness.

What they failed to notice, or to attach any significance to, if they did notice it, was that my dolls were forever doing the most extraordinary things for dolls—running queer jerky races with each other, hurdling, with my help, the croquet-hoops, playing hockey and cricket, and swimming in the bird-bath.

Small wonder, then, I am sure the psychologists would say, that as soon as I was sent off to school I went in almost avidly for all forms of sport. I had, I felt, so many lost hours to make up for. If I came later to win two hundred medals for athletic and flying proficiency and to hold for three years the international high-jump record for women, it was only because the little girl I used to be could never get caught up on all the games she had missed in her solitary garden back in County Limerick.

It has been, I suppose, those early suppressed desires of my childhood that have led me to write a text-book for women's sports and to help to found the Women's Amateur Athletic Association of Great Britain. I still serve as vice-president of the international body governing women's competitive sports. I see no good reason why a girl should not enjoy the fun there is in games the same as her brother does. But, more than that, regular exercise of some sort is a necessity for all girls, especially those who must spend long days in city factory or shop.

It has been one of my greatest joys to see girl workers grow straight of carriage and beautiful of face as a result of daily outdoor play. Have you ever noticed? Athletic women are invariably beautiful, whether they conform or not to Grecian standards. But to get back to my childhood influences. If I have revolted in one sense from my early training, in another I continue consistently to conform. I still do everything I possibly can on my own.

Growing up, as I did, without playmates, all my childish projects were thought out, and executed by myself alone. If my sand castle tumbled down, as it often did—and does—I figured out a better way to build it. When I wished to enact my favorite fairy-tale, I had to be Beauty and the Beast and the Fairy Prince all in turn. I do not remember when I was not used to relying on myself in whatever I undertook to do, and I have rather kept up the habit.

During the War it was a necessity. When you are carrying dispatches, as I was for the Royal Air Force from 1914 to 1918, you can not expect to have a mechanician at your beck and call every time your motor-cycle grows temperamental. You may be miles from your destination and have important messages to deliver when your carbureter suddenly develops a cough, and somehow you get those messages delivered. The same way, when the War was over and I had finished my interrupted schooling, taking my degree in agriculture at the University of Dublin, I saw no reason why, since I had fitted myself for it, I should not manage my own coffee-plantation in Kenya, Africa, and I did so for some years.

All this is simply by way of saying that it is only a very natural thing, with the childhood I had and the experiences that have come to me since I have grown up, that I should be my own pilot, navigator, and mechanician when I am flying. It is only this habitual independence, not daredeviltry at all, nor yet rampant feminism, that is the explanation, if an explanation is needed, of my flying alone the eleven thousand roundabout miles from Cape Town to London. In any case, I should not have asked any one to make that particular flight with me, for there are bits of impassable jungle on that route where to have come down would have meant certain death. Of course I was confident I would not come down, for after each leg of my flight I spent several hours carefully overhauling my engine with my own hands. It functioned perfectly throughout the trip, and I never made a forced landing. But I would not ask any one else to share that confidence with me in advance. Government officials felt some anxiety and insisted I be escorted by another airplane over about a thousand miles in the southern Sudan which they considered the most dangerous.

As a matter of fact, my flight over Africa by air was much less eventful than the same trip would have been by motor-car. In spots it was even slightly monotonous, so much so that I frequently resorted to reading. I had perfect weather most of the way, with a bright sky and unusually good visibility.

All that I had to do was to push up to about five thousand feet, set the controls, and get out my novel. There was ample time to avoid any storms, and the coast-lines and rivers were so easy to follow that there was little danger of becoming lost. Thus simple has become the traversing of the once Dark Continent with its jungles and fever-swamps, its mountains and its deserts! Surely a notable achievement for aeronautics!

Only two events disturbed the even tenor of the eleven thousand miles. Near Bulawayo, twenty-three degrees south of the equator, I suffered a slight sunstroke and brought my plane down with some small damage. I evidently operated the controls subconsciously, for afterward I had no memory of putting the plane down. Another time, after a pleasant morning flight over the desert, I landed at Tripoli to find a bullet-hole through my right wing. Arabs apparently had mistaken my pleasure-craft for an Italian military plane and blazed away at me accordingly. Fortunately they had not hit my petrol-tank.

It happens that this African flight of mine is the first solo flight made from any British colony over the seas to the mother country. However, I was not out particularly to break records. I took the whole trip in very leisurely fashion, and it is indicative, I think, of the commonplace phase into which aviation is now entering that I wore no special garments, just ordinary street clothes. My plane was a light, open sport model, and when I got into the colder temperatures over France I added a fur coat. My tool-kit was, of course, my most precious luggage, but in the locker I stowed away a duffel-bag in which I stuck some evening clothes, and several times on the flight I stopped over for a dance.

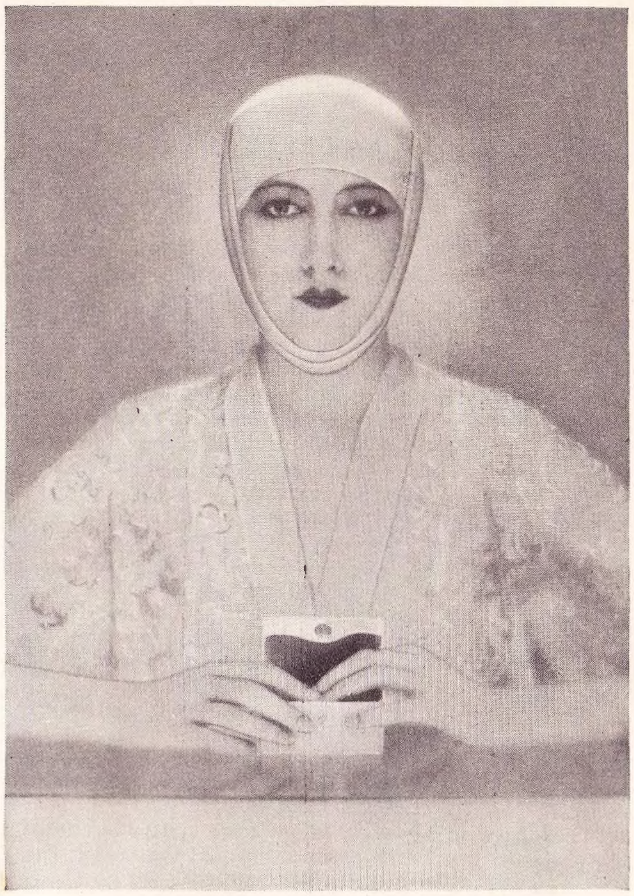
Altogether I made almost twenty-five stops on the trip. My longest hop was from Wadi Halfa to Cairo; I covered that distance in ten and a half hours. In Tanganyika I stayed a couple of weeks in order to go buffalo-hunting, and I shot the quota of four which my permit allowed. For me there are infinitely more thrills on the ground than in the air. Stalking big game, as I have done in Kenya, Tanganyika, and Uganda, has afforded me considerably more excitement than has flying thirteen hundred miles and making seventy-nine stops in one day or setting altitude records. I did not, as I have sometimes been accused, take up

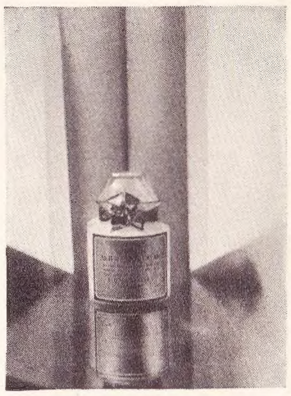
Continued on Page 66

THERE IS BEAUTY IN THE NAME

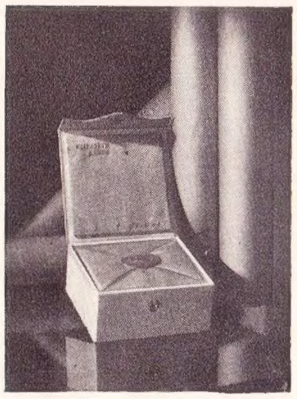
Elizabeth Arden

MUSCLE OIL

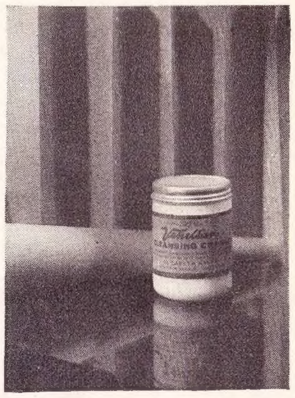




ANTI-WRINKLE CREAM



ILLUSION POWDER



CLEANSING CREAM

SPECIAL ASTRINGENT

And there is beauty in Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations which she has created for cleansing, toning and nourishing every type of skin

ARDENA SKIN TONIC

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at the smartest shops in all cities of the world

VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM
Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves skin soft and receptive. $1, $2, $3, $6.

VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC
Tones, firms, and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream. 85c, $2, $3.75, $9.

ARDENA VELVA CREAM
A delicate cream for sensitive skins. Recommended for a full face as it smooths and softens the skin without fattening. $1, $2, $3, $6.

VENETIAN ORANGE SKIN FOOD
Keeps the skin full and firm, rounds out wrinkles, lines and hollows. $1, $1.75, $2 75, $4.25.

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A pure, vaguely scented powder, made for those who demand the extreme of quality. Tints: Illusion shade, Rachel, Mat Foncé (a flattering shade for the average skin), Ocre (a sunburn shade), White, Minerva (a warm, natural color), Banana (warmer and deeper than Rachel), and Poudre de Lilas (a mauve shade for evening). $3.

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A penetrating oil rich in the elements which restore sunken tissues or flabby muscles. $1, $2.50, $4.

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VENETIAN SPECIAL EYE LOTION
Use with an eye-cup, morning and night, to cleanse and tone the eyes. $1, $2.50.

VENETIAN SPECIAL EYE CREAM
Fills out lines and wrinkles around the eyes. Leave a little on the skin around the eyes overnight. $1.50.

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I AM TIRED OF BEING A PROFESSIONAL CLUB-WOMAN

By Edna LaMoore Waldo

CURTISS SPRAGUE

Drawings by Curtiss Sprague

"MY CHILDREN HAVE NOT BEEN NEGLECTED, BUT THEY MIGHT HAVE PROFITED FROM MORE OF THEIR MOTHER'S TIME"

I AM tired of being a professional club-woman. I have decided, after seven years of hectic club life, that, for me, the game isn't worth the candle. No matter how glibly we may talk about what we are doing for the great American home, no matter how much we really have accomplished toward that in the abstract, we can not be the kind of club-women I have been without sacrificing, in some measure, that same home.

I can not afford either the time or the money which real club efficiency demands and which, up to this time, I have been putting in without counting the cost. Finally, I don't like what I have seen of club politics. Now that I have reached a place where I can stop and look back, I am not going on.

If I could take my club work or let it alone, I might continue even in the professional side of it, but just as soon as I get in at all I am out over my depth. I have learned about clubs from the vantage-point of local, State, and national offices, from association with club-women at district, State, and national conventions, through their magazines, through their letters. I am still in my early thirties, and because I believe that my case is typical, rather than otherwise, of many young college women with small children who want to be "above the dish-pan" and yet can not do the things they wish with club work entirely volunteer as it now is, I am setting forth "the causes which impel us to the separation."

"IF HER NAME IS MENTIONED FOR OFFICE, FRIENDS LINE UP 'FUR 'N' AGIN'"

In the first place, I have my home to keep, with only occasional help, and two children under seven to care for, lively youngsters who are already showing a tendency to express themselves. My husband is a salaried man, but our standard of living is high. We have a car, vacation trips, good clothes, club memberships. We don't own our own home because his work makes that impossible. But we don't have surplus enough to make possible the frequent trips to distant conferences and conventions, which, after all, are controlled by the dowagers.

I have spent a good deal of it that way, for, in the Middle West, as, in fact, with small-town clubs everywhere, most clubs are unable to pay delegates' expenses. In my State work, after a year and a half, my expenses to State meetings were paid, and the board bought me a typewriter. I had been press chairman all that time without one, or with the use of my husband's when he and the stenographer didn't want it. We're just that businesslike, we club-women.

In the national work which I have been doing for the past two years, less strenuous, altho more responsible, and involving constant correspondence, I have yet to see even a postage-stamp furnished. I am asked to speak on council and biennial programs—and I pay my own way. It can not be otherwise when we pay ten-cent dues to the national body and fuss about that.

I had a good time at all those meetings, for I am the sort of woman who has an urge to be on committees, to accept appointments, to hold office, make speeches, get her name in the papers. I get a real thrill, even yet, out of associating with those older women who started the club movement in this and other States. I like the kimono conferences, the crowds where you are addressed as "girls" regardless of age or position.

But the money that I spent that way might have gone into a new parlor rug or a camping-outfit, a longer vacation, even a new hat, which once in a while I went to convention without. It went to make possible the giving of reports that may or may not have been heard—and appreciated. Now that it is over and I have finished the job which, make no mistake, I loved while it lasted, I am wondering whether or not it was worth while—for me.

Money, of course, was the smallest part of it. There is not money enough in all the clubs in this country to pay me for the time and strength and enthusiasm that I put into that job. My family has been sympathetic but often overtried, particularly when it saw me worn to a frazzle by work that was not remunerated in any way; often, as editorial work is apt to be, entirely unappreciated. Nothing kept me from doing the job as I thought it ought to be done.

The week that my three-year-old son was born the club magazine was due from the press. I read proofs in the hospital; the paper came out on schedule. Three weeks later I was helping the "girls" in my club put on a "Better Homes drive" because they said there was no one else to make the talks, and I had promised not to let them down.

Nobody made me do those things, nor did any one make me desert my household duties as soon as the mail arrived each morning in order to see that club news was released to the daily and Sunday papers without delay. It was the force and power of the great club movement and the hold it had gained upon me that made me do things which now seem a useless sacrifice.

What has happened to me since? you may ask. Even as I write this and decide that I am through being the kind of club woman that I have been, I am conscious as never before of the tremendous force for good that the club movement is, of what it means to all kinds of women, of how it has brightened and enlivened, even made possible, life in our very small towns.

I know as no one else possibly can what it has meant to me, what I have gained in knowledge, in pose, in friendship, to say nothing of business offers which have resulted from alleged "prominence" in club work.

I am not exactly disillusioned, for I still have faith in club work and club-women. I still expect to continue working in my home-town clubs. I am not a disgruntled office-seeker, because I have sought no offices and don't expect to. I have been twice appointed to positions which came as a surprize to me. My decision to remain in the ranks, to make no effort to go higher in club work, as my early start might have made possible, is due simply to the fact that I have reached a good place to check up and I have done so.

A good many things have had to suffer in order that my club work might prosper. My children have not been neglected, for they have had everything that club literature prescribes in the way of diets, clinics, books, and play. But they might have profited from more of their mother's time and attention, fewer absences at conventions, less preoccupation.

"I AM THE SORT OF WOMAN WHO HAS AN URGE TO HOLD OFFICE AND MAKE SPEECHES"

My small daughter even used to talk about "Better Homes campaigns" and the "publicity department" and proof-reading before she was old enough to know what they meant. Many a day she spent in the publisher's office with me. As for my son, he is truly a club baby, for his whole life has been inextricably bound up with Federation activities. My husband believes in club work, but taken in moderation. He has missed companionship which he had a right to expect and which we always enjoyed before and since I had the club job.

My friends who were not club-women have gone by the boards. I have neglected my social correspondence. I don't play bridge. I don't go in for a great deal of church activity, but I always lead a group of high-school girls in mission study; I have community obligations made necessary by my husband's position. All those things, not to mention my health—for a nervous trouble last year was ascribed to "too many things to do"—have been sidetracked that the Federation train might get ahead

Somebody has to do the work, of course, if the movement is going on. Club leaders deplore the fact that younger women, particularly the college crowd, are staying out or answering merely "Present" when the roll is called. I know that the General Federation has always prided itself upon having only volunteer workers, but I am very much afraid that the time for that is past. Could only young mothers, with maidless homes and the inclination and talents to go into club work of the exacting nature that mine has been, be endowed in some way or at least have the expense of a part-time helper so that they might be released for club service without the obtruding thoughts of undarned socks and mounting dishes!

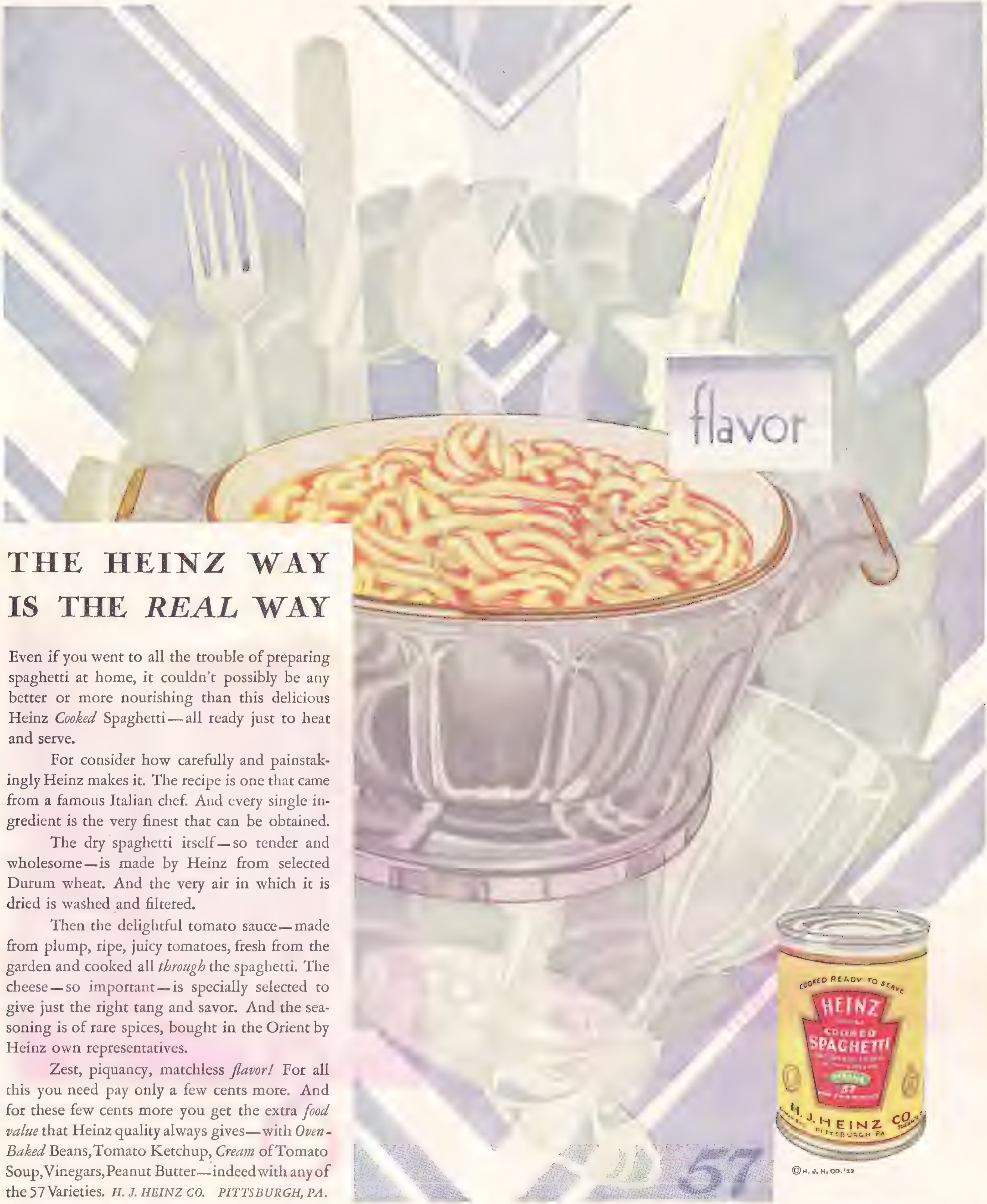
It is well enough to speak of service in lofty and idealistic terms; but when there is work to be done which involves highly technical and professional skill, the modern young mother, who has had a preliminary business or professional career and who may still do part-time work which is well paid, is apt to look askance at a club position which brings only bouquets and, occasionally, a brickbat.

Lincoln is supposed to have said that it was impossible to please all the people all the time, but not even Lincoln had ever tried to please five thousand—or three million—club-women who thought they knew what they wanted.

I mentioned club politics. I hope that I never learn any more about it than I know now. Just as soon as a woman gets above the presidency of her local club her troubles begin. If her name is mentioned for office, friends line up "fur 'n' agin." The mysterious alliances and whispering conferences begin; those alinements of church, fraternal, and political groups within the club circle which can only presage heart-break for some one when it is all over.

The Federation may not be in politics, as a newspaper man said to me the other day, but, "Oh, boy, there surely is politics in the Federation!" I never want to see another such exhibition of women's campaigning as I witnessed in another State not long ago. Personalities were carried to libelous extremes, votes were challenged, hard words exchanged, tears shed, violence narrowly averted. I know that's not typical. But it is significant. If a club career leads in that direction, I am not headed that way. Life is too short to waste it in meaningless activity.

I'm through being unselfish and spelling "Service" with a big "S." I am going to spend what leisure I have from my home in remunerative, creative work. Some one else can have the jobs, for I've learned about clubs.



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THE HEINZ WAY IS THE *REAL* WAY

Even if you went to all the trouble of preparing spaghetti at home, it couldn't possibly be any better or more nourishing than this delicious Heinz *Cooked* Spaghetti—all ready just to heat and serve.

For consider how carefully and painstakingly Heinz makes it. The recipe is one that came from a famous Italian chef. And every single ingredient is the very finest that can be obtained.

The dry spaghetti itself—so tender and wholesome—is made by Heinz from selected Durum wheat. And the very air in which it is dried is washed and filtered.

Then the delightful tomato sauce—made from plump, ripe, juicy tomatoes, fresh from the garden and cooked all *through* the spaghetti. The cheese—so important—is specially selected to give just the right tang and savor. And the seasoning is of rare spices, bought in the Orient by Heinz own representatives.

Zest, piquancy, matchless *flavor!* For all this you need pay only a few cents more. And for these few cents more you get the extra *food value* that Heinz quality always gives—with *Oven-Baked* Beans, Tomato Ketchup, *Cream* of Tomato Soup, Vinegars, Peanut Butter—indeed with any of the 57 Varieties. *H. J. HEINZ CO. PITTSBURGH, PA.*

HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI IN TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE

ICE-BOX COOKIES

(Mixing time: any spare moment)

The ice-box cookie is the new and improved 1929 model home-made cookie. They can be stirred up in a spare moment, set aside in the ice-box to harden and baked at your convenience. Crisco with its sweet fresh flavor keeps the unbaked dough (and the baked cookie, too) fresh and sweet. If you like cookies hot from the oven, as I do, try my plan of always keeping dough in the ice-box and baking cookies a few at a time. I find that cookies baked from Crisco dough two weeks old are as fresh as the very first ones from the roll.

I am giving you a master recipe and several variations I've tested.

1 cup Crisco 2 cups brown or white sugar
2 eggs, beaten 1 teaspoon salt
3½ cups flour 2 teaspoons baking powder
1 tablespoon vanilla
(¼ cup sugar and ½ teaspoon each, cinnamon and nutmeg)

Blend Crisco and sugar. Add beaten eggs and flour which has been sifted with salt and baking powder. Mix well. Add flavoring. Shape into rolls about 3″ in diameter and place in ice-box to harden. Next day slice about ⅛″ thick, sprinkle with mixture of sugar, cinnamon and nutmeg. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for about 10 minutes. This recipe makes about 50 cookies.

FILLED COOKIES: Use ice-box cookie master recipe. Cut rolls in ⅛″ slices. In center of one slice place a little jam, marmalade, conserve, ground nuts, or ground fruit. Cover this with another slice the same size and pinch edges together. These cookies require 10 minutes in a moderate (350° F.) oven to bake.

FRUIT-NUT COOKIES: Add 1 cup ground nuts and raisins (or nuts or fruit alone) to ice-box cookie master recipe mixture and bake as before directed.

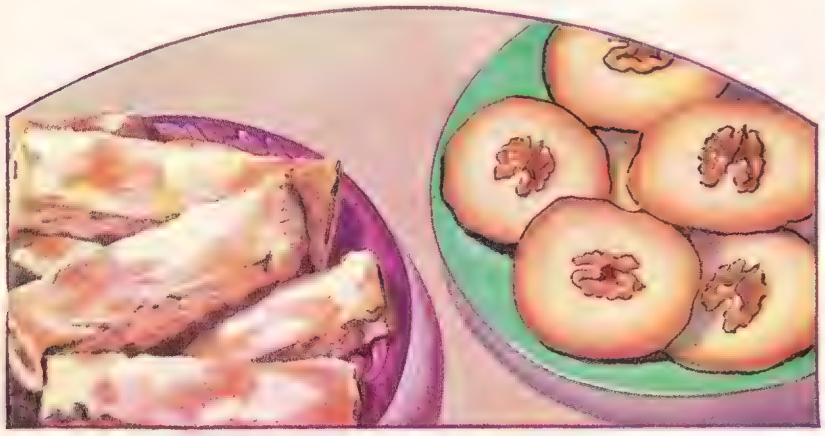
ICE-CREAM WAFERS *(below, right)*

(Mixing time: 7 minutes)

The simpler the food, the fresher and sweeter must be the flavor of its ingredients. That is why Crisco, with its own pure sweet flavor, is the only shortening I would think of using in making these delicate ice-cream wafers. And just taste how good they are!

½ cup Crisco ¾ cup flour
½ cup sugar ½ teaspoon salt
1 egg, well beaten ½ teaspoon vanilla

Blend Crisco and sugar thoroughly. Add egg, beaten until velvety. Then add flour sifted with salt. Beat vigorously, add flavoring and drop on Criscoed cookie sheet like small marbles, well apart. Put a nut meat in center of each cookie and bake 10 minutes in moderate (350° F.) oven. The finished product is a crisp, rich wafer about the color of French ice cream. This makes about 25 cookies.



RAINY-DAY DATE STICKS

(Mixing time: 10 minutes)

One mother I know solved the rainy-day problem of entertaining house-bound children by turning them loose in the kitchen with this simple, easy-to-make recipe for date sticks. As nearly as possible all of the fuss and bother have been kitchen-tested out of Crisco recipes and a satisfaction added—the satisfaction of using a shortening which lends its own fresh flavor to the foods made with it.

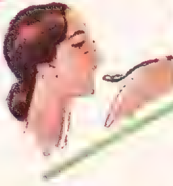
¾ cup Crisco 1 teaspoon baking powder
1½ cups sugar 1 cup chopped nut meats
1 cup sour milk or buttermilk 3 cups flour
½ teaspoon soda 1 cup cut dates
1 teaspoon salt (Powdered sugar)

Mix Crisco and sugar well. Add sour milk which has been mixed with soda. Then add flour which has been sifted with salt and baking powder, and fold in nuts and dates. Pour into shallow Criscoed pan and bake 20 minutes in moderate (350° F.) oven. Cut into narrow slices while still warm and roll in powdered sugar. These cookies will take the place of less wholesome sweets for the children.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL: Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter & Gamble Co.

You taste milk. You

Crisco – then



Taste Crisco's

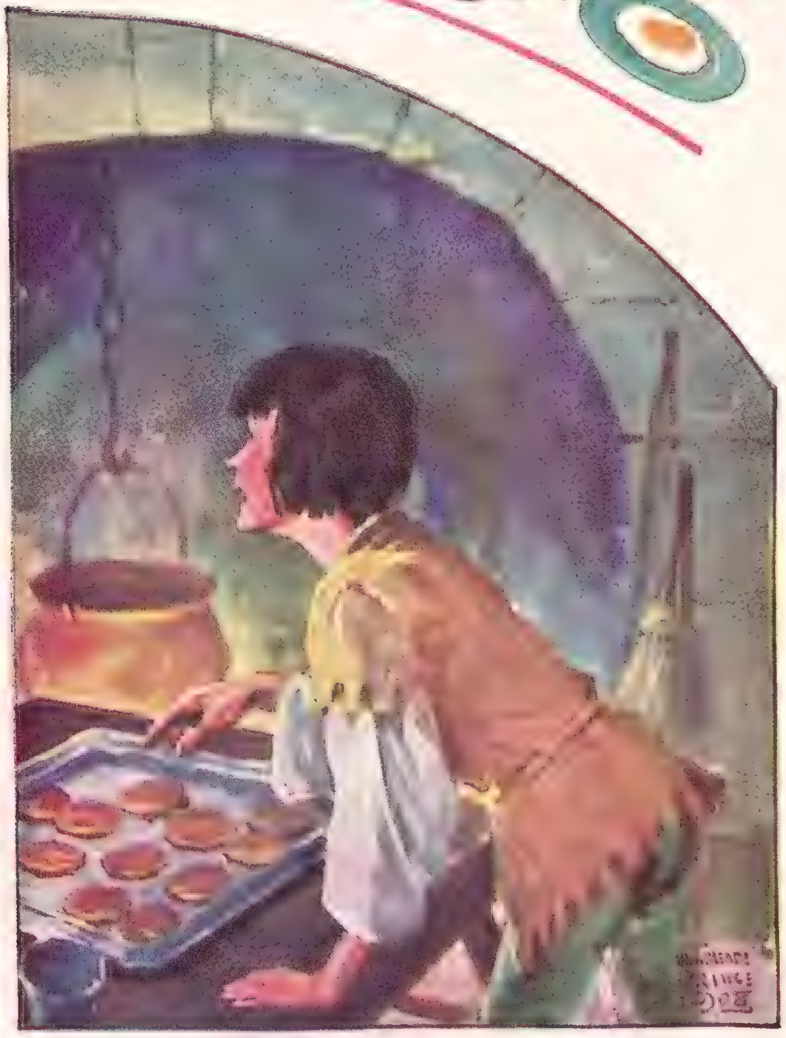
Imagine how Crisco

of your .

8 *new*

double-quick

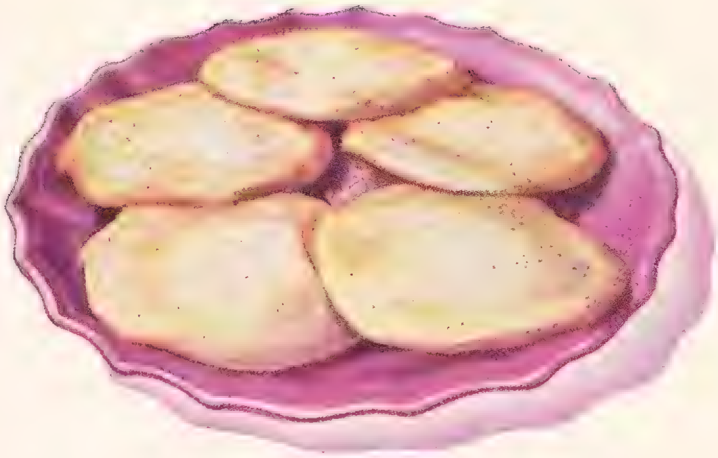
test eggs. Now, taste your shortening . . . sweet fresh flavor improves the flavor



Little Jean was the son of a baker who lived about the year 1550 in the Province of Languedoc. One day Jean, despite the stern warning of his bearded père, dabbled with some dough—and discovered, by happy chance, the secret of Cookies!

cookies

© 1929, P. & G. Co.



GRANDMOTHER'S SUGAR COOKIES

(Mixing time: 7 minutes)

Remember when you used to slip down the back cellar steps and "swipe" cookies like these from Grandmother's big cookie jar? *She* had to store them in the cellar to keep them soft and fresh. *You* can keep them handy anywhere because nowadays they're made with Crisco, a pure, sweet shortening which helps to make them fine flavored and moist—and keeps them so to the very last cookie. (Recipe makes 50 luscious cookies.)

1 cup Crisco 1 teaspoon salt 3 cups flour
1½ cups sugar ¾ cup thick, sour milk
2 eggs, beaten ½ teaspoon soda
(½ cup sugar and 1 teaspoon nutmeg)

Blend Crisco and sugar, add beaten eggs. Add sour milk with soda dissolved in it and stir in flour sifted with salt. Don't roll dough—drop by spoonfuls on Criscoed pan. Sprinkle with mixture of sugar and nutmeg. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 10 minutes.

ALICE COOKIES *(below, left)*

(Mixing time: 10 minutes)

Such a funny name for a cookie! A homesick little boy called them that after Alice, the family cook, who comforted him through a long term of boarding school by sending him these cookies in every Monday's mail packed in an empty Crisco can. And Crisco's own sweet fresh flavor kept the cookies sweet and fresh on their long journey.

½ cup Crisco 1 cup raisins 1 cup nuts, broken
¾ cup sugar 1 teaspoon baking powder
2 eggs 1 cup flour ½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup milk 1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup cocoanut 1 cup oatmeal

Blend Crisco and sugar, add eggs and milk, then cocoanut, raisins and nuts. Sift salt, baking powder and cinnamon with flour, and add to oatmeal. Add to first mixture and stir thoroughly. Drop from spoon on Criscoed pan. Bake in moderate (350° F.) oven for 12 minutes. This recipe makes 50 cookies.

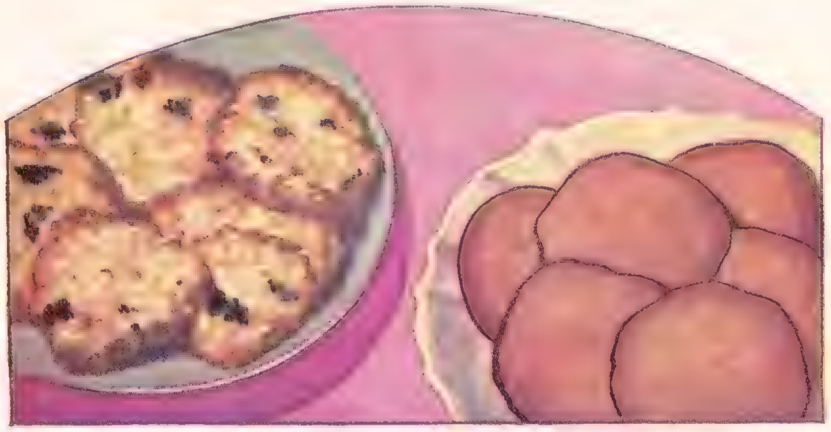
SOFT MOLASSES COOKIES *(below, right)*

(Mixing time: 10 minutes)

A letter from a man in Ohio tells us that Crisco cookies were left all winter in a summer camp and when found this spring were "amazingly" fresh and sweet. There *is* something amazing about Crisco's pure sweet flavor and the way it lends its flavor and fresh keeping quality to foods.

1 cup Crisco 2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 cup brown sugar ½ teaspoon soda
2 eggs well beaten 1 cup hot coffee
1 cup molasses 1 teaspoon vinegar
4 cups flour 3 teaspoons baking powder
2 teaspoons ginger 1 teaspoon salt

Blend sugar and Crisco, add well beaten eggs, molasses, spices, and soda which has been mixed with hot coffee. Then add vinegar and beat in the flour which has been previously sifted with salt and baking powder. Stir well and drop from end of spoon onto Criscoed cookie sheet. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for ten minutes. This recipe makes about 65 cookies.



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Miss Splint's Selected Recipes:

199 recipes originated and tested by Sarah Field Splint, Food and Household Management Editor of McCall's Magazine. Every recipe makes a perfectly delicious dish, practical for use in the average home. Many of the recipes are quite unusual—but the ingredients themselves are those you already have on your pantry shelf, or can procure easily. Free—simply fill in and mail the coupon at right

Winifred S. Carter (Dept. XR-39)
P. O. Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.

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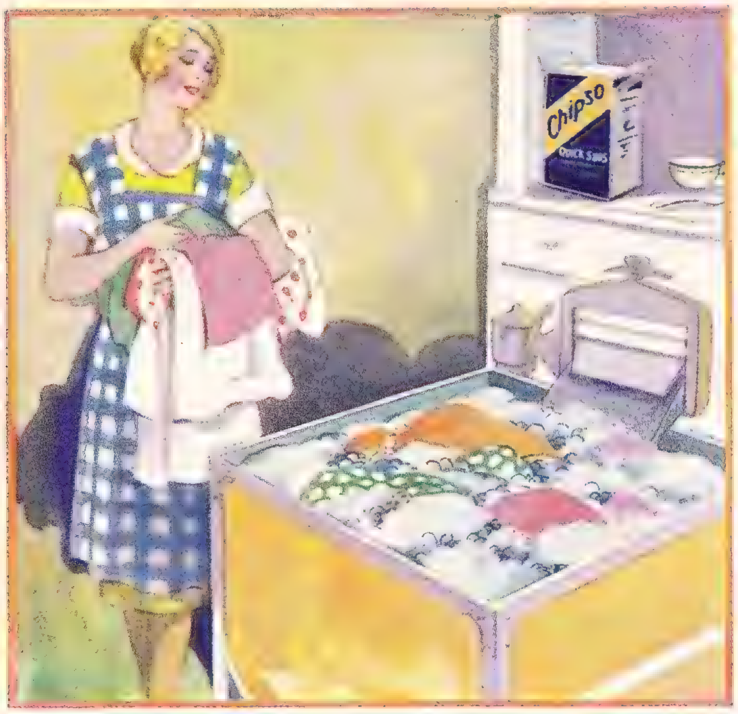
Notice how long these rich suds *last!*

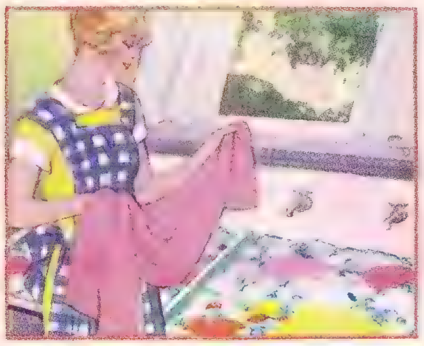


And - in machine or tub - *lasting* suds shorten washday

Millions of washing machine users insist upon Chipso because Chipso gives quick suds that *last* throughout the run. Chipso suds do not fall down shortly after the machine starts, as the suds of some soaps do. And, you never have to add more soap to revive them.

Chipso suds are so rich and lasting that they *can* be used for more than one batch if the clothes are not too soiled—and will still be lively and effective at the end of the run.

Of course there's a good reason why Chipso suds are so rich—why they last until every garment is clean. It's because Chipso is made of materials especially selected to give harder-working, more lasting suds.



The easiest way to loosen dirt . . . let these rich, lasting Chipso suds *soak* it loose for you.

Many washing machine users find that a 20-minute Chipso soaking right in the machine cuts their power bill about in two. Chipso suds are so rich, so lasting that they thoroughly loosen dirt in this short time, without harming color or fabrics. And, once the dirt is loosened, you run the machine *half* the usual time to get the clothes clean and white.

Tub-washing needs lasting suds

In tub-washing—Chipso does the really hard work of washday. Chipso suds are so rich and lasting that they *soak* the dirt loose—even greasy dirt. Then—a squeezing of suds through clothes a few times, a light hand-rubbing on extra soiled spots—and the dirt simply floats out. Chipso does away with hard rubbing on the board, hot boiling in a steamy kitchen.

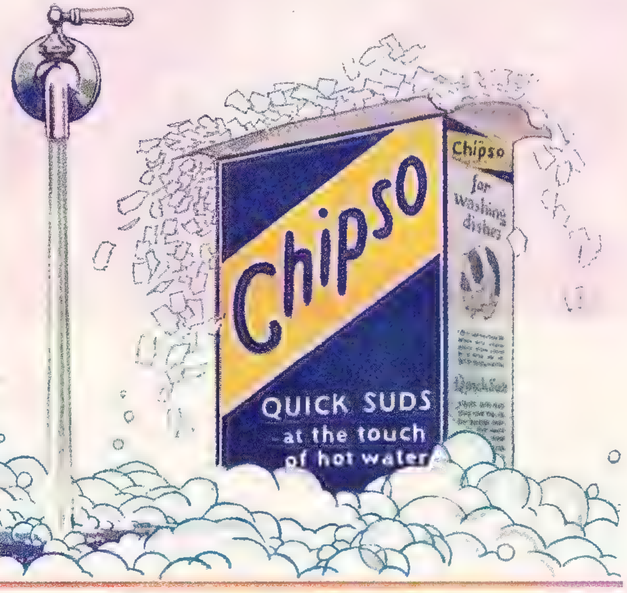
Rich suds shorten dishwashing

Dishwashing is quicker the Chipso way. While you dry glass and silver, let the rich, lasting Chipso suds soak food traces from your china. Then, while you dry the china, Chipso will soak grease from pots and pans. This way dishes are done in a twinkling—and you've hardly had your hands in hot water.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

FREE! Saving Golden Hours—"How to take out 15 common stains—save clothes by soaking . . . lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with the newest laundry *methods* are discussed in a free booklet—*Saving Golden Hours*. Send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. CR-39, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Chipso—quick suds that last
Soaks clothes clean—
Dishes ⅓ less time



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The most amazing success in the history of household soap

THE GENTLEMAN KING

D'Artagnan comes to life again, with varmints and vagabonds, brigands and barons, courtiers and courtezans, knaves and knights. Opening instalment of a fascinating first novel that has the allure of "The Three Musketeers," the charm of "Cloister on the Hearth," the atmosphere of "Under the Red Robe," and the romance of "Kenilworth"

By
RUSSELL DAVENPORT

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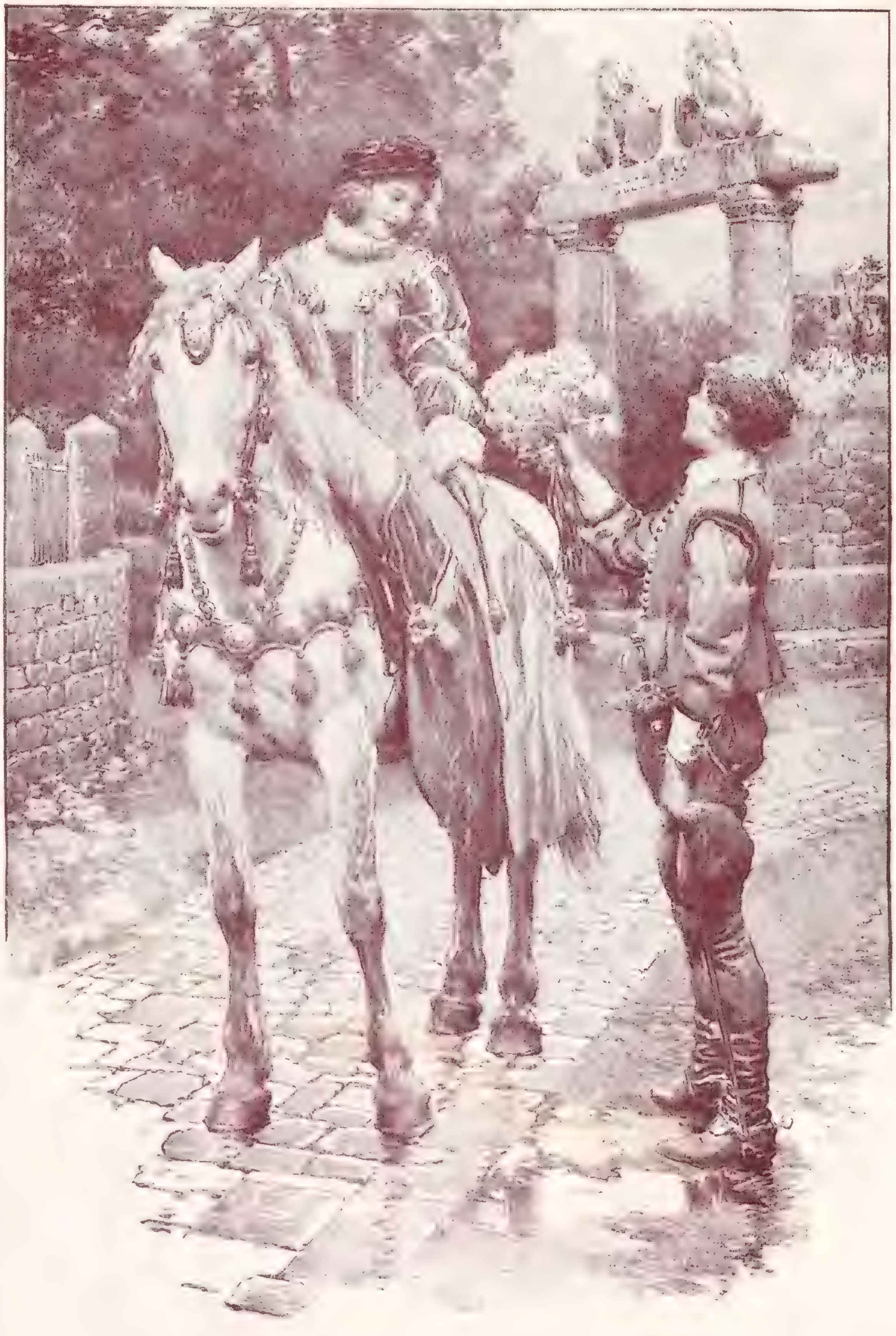


"'OH, THEY ARE LOVELY,' SHE THANKED HIM, LOOKING INTO HIS EYES. 'THAT WAS VERY GOOD OF YOU, PETER'"

PART ONE

HIS face had never lost its eagerness, even tho he was too old for the discovery of life. There was a fringe of white hair around his head, a religious absent-mindedness in his eyes, as he studied the large brown "St. Augustine" propped on his desk. Tho he knew most of "St. Augustine" by heart he was nevertheless fond of reading it, just to make sure. It was part of his large responsibility as the curé of the hamlet of Ardente, in the province of Berry, in an age when men desired heaven and the glory of God.

A timid knock at the door of the study caused Father Gaspard to raise his eyes. He was used to visitors bringing their troubles to him. He said, "Come in, my child."

And while he prepared himself to meet his visitor with gentleness, the door was opened cautiously by a thin, awkward boy, about fifteen, who took one step forward, looked quickly around the room, turned deliberately, closed the door.

Two blue eyes scrutinized the father from under a shock of uncombed brown hair. His expression, from the wide forehead to the firm, nervous chin and prominent jaws, was unreasonably defiant; his attitude was one of leaning forward from a hollow chest, with arms hanging uselessly in sleeves that were too short. He was scratched and smudged.

Father Gaspard, who had never seen him before, decided that he was a rascal. The curé met the defiant eyes and asked, "Well, my child. What can be done for you?"

The young skeleton moved in its ragged clothes, shifted its weight from one tattered shoe to the other.

"Come, come," the father insisted, feeling sure that this was to be a case of youthful confession. "You may open your heart in this room without fear."

"I am not afraid of you."

It was so like a challenge that the curé smiled, for he had discovered that men and boys do not boast except when they are afraid, or at least worried. "There is something you wish to talk over?" he said at last, betraying infinite patience.

"Yes."

Another silence.

"I have a donkey." The apparition paused to let that fact sink in.

"Yes, a donkey?"

"You will love my donkey. He is the last thing my mother gave me when she died. Mother said to take him and ride away from father on him and go where nobody could ever find me. So I did. You will love my donkey, Father Gaspard. He is so steady when he walks that you can read a book on him, and I know you read a lot because Marie at the inn said you do. Now, you can take this donkey anywhere and he doesn't eat much, and he will be just what you want to carry you from one house to another when you make your visits, and he will wait outside all day if you ask him to."

The sudden eloquence of it disturbed the father's composure; and he wondered what strange forces were torturing this heart that it should speak so rapidly of a donkey.

"And I will let you have him for nothing, and I will be your servant and work for you for nothing if you will teach me how to read."

"How to read?" One was at the mercy of such a vivid, energetic mind, presenting such an idea. Nobody in that sixteenth century knew how to read except the churchmen and the nobility, and even the latter could be illiterate without disgrace. The idea of this waif—he could be nothing else—wanting to be uselessly literate astonished the father.

"Yes, to read," the waif insisted. "I know you read and that you can teach me. Can't you?"

"Of course, of course. But for what? Do you wish to be a clerk, a priest? Would you enter the service of Holy Church?"

"Oh, no!" He was vehement. "I just want to read."

"But where have you come from? What does your family say to such a desire?" The eyes, which had been looking hard at the father, became evasive.

"Do I understand that your mother has gone?" asked Father Gaspard.

"Mother died a year ago, sir. She was not really my mother. She told me so when she died. My father hated me, and I left him. I took Jacques. Mother told me to take Jacques. Jacques is all I own."

"Who is Jacques?"

"My donkey." Was he lying? Father Gaspard decided that he was certainly not telling the whole truth.

"You did not steal Jacques?" This direct questioning, he had found, was the easiest way. The boy's eyes flashed.

"Steal him! Of course I didn't steal him! Do you suppose I'd come to you if I had?"

No, he hadn't stolen him. But there was a mystery in the face. "You have not told me all," said the father.

"Well, just give me time." He paused. "Will you teach me to read in return for Jacques and my work?"

THE request was almost a command; it was not only concise, it was relentless. The father felt, unreasonably, that he could not very well deny it, tho for the life of him he could not see why he should grant it. He sighed and sat backward and regarded the apparition with a trifle less of gentleness and a trifle more of clerical severity. There were complications, responsibilities.

"I can not enter into such a contract, my son, without knowing something of who you are and why you are here, and why you consider yourself entitled to steal your father's donkey and run away."

Since the blue eyes were evasive, the curé continued, "What is your father's name?"

"I don't know."

"But you just said you ran away from him."

"Well, I didn't, because he isn't alive. A man named Gabriel Clos is alive and I call him my father, and I used to call Mère Clos my mother. But Gabriel and Mère Clos didn't have any children, ever. That's what Mère Clos told me when she was dying. And she told me too that Gabriel murdered my father at Vimy, in Picardy, and that my father was an Englishman, and that she and Gabriel took his money and me and left Picardy, and that she loved me, and that Gabriel hated me because I was English, and he used to call me an English bastard and beat the life out of me. That's why I left. And if you don't believe it——"

He seemed on the point of tears. Appalling contrast to the impudence of his face. Father Gaspard suddenly decided that here was the need, if not the truth. With a kindly motion of his hand he arose and put his arm around the ragged shoulders. "I am not a great scholar, as you have heard, but a humble student; nevertheless I know enough to teach you reading and writing. It is a strange fancy.

"And yet again I can not decide to-day—the donkey may not suit me, you know. Why don't you stay with me a week while I try out both of you? At the end of that time we shall be more coherent perhaps."

They went out to inspect Jacques. On the way Father Gaspard said, "Eh, you have not told me your name."

"They call me Peter."

"Ah, well, now, Peter. That's a good name. And this seems like a very fine donkey, a very humble old soul."

The good curé rubbed his hands and stood with legs apart contemplating the most disreputable beast for which he had ever bargained. Jacques, with his mothy coat of hair, was standing on three legs, his head almost touching the ground. He was dozing, quite unconscious of the important changes in his destiny.

"I will show you the stable," said the curé, beginning to bustle. "You will give Jacques a good meal, for he looks as if he had carried you very far."

They marched around the curé's house in single file, reaching a small thatched structure with a doorway that had no door. Within it were a single stall and a pile of hay.

"I feel that it isn't going to take us very long to become acquainted, Peter," said the good père.

"No, Père."

They had reached the stable. "Put Jacques in there. When he is all comfortable come back to the house and I will show you how to cook our supper."

The father returned across the garden of cabbages and string-beans, and entered his house by the kitchen. Peter heard the door slam gently. He led Jacques into the stall, tied him, tossed some hay into the manger. Peter's face was inscrutable. When he had made Jacques "all comfortable" he slapped him on the rump, cried, "Good night, loafer," walked from the stable and around it, and finally sat down against the back wall of the stable.

On his right was the hamlet of Ardente clothed in the Summer's dusk. Before him were fields, a few houses, a group of peasants leaning over their tools half a mile away, a line of French poplars like sentinels between mankind and the glory of the setting sun. It was a landscape of pure green, with violet shadows which seemed to ooze from the foliage and stream across quiet thatched roofs. Peace.

The boy sighed.

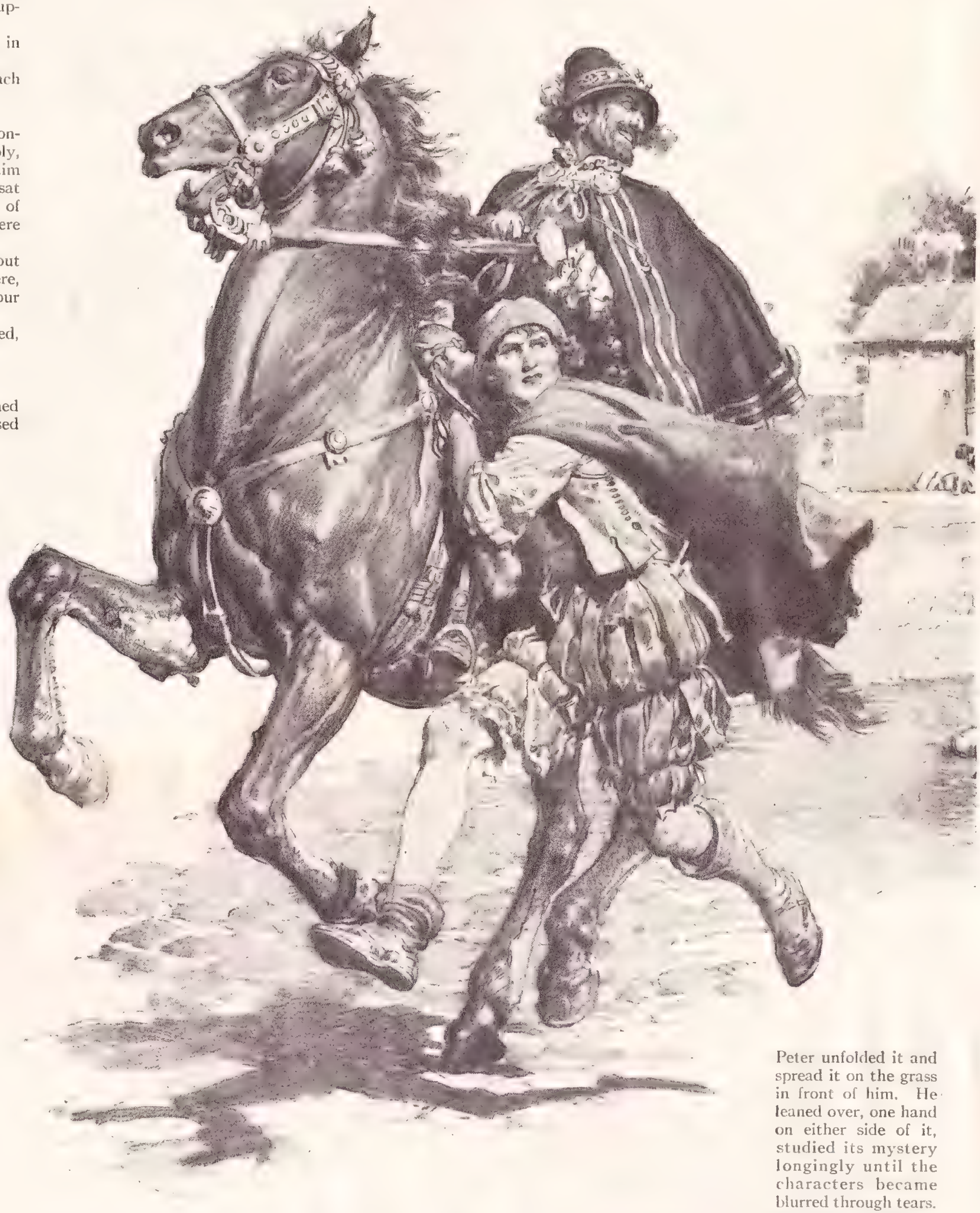
He could not become accustomed to the harshness of his life as an orphan; he was unable to consider himself nameless; he believed that somewhere, if only in the sunset which the poplars guarded, he had a name. He believed that to find that name would be to find peace. He longed the more for peace because, tho it was eight months since he had fled from Gabriel, the blacksmith, he could still feel the effects of the man's bullying temper.

Peter's fingers clenched at the remembrance of a last drunken fury when Gabriel had nearly killed him, thrown him head first into a barrel of water that always stood beside the forge. And the memory of this led him to inspect a scar on the palm of his hand, which was still raw—evidence of the only time he had dared to contradict Gabriel.

He remembered also eight months of near-starvation, he and his donkey, like nobodies, feeding on whatever proud people chose to give them.

Tho he was not old enough to see life philosophically, Peter realized that he was fleeing from this harshness of circumstance, searching a refuge in himself—searching in his heart a place of green foliage oozing violet shadows. This place, he felt, would be himself, if he could ever find it. Of course he could not express it so clearly as that, but there was at least the feeling that he had a place to find.

He watched the sun go down. Presently he opened his lips, and without changing his expression uttered a sigh of repose. Then he reached into a pocket that was hidden in his coat just over his heart. He drew out a paper which, altho creased and grimy, was covered with legible handwriting. There was a dark spot of blood on the margin.

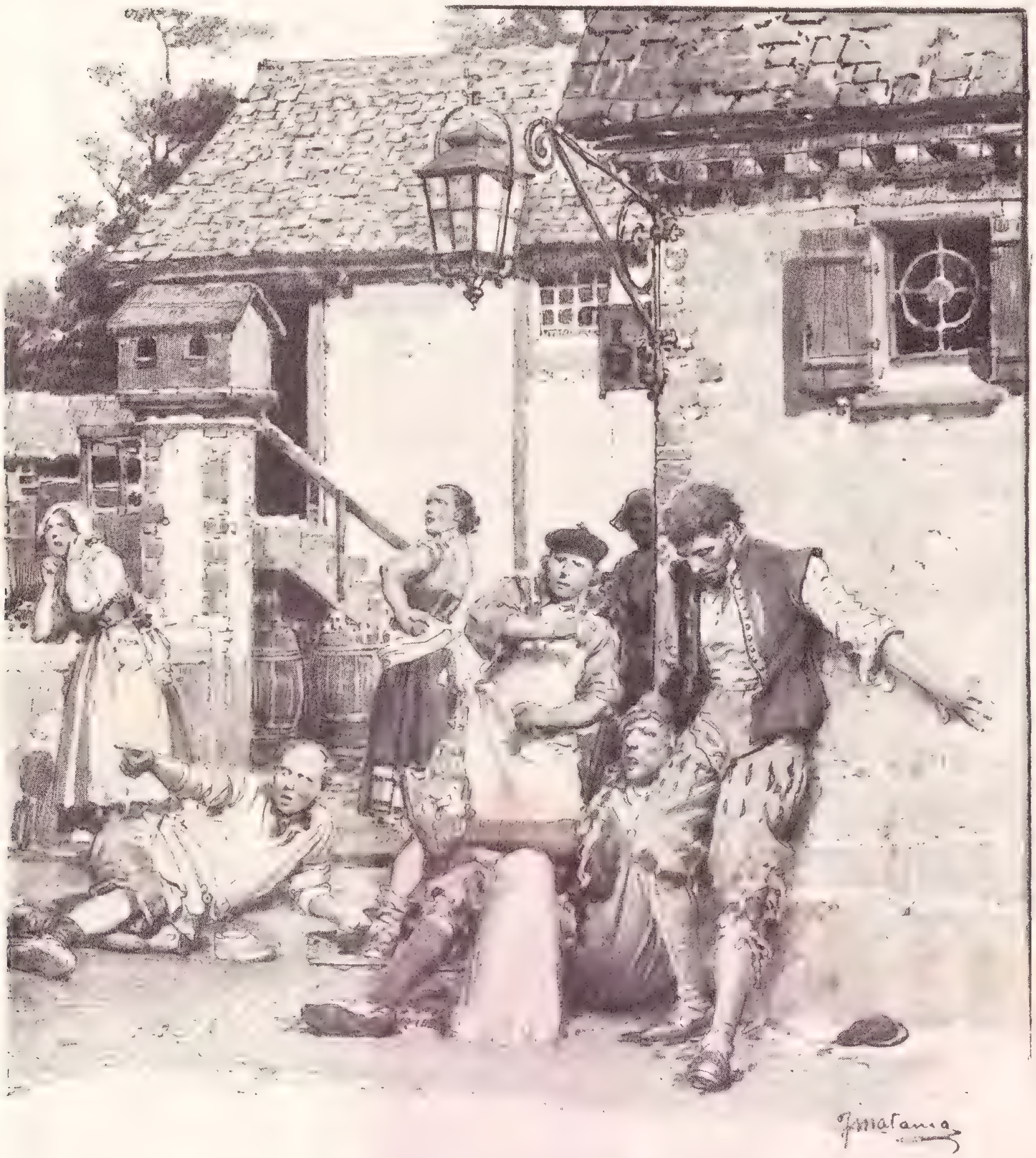


Peter unfolded it and spread it on the grass in front of him. He leaned over, one hand on either side of it, studied its mystery longingly until the characters became blurred through tears. He could not read.

It was in this unimposing and very peaceful hamlet that Peter Clos received what our sophisticated century would hesitate to call an education. Nor am I aware that the man himself, in his numerous philosophical fragments, ever dignified this period of his life with such terminology. Peter has given us no estimate of the cultural resources of Ardente, but I doubt if there were more than fifty volumes in the community, including the library of the curé and that of the seigneur. And yet, if you take the word in another way, to educate does not mean to inform so much as to draw out.

In this sense, indeed, Peter was educated. Queer things began to happen to his nature, already queer. It was due to Father Gaspard, who devoted his life to "drawing out" of others that which his religion had taught him to see in them.

It was an interesting coincidence that Peter, who was so typical of his Renaissance age, should have spent his early life near the seat of that Châteaubriand family which produced the great poet-philosopher of the First Empire; for Peter's childhood, as far back as he could remember, had been devoted to Gabriel and Mère Clos in the town of Châteaubourg, near Châteaubriand and Laval, in the province of Maine.



"'CATCH MY STIRRUP!' CRIED HE WITH THE SCARRED FACE. 'WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY RAISE A CRY'"

Sickened by Gabriel's cruelty, Peter forsook his position as blacksmith's apprentice and fled eastward, with the vague idea of reaching Paris. At length he reached an inn near the hamlet of Ardente.

Throughout his journals one is struck with his ability to travel far and eat little; at his marvelous physical endurance and reserve nervous energy: but, apparently, at this inn he was so starved and lonely and tired that he applied for a job as horse-boy, which was granted him and which he filled for several weeks. It was here that he heard of Father Gaspard from the kitchen-maid Marie. It was here that he drew up in his mind the anomalous proposition involving the servitude of Jacques and himself to Father Gaspard.

He worked faithfully for the curé, spending most of his days in the garden. At night Father Gaspard taught him to read, and insisted upon writing as part of the curriculum. Jacques held together for a year until the good father led him, once for all, to pasture; but in return for that year's service the curé insisted on buying Peter two suits of clothes, one for fête-days, the other for work. Peter's own clothes were not fit for his new position.

In that century there was no way to reach the top unless you had been born there. The King was born there, and the nobility. Peter wasn't. Peter belonged to the lowest and poorest class, and was the lowest and poorest of his class. Even the peasant had his bit of land for dignity, but Peter had nothing beyond a distinguished forehead, a firm, thin mouth, a deep-set eye. Yet he realized well enough that in becoming Father Gaspard's servant he had taken a step up in the world: he was considered by the townspeople to possess a modicum of grandeur. Peter did not complain of this. He walked through town silently. He was a mystery, save when he had something very definite to say, in which case he would stand in front of you, fold his arms, and talk vigorously for several minutes.

Only one problem troubled him in those early days. He learned to read quite easily, as he learned everything that interested him, and yet, as he progressed, he found it impossible to read the paper that Mère Clos, she herself being illiterate, had given him. He could make out the letters of the handwriting, he knew what they were individually, but they refused to assemble themselves into comprehensible units. He reasoned that he had not advanced far enough and that these particular combinations would come later; but he soon saw the absurdity of such reasoning.

His too rational mind had supposed that to read one language was to read all! The discovery that this was not so, stupefied him. He was a Columbus touching a new and terrible continent. Another language to learn before reading this last letter of a father he had never seen! It took him several days to digest this thought, for it seemed entirely unfair, after having spent so much in effort, to find so much still ahead. He could not even tell what language, of all the languages, was written upon the sacred paper. English, probably. But how could one make sure?

There was, of course, Father Gaspard. Even tho he could not read English—and Peter had ascertained this—Father Gaspard would have been able to help him. For the first time Peter realized that he had concealed the letter from Father Gaspard. He had concealed it instinctively. A kind of subconscious fear of sharing this secret with another had made him lie about it, yet without knowing that he was lying. Peter did not understand himself. He did things and his eyes said things beyond his own will. Later he came to a full comprehension of this latent power, using his face as a mask for that which was happening within.

But why not tell the curé about this letter? Why? Well, it was his secret, wasn't it? And supposing something was written there that would incriminate him, make it impossible for Father Gaspard to keep him any longer—something for which to be arrested! Peter's somber imagination exaggerated this, conjuring imprisonment, even torture. And then he would lose all that he had gained—this happiness, this chance to read, this prestige. He would become a nobody again. "No!" he said aloud, shaking his head solemnly in his favorite retreat behind the stable wall. "No one *shall*—ever!"

For he *had* gained. That was the factor in Peter's life that caused him real satisfaction. Starting with a donkey, at the death-bed of Mère Clos, he had gained a position in the most respectable household of Ardente. With that position he had gained knowledge, a faint knowledge, of reading. That was the way he wanted to live, gaining——

Yet all through the Winter, when more time was given to his books, he wondered how he could discover the language of his letter. That, at least. Then he would know what language he had to study and where he had to go. But to discover this he would have to show the letter to Father Gaspard, and that thought caused him pain. He might copy a part of it. But the curé would be sure to question him; and the curé's eyes would penetrate him. No! Never, never, never! And having concluded this, and so strenuously, he would turn again to his book to read word by word.

He learned to love fiction, and especially those medieval romances of Amadis and Arthur, and the anachronistic tales of Troy. He liked them better than the ecclesiastical books, parts of which Father Gaspard made him memorize. He created knights and ladies. To be a knight and to wear a blue scarf on your arm, and to come home and kiss the lady's hand! But you could not be a knight unless you were nobly born. You could not rise to power on this earth unless your father and mother had been a lord and lady: a bitterness which made Peter love his books all the more.

Behold him now new-clad in doublet and hose, of sober browns and greens, as becomes a priest's serving-man, doing his utmost to please, keeping an inscrutable countenance. And he is learning a great deal more than mere reading and writing, for Father Gaspard, sensing his hidden intellectuality, keeps him fascinated by old wives' tales, odd bits of philosophy, scholastic quibbles.

The curé talks sometimes by the hour, relieving his soul of what it has done in the past, and what it has learned of the greater world beyond Ardente. Peter is always about the curé's person. And Peter's manners have improved so! He moves with an ease that would astonish himself, could he remark it. He is naturally graceful. He is "growing up to his hands," as Father Gaspard phrases it. The curé's gentleness has a profound effect upon the naturally belligerent temperament.

THE seigneur of Ardente was a certain Count Duprès, who owned a château upon the hill overlooking the town. He was lord of several other domains in this vicinity and had also, through his mother, a secondary claim to the small duchy of Savona in Italy. Besides these family possessions he was an officer of the court of Francis I. He was, therefore, an influential executive whose duties at Paris, Blois, Fontainebleau, and Amboise kept him away from Ardente most of the year.

But in his absence he left at his château a son, Monsieur Philippe, and a daughter, Mademoiselle Renée, in order to protect them from certain excesses of the court of which the count, knowing his world, did not approve. Since his wife's death it had been difficult to bring up these children. They would have enough of the court when they attained the proper age, he said; and the proper age, so far as the count was concerned, was to be deferred as long as possible.

Monsieur Philippe was sixteen when Peter first came to Ardente, and mademoiselle, his sister, was fourteen.

Leaning on his hoe, behind the garden fence, Peter used to watch the brother and sister ride by on their high-stepping Spanish horses, followed by half a dozen attendants in rich blue livery—a blue which became indelible in his imagination. There was an air about this cavalcade that stimulated Peter's imagination, whether with jealousy or happiness he did not know.

On the one hand he envied them; on the other he considered them beautiful. There was the thin, white face of Monsieur Philippe, for instance; too proud to look aside in either direction, but held high under his flapping felt hat and white feather. The forehead and nose were chisel-sharp;

the chin was weak but pointed. Why was he so pale? The pallor of that face against the black riding-clothes, surrounded by proud lackeys, fascinated Peter.

But it was the beauty of the girl that made him lean upon his hoe long after the riders had passed—whose face was not as sharp as her brother's, and was flushed with health and laughter. Her hair was gold, paler than the sunlight. Her eyes, Peter decided, altho he had never seen them, were blue—actually they approached violet.

Even at fifteen her breast added an enticing fulness to her figure. And besides her physical radiance there was her position in life, her possessions, her grandeur, and the great conquests of arms which she represented in Peter's mind. In the manner of his day he conceived of her as divine. He made a goddess of her. He found that he could understand his books of chivalry better with her image concretely before him.

One afternoon in May, 1523, three years after Peter's arrival at Ardente, Father Gaspard was visiting a woman whose husband had died the night before. Peter was left to weed a bed of lettuce, squatting on his knees, his face imperturbable. He was puzzling over this business of weeds—why some things are weeds and some things aren't, and why weeds grow faster and thicker than anything else. A very profound problem, a religious problem. He looked up. The riders from the château approached, their feathers waving, the horses' bits gleaming in the sunlight. He watched them from his knees, one hand breaking little lumps of earth into powder. What were they doing? He realized, he almost feared, that the party had stopped in front of Father Gaspard's door, not a hundred feet away; that one of the servants had dismounted; that Monsieur Philippe was waving to him! Peter heard the servant knocking at the door. He ran directly across the garden, jumped the fence, and approached Monsieur Philippe without hesitation. A pale face, which had an air of weakness, looked down at him from the restless horse.

"Who are you?"

"They call me Peter, my lord."

"Well? What of it?"

Peter did not like this. He dropped his eyes and raised them again. "You wanted to know," he said steadily. He was conscious of the girl just to the right of him—the girl——

"I did not want your name. I wanted your position. Have you anything to do with Father Gaspard?"

"I am his servant, my lord." And then he added slyly, "And yours." The last words had some effect, he felt. He had never before done that—never been consciously tactful.

"Is your master in?"

"No, my lord. He has gone to console Mère Curot, whose husband passed away last night."

"Um," said his lordship. He started to ride off, then drew rein again. "Eh, Peasant," he said.

"Yes, my lord."

"Do you fence?"

"Fence? No, my lord."

"Do you know anybody in town that does?"

"No, my lord. I don't think any one does."

The thin lips curled. "Probably not." He was preparing to go, gathering his reins, leaning forward. And Peter's heart was beating like mad. To dare! The girl, at whom he had not looked, had something to do with his decision.

"My lord!"

The young baron turned his head. "Well?"

"Where does one learn to fence?"

"Why, at the fencing-school, I suppose."

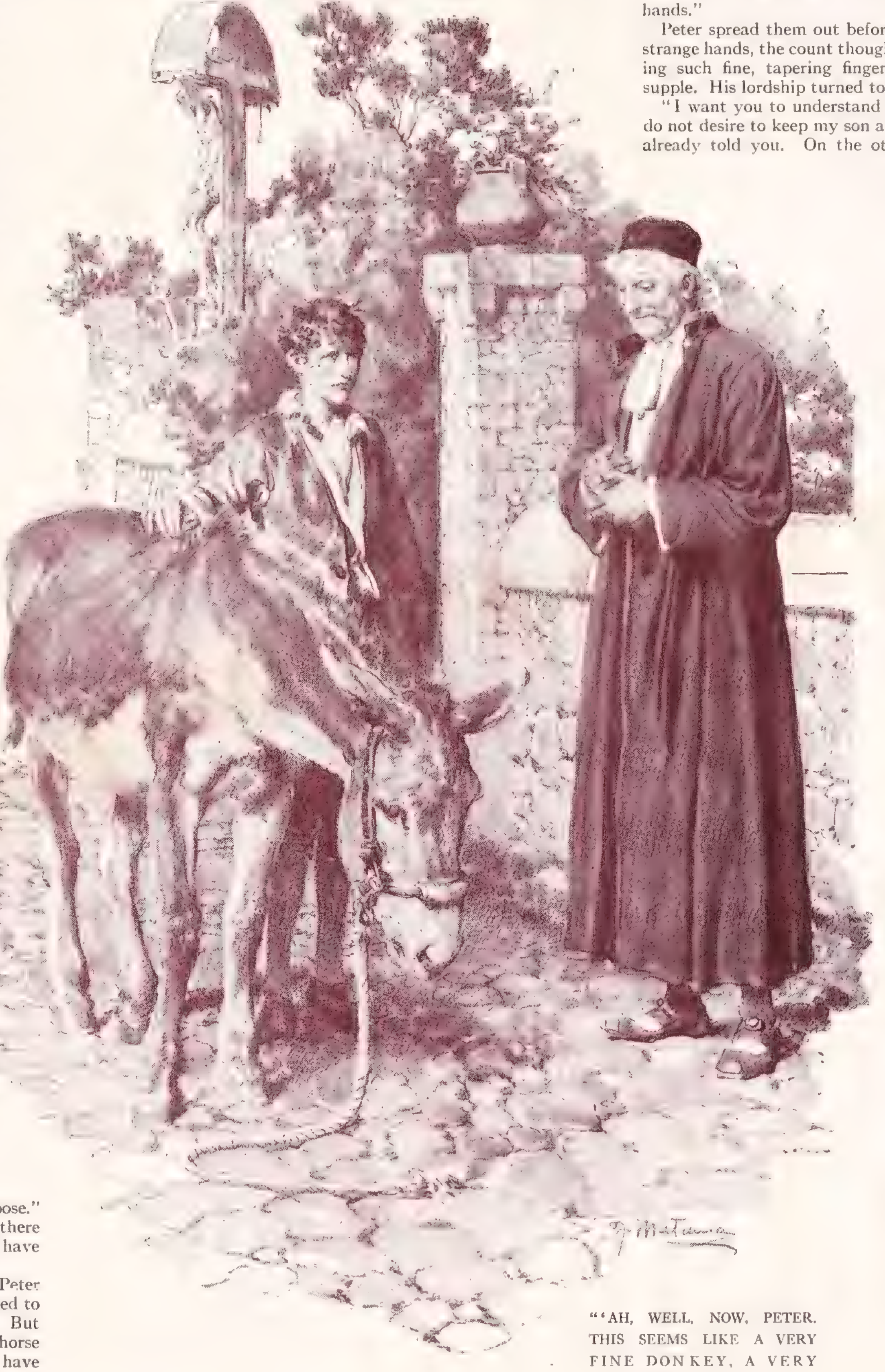
"My lord, if you would tell me where there is a school, I could learn. Then you would have some one at your service in your town."

It was really most presumptuous, and Peter knew that it was. But he liked it. He liked to make daring requests—to read, to fence. But Monsieur Philippe, who had turned his horse in astonishment, only laughed. "Why, I have thousands to serve me, boy. I merely wished to have a bout this afternoon, to practise my fingers. I had not intended to confide in you."

Whereupon he turned his horse, pressed in his spurs, rode away; and Mademoiselle Renée followed him, galloping past Peter's nose without so much as looking down. Peter stepped backward. He was deeply hurt, to be insulted that way in front of her, and to have her ride past him. Probably she had not even seen his face.

He felt alone. Nor did the knowledge that the nobility always spoke to peasants that way console him, nor the fact that he was just a peasant and would always be just a peasant. He could take no comfort from that inescapable fact of his life. He remembered the weeds—those profound weeds. And that evening he could not read his books, they seemed so unreal, and he had drawn such beautiful desires from them! And he could not answer Father Gaspard's anxious questioning to tell him what was the matter inside.

THUS for a week he was restless. He decided to move on. The peace of Father Gaspard's cottage was broken for him; his own imagination had broken it—his pride—his love—he did not know what it was. He wanted to go away from here, to Paris, to the army. Yet the thought of that large world, and he in it alone, served to intensify his feeling of solitude, and bitterness, and pain.



"'AH, WELL, NOW, PETER. THIS SEEMS LIKE A VERY FINE DONKEY, A VERY HUMBLE OLD SOUL'"

About a week later this unhappiness was changed to fear in one instant, when he saw the Count Duprès riding down the road with an attendant, saw him stop in front of the house, watched the servant dismount and knock on the door. So the count had come to punish him for being insolent to his son! Peter wanted to fly.

The count was a stern man, with a lean face lined by years of struggle and service at court. His nose was like a hawk's. Altho he sat very straight in his saddle, he wore his pride more easily than his son. Peter watched him from a distance, saw Father Gaspard hurry from the house and look up at the count benignly; and his fears were verified when the curé, after nodding once or twice, turned toward the garden, and beckoned, and called out, "Come here, Peter."

Peter came. He almost swaggered. His strange, triangular face was defiant. He reached the count and fell on one knee.

"Get up, my man," said his lordship. He looked at Peter with a cold sort of interest that seemed to take all of Peter without giving a mite of himself. "Monsieur Philippe has told me that you wish to learn to fence."

Peter was not sure whether this was a taunt. There was something harsh, almost ironic in the lord's voice.

"I expressed such a desire, my lord."

"Well, do you think you could do it? Let me see your hands."

Peter spread them out before him. "Um." They were strange hands, the count thought; so large, and yet possessing such fine, tapering fingers. And the wrist seemed supple. His lordship turned to Father Gaspard.

"I want you to understand the situation," he said. "I do not desire to keep my son at court at present, as I have already told you. On the other hand, he will get into trouble even here if he isn't amused. For that reason I have decided to let Monsieur La Gorge, my master-at-arms, give lessons to your young attendant. In a few months Monsieur La Gorge will be called away to the war, with all my other retainers. But by that time your attendant—what the devil is your name?"

"They call me Peter, my lord."

"Peter—well, by that time Peter ought to have acquired enough skill to amuse my son. Do you consent, Father?"

"My lord, I consent, and I give you many thanks for the honor you have bestowed upon my house."

"Now, mind you," said the count, turning to Peter and speaking sternly, "there are three conditions which I consider you bound upon your honor to fulfil. Remember that when you have a sword in your hand you have honor. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, my lord. I have learned that from King Arthur."

"So. You read?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Then you know what honor is."

Peter flushed and was about to speak dangerously, but Father Gaspard laid a gentle hand on his shoulder.

"Yes, my lord."

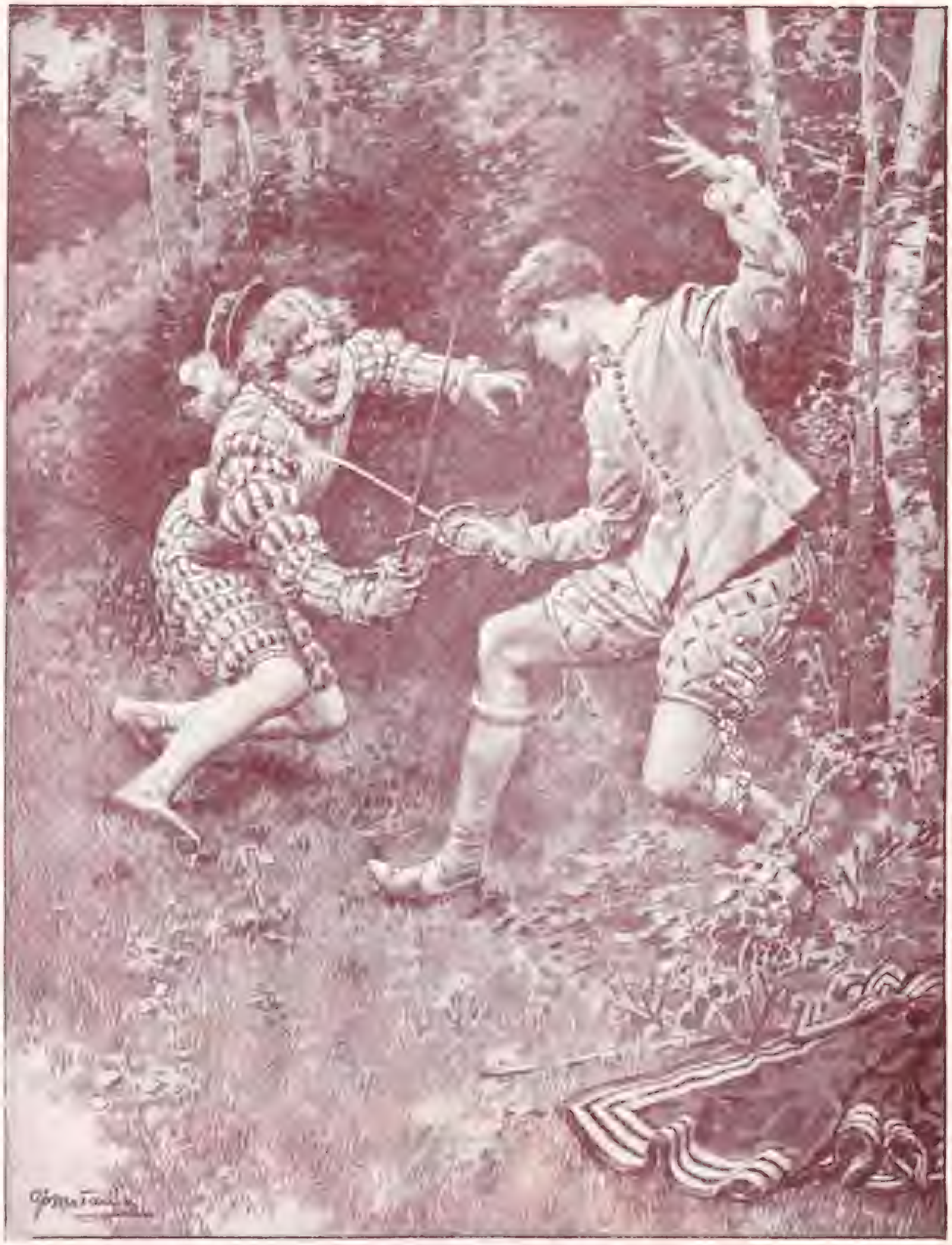
"Well, then, the conditions are these. You are never to presume beyond your position or to consider yourself a companion to Monsieur Philippe. You are merely his fencing-companion. Do you understand?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Secondly, for Monsieur Philippe's honor, you are to keep the fact of his fencing with you a secret—an absolute secret."

"Yes, my lord."

"And you are never to fence with Monsieur



"MONSIEUR PHILIPPE'S WEIGHT WAS TOO FAR FORWARD NOW TO STOP. HE WAS GOING, GOING. TO LUNGE NOW WOULD BE MADNESS! WITH PETER'S BLADE HOLDING HIS OUTSIDE"

Philippe with the naked sword. You are to use the fencing-sword only, with a button on the end of a dull blade. It would not be fitting in Monsieur Philippe to fence with you in any other way. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Very well. If you will come to the château to-morrow afternoon at three o'clock you will be given a lesson by Le Mâitre La Gorge. My servants will have instructions to receive you. Good day, Father."

Peter and Father Gaspard watched him ride away—his straight back, the proud stepping of his horse. The curé's arm tightened around Peter's shoulders.

"You have a fortunate star, my son. But take care of your fortune; preserve it in the eyes of God and man. Remember that the sword is the root of evil when used unrighteously. Remember that it is a stimulant to men's passions. Keep your temper, even when your antagonist is beyond his. I shall pray Heaven to prevent you from becoming a man of arms." The curé looked down at him kindly. "But meanwhile, for my sake, you will remember his lordship's conditions, won't you?"

"Yes, Father."

And so, next afternoon, he followed the road up the hill, his heart beating alarmingly, paying no attention to the thrush and the meadow-lark that sang within a few yards of him, altho these and the odor of fresh greens and flowers must have contributed subconsciously to his boyish delirium.

He presented himself awkwardly to the guard at the gate of the château; he was eyed and questioned; he was shown through a side door and down a long dark passageway into a room that bristled with arms and armor. Here stood Le Mâitre La Gorge, a very splendid ruffian in dark velvet with gold buttons and gold badges, wearing a leather gauntlet sewed with steel, holding a sword in one hand. Peter was inspected and bullied and put to work. He made many mistakes; he was a blunderer, La Gorge said.

"*Parez quarte—parez sixte—riposte! Hah! Un—et—deux—portez! L-l-la! Bien! Elongez—dessus—dessous—portez! L-l-la!*"

The harsh voice became familiar; the metallic clang and ring of swords; echoes down the deep stone halls of the château; flutter of tapestry in the drafts. And Peter was quite beside himself with pleasure. He was born for fencing as he had been born for reading. He had a long reach, a powerful wrist, and quick fingers. His eye was steady and his face imperturbable. And yet he did not understand—really. These gleaming swords, this play of blade and counter-blade, seemed nothing but illusion—like his books. His antagonist was an illusion—not really an antagonist—just a sour old veteran who begrudged teaching a peasant the subtleties of sword-play; making a rose out of a weed, as he had said one day to Monsieur Philippe.

Those profound weeds again.

Lately, however, Le Mâitre La Gorge had shown more respect for Peter. "By the beard of the prophet, you go well for a peasant," he would say, and then break through Peter's guard, his sword whirring easily around and around—here—there—touch!

By the middle of June, Peter had progressed sufficiently to fence with Monsieur Philippe, who could touch him easily, and did so at every opportunity. "Tut-tut, La Gorge," he said, "even you can not make a fencer of a cowherd!"

"Give me time, give me time, Monsieur. Of course—" and Monsieur La Gorge spread his hands—"he will never reach your lordship's perfection. That is not to be expected."

Always Peter maintained a respectful silence. He walked each afternoon through the sunny courtyard of the château, gazing up at the old walls, the deep-set windows. This was a medieval building that had as yet received few gifts from the Renaissance; but along the second story ran a beautiful Corinthian balcony with arched entrances into the chambers behind it.

Here, Peter imagined, Mademoiselle Renée would have her apartment. He had seen her only once in all this time. She had come down to the fencing-room to watch the peasant; she had stood at the doorway, a frail, almost visionary being in the somber stone walls, the beating of swords and the hulks of sweaty armor that were hung about the room; the spears, pikes, and battle-pennants wired to the walls; and, at one end, the bards and trappings of some ancestor's war-horse. Out of the corner of his eye Peter looked at Mademoiselle Renée as she stood among these ancestral relics, dressed in white, with her golden hair falling loosely over her shoulders.

"What the devil is the matter with you, you spinach?" Le Mâitre La Gorge was blazing at him.

Peter did not see Mademoiselle Renée for a long time after that. Nevertheless, as he entered the courtyard every afternoon, he looked up toward what he believed to be her window; he felt, always, as if he were entering one of those legendary palaces, one of those enchanted tales.

ANOTHER year passed, the happiest Peter had ever lived. He was much more at ease with his books, and he had the diversion of sword-play to give substance to his knights. The world seemed like a stage set for almost any action, rich with pleasure and impressions, fecund, remarkable. It was, of course, a mystery. Peter could not penetrate the illusory quality of "things" or persuade himself that any of his pleasures were real. He was a child of his age, the Renaissance, bewildered by mental and moral conflicts, eager for adventure, careless of the future, inquisitive, alert. On the other hand, his mind was penetrating and even cynical. He liked to fence, yet what did fencing amount to? He loved honor, beauty, love, but what were they? Colored clouds, he thought, sustained in the air of human existence. And the air blew around the leaves of weeds and darnels.

Monsieur Philippe had told him of Columbus's great discovery, a new land beyond a measureless ocean, touched by Europeans for the first time thirty years ago! He listened tensely to Monsieur Philippe whenever the latter condescended to talk of sailors and explorers who were even now on the high seas. Here also he was captured by the glamour of his age, and nevertheless questioned cynically the reality of glamour.

War had been declared against Charles V., Emperor of Germany, King of Spain. The Count Duprès had gone, and with him most of his attendants. The château was quiet and empty, save for the petulant commands of Monsieur Philippe, who kept a small guard there; save also for the laughter and running about of Mademoiselle Renée with several young ladies of her own age.

Bit by bit Peter had won the indulgence of Monsieur Philippe, by tactful words and by discovering the art of flattery. He had discovered flattery a little while after his skill with the sword had surpassed that of his lordship. Impetuously he had allowed himself to defeat Monsieur Philippe several times in succession, in the presence of the young ladies. After a week of this he was puzzled to find the young baron cold.

Monsieur Philippe had even gone so far as to say, "I have had quite enough of this business. I shall coarsen my touch if I fence against you any longer. My hand is

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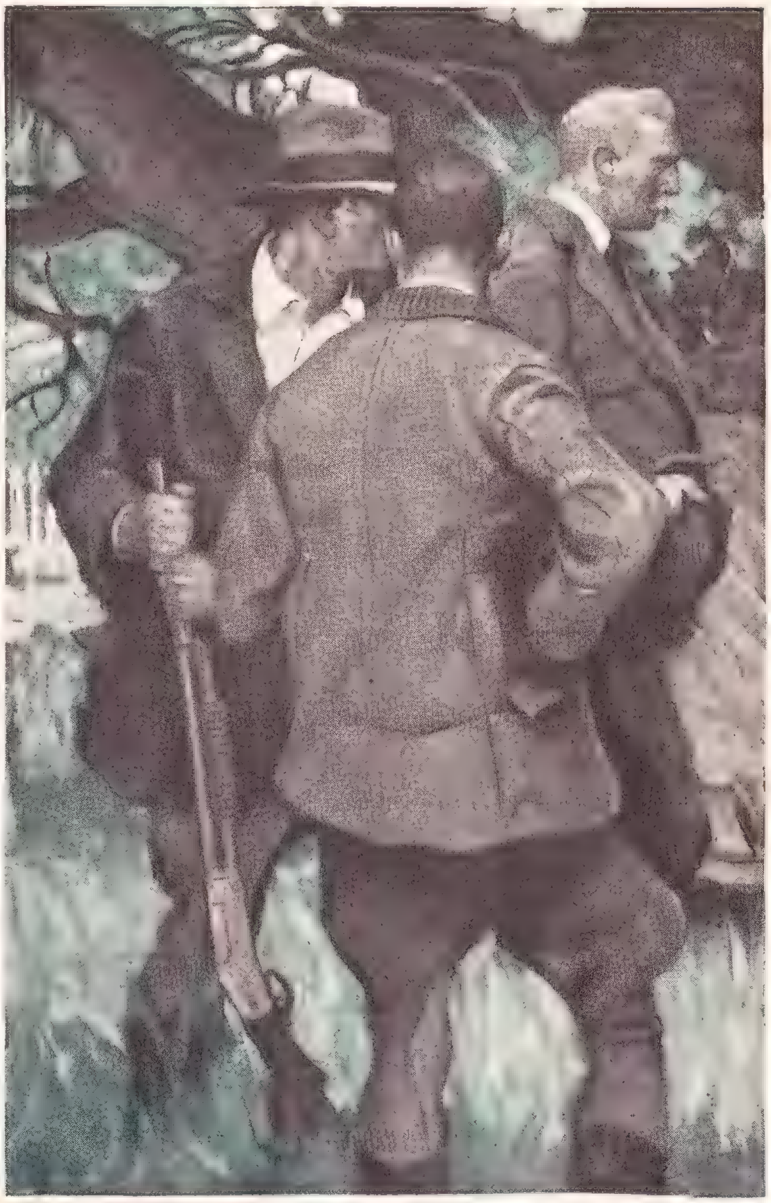
THE SILVER SWORD

By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

Illustrations by Alfred N. Simpkin



"'I'M SURE YOU MUST HAVE MISUNDERSTOOD ME. I
IN GOLD. IN THE BANK

NEITHER side ever knew quite what happened. On the one, the defenders' side, there were seven, six yard-servants of the plantation who were trying to get the coach-team, the Vendee Grays, across Chapel Wood to a place where they could be hidden from the Yankees in Cottonmouth Swamp, "commanded" by Julius, the master's body-servant, reaching home just then with the dead colonel's sword from the disaster in Virginia.

On the other side there must have been nearer seventy of "Sherman's negroes," camp-followers from Georgia, Ethiopians in an Ethiopian night. They were strangers in this low country, exalted for plunder, yet quick to halt and huddle at an uncomprehended sound.

The thing was a wailing. (It was the axle of the wagon that carried the fodder for the Grays.)

"Foh Gawd, whuh dat?"

Seventy of them, halted sharply, in a rocky ground.

The wail rose higher.

"Whah we-all to? Foh *Gawd!*"

What were these stones, lifted suddenly in the softness of a planted cedar-wood? When they discovered that they were in a graveyard three or four of them let off their guns.

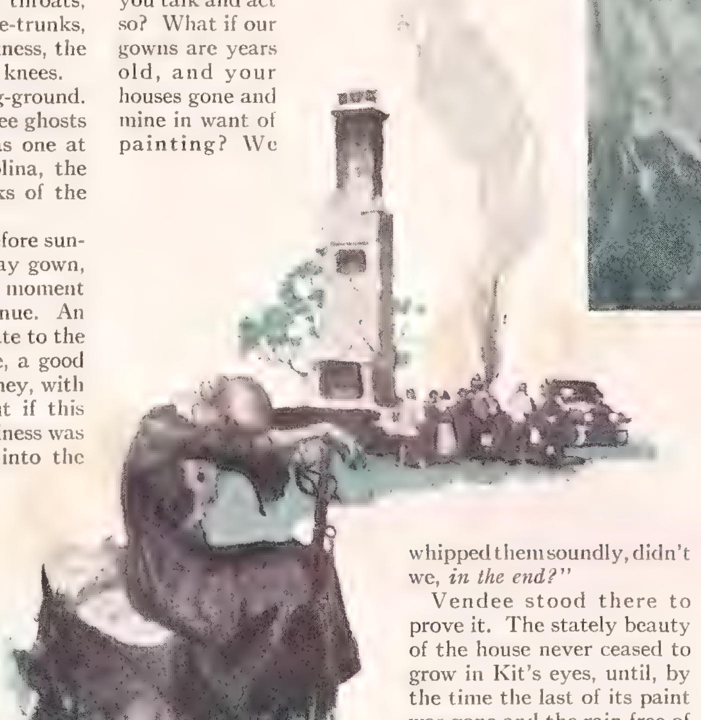
On their side, quite as startled, the yard-servants loosed the shying Grays. There were but six of these matched white horses, in the flesh, but in the twenty seconds that followed among the loud tombs of the Vendee dead there must have seemed a hundred of the pale beasts clattering.

Yells. Blind flight and broken shin-bones. Shots into the air, into the ground. Brothers' fingers at brothers' throats, who could say? Devils ran in the shapes of tree-trunks, cracking skulls. And presently, in deepening darkness, the quagmires of the Cottonmouth began to grab at knees.

That is the cold truth of the Battle of the Burying-ground.

There are not many places left where you can see ghosts in broad daylight, but for a long time there was one at Vendee, in the sea-island littoral of South Carolina, the only big house left standing on the yellow banks of the Quashatoo.

You could see it on a fair day, about an hour before sunset, the likeness of a white old lady in an ash-gray gown, passing unhurried, glimpsed in sunlight, lost for a moment in the moss-bearded shadow, up the live-oak avenue. An eighth of a mile from the run-down lodge at the gate to the rain-washed, wind-dried portico of Vendee House, a good quarter of an hour would be consumed in the journey, with so serene a dignity this apparition walked. But if this passage was ghostly, the ghostliest part of the business was not to commence until the lady had vanished into the shadows between the naked pillars of the mansion.



Presently then, pair by pair, around and around the hollow shell, from story to story to the very dormers beyond the eaves, the glassless windows flapped their shutters, like so many wooden eyelids going soundlessly to sleep. It would be full dusk when, if you had waited, you would see the shade of Kit Lorilard recrossing the gaps in the leaf-wall of the avenue, still contained, museful, erect, and unhurrying. *Like* a ghost, at any rate.

Kit Lorilard hated black-and-red. When a house is on fire among its trees at night those are the colors, bright red on blackness. One night in that February of sixty-five it was Ellen Wyant's house, Dorset, a tiny feather of crimson, repeated upside down on a bend of the black river beyond the rice-dikes miles away. Another, it was Cousin Mary Mindal's, London House, its flame above the dark woods looking quite close in the window of the east chamber at Vendee, where Kit's son was being born.

It might have been Vendee itself that night, had it not been for the yard-servants with the Grays across in Chapel Wood, and black Julius, who came in at midnight, white-eyed with fright and triumph, mud-caked and footsore from his two months' dodging down the Carolinas, bringing the mistress the master's sword.

Kit Lorilard was never quite like other women after that night. She mourned her husband, but others mourned theirs. She loved her son, but they too had sons. What set her apart was Vendee, and the Battle of the Burying-ground.

The magnitude of that conflict could not but grow with the growing years. Antietam and Gettysburg were famous engagements, it was true, but they had been far away; the Burying-ground lay just over there. Peyton, her husband, had fallen in the retreat on Richmond, but so had many another woman's husband; it had been the retreat of a whole people, after all. Not until the eleventh hour, among the gravestones around Vendee Chapel, seven against seventy (seven thousand against seventy thousand it came to stand in her imagination in the end), had that retreat been halted, and the victory won.

Single-handed, Vendee had fought General Sherman; single-handed, Vendee had whipped him and sent him packing North again. Twenty years, thirty years afterward, driving in, no matter how shabbily, to pay her calls on girlhood friends in Beaufort or Walterboro, the mistress of Vendee bore herself unconsciously with an air none of these others had. She was forever finding herself confused anew by the invidious, bitter quality of their pride, so different from her own. Had she been of the kind to burst out, more than once she would have cried: "Why do you talk and act so? What if our gowns are years old, and your houses gone and mine in want of painting? We whipped them soundly, didn't we, *in the end?*"

Vendee stood there to prove it. The stately beauty of the house never ceased to grow in Kit's eyes, until, by the time the last of its paint was gone and the rain free of a dozen gaps in the roofing, it had outgrown all the other houses of memory. Year by year the shell was emptied; stick by stick the irreplaceable furniture disappeared, to keep Kit's and her son's and grandson's soul and body together, and the taxes paid on the four thousand acres of salt-poisoned marsh, snake-ridden swamp, and undergrown woodland that the plantation came to be.

No matter. So long as the sword that had "commanded" at the Burying-ground rested on its pegs above the ballroom mantel, Vendee could never be anything but furnished and alive and going; and till Kit was in her eighties, no fine morning passed but she came up to open and air the great barrack from cellar to rafter, no evening but she locked it with an infinite care before returning, ghost-wise, along the avenue to the lodge at the gate, where she and Peyton, her grandson, lived meagerly, "for the time being," with the negro tenant-servant, Monday Sue. This Peyton, in his middle teens, Kit saw as the image of his father, the boy born to the ruffle of musket-fire from the Burying-ground. He lived with an aura about him.

Heir to Vendee in turn, now that his father was dead, Kit saw him singled out by that from among the young gentlemen of the low country. In learning, she could tell herself truthfully, he stood alone. No other in that corner of wilderness was so wise with an ailing hound as he; none knew so soon when the deer were shifting from rice-land to pine-land, or so unerringly where the biggest rockfish lay; and it took a Gullah black man of the full blood to smell a rattlesnake "walking" in the bush as quickly as young Peyton Lorilard could. To the fact that, never having been to school, he had had to get most of his learning from the Gullahs that scratched their weedy half acres in the neighborhood, she would, she could, and she must, close her eyes.

Still, sometimes, it gave the proud old gentlewoman a start.

"To whom, sir, are you addressing yourself?" she would demand then, her voice sharpening, as, for a wink, reality jostled her mind.

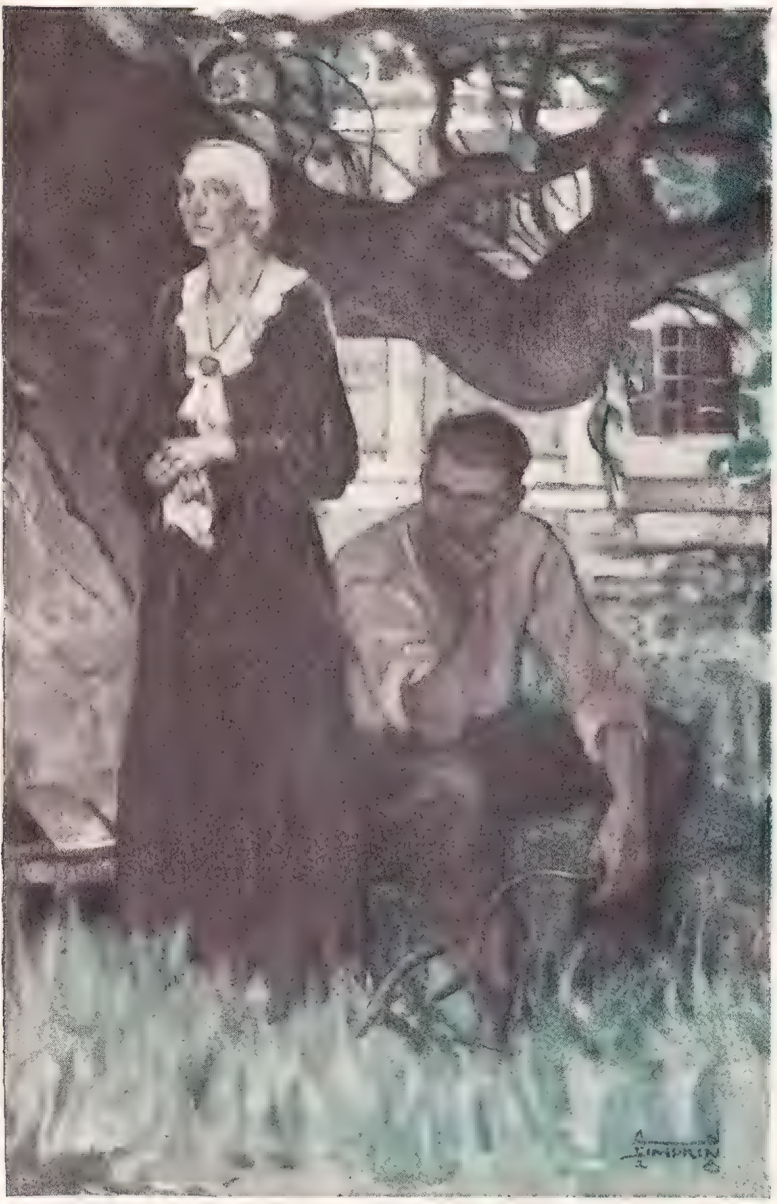
"Who Uh whut?" Her confusion was matched, and magnified, by his. "Who Uh duh talk tuh? Uh binna tell you 'bout d' moccasin-snake en d' tettuh-fiel'. Uh yent shum till Uh——"

"Speak English, please. 'Uh yent shum,' your grandmother can not understand. Say: 'I did not see it.' You're not talking with negroes now."

But then, swift in defense, illusion re-enwrapped her mind. "He *wasn't* talking to me. Monday Sue is busy behind me, and it was to her; one must talk Gullah to these servants or they will not understand."

SALKEHATCHEE, Combahee, Quashatoo, Ashepoo, Edisto: these rivers are so tangled in the tide-lands under the sea-islands that it is hard to know where one begins and another ends. Once rice and indigo made them

How it became a tradition in the Lorilard family and an emblem of the South



SAID ONE HUNDRED *THOUSAND* DOLLARS. IN CASH. TO-MORROW MORNING'"

rich, and cotton richer. Now between the cypress-swamps and the saltgrass-marshes little is to be heard but the sound of wings. The slow beat of herons' flight. The drumfire of ducks from half a world dropping down in the half-lights to their fellows, or to the hunters' decoys.

Kit Lorilard had known a time when there were Yankee gunboats on these waters. Sometimes of a Winter morning now (as she put back the ballroom shutters to let in the low sun), hearing the thud of guns faint in distance, she remembered. Then as she glanced at the sword hanging above the empty chimney-place the width of the empty room away, a slight stricture that might have been a smile moved the muscles about her lips. Yankee gunboats, indeed!

IT WAS toward sunset of a day in late December. Its engines at dead slow, the white sixty-footer nosed its way around a mud-reef that once had been the corner of a rice-field and stood in toward the shore, steep-grown with cypresses backed by live-oaks, above which showed the chimneys and splintered cornices of a house.

Perry, the younger of the two boys from Connecticut, sounding, called the depths back to his brother at the wheel: "All right, plenty, Bat. As you go."

Their father had nothing to do but watch. At ease in a willow chair on the deck-house, his greasy hunting-coat open to this southern air, his cap far back on his head, his eyes indulgent in the frames of their rubber-rimmed spectacles, Amos Cunningham Ring loafed at large in content.

He was lucky in those boys. "Yale and Tech," he meditated; "they ought to be proud of their work with these two kids. If they don't go far before they're through with it, these young 'uns, I'm no judge of the human race." Without raising himself, the millman raised his voice: "There's help, Perry; somebody coming down the bank you can throw a line to. Somebody we know, too, by Jingo! Isn't it that young cracker we had around with us yesterday?" Perry turned sharply, his mouth in the lee of his corduroy collar.

"Jigger what you're hollering, Dad. *He's* no cracker. Get wise!"

"No? Well, if that boy's a mulatto, I admit I'm——"

"Shut up, Dad!" Now it was Bat, from the wheel. "Didn't you get it? When we were talking with him last night? He's a Lorilard, himself."

"Well, I'll be! What do you know about that?"

As soon as Ring got his khaki-wadded weight ashore he put out a hand.

"Well, well, sir; I didn't quite realize yesterday who it was we had with us. Entertaining angels unawares, eh? Well, well, well!"

He had to grin at the serious and equal way in which this lean, threadbare, dust-bitten country kid returned his handshake. "Good for you!" he thought. But when the stripling opened his mouth to speak the Northerner had to cover his startled amusement by paying attention to what his younger son was saying. "Yep," he made haste to nod and agree. "It would want only a little dredging, and we could put the pier right here."

Controlled, he returned to Peyton. "I hear you people have got a first-rate ruin hereabouts. These lads' mother is always at me to take an interest in ruins. So I suppose——"

The boy, confused, interrupted. "E no ruin. E Vendee House." When he had studied a moment a slight color dyed his temples. "Youn-all come along."

As they moved through the fringe of woods, the Yankee spindle-master weighed in speculation the three young figures ahead. Comparison, with the father, was inevitable; his two, and that one. And yet in the largeness of his good fortune he had something to spare for this backwoods urchin. "What a pity!" Out of protest grew indignation. "Good stuff. Good, basic, Anglo-Saxon timber! And to let it go to waste like this! It's a crime."

He ranged up with Peyton. "Look here, young man. Haven't you ever thought it would be a good idea to go to school –a good prep school, I mean?"

Peyton's eyes came around, wide blue.

"Oh, suh!"

"And then on to college? Engineering, perhaps, eh? How about it?"

"Oh, suh!" It was comical.

They walked on. But when they had come into the clearing where they could see a side of the gaunt house, and beyond it the hollow mound of the avenue running away, Peyton brought up short.

"Too bad, suh; house e lock' up. Dey my gran' go home now."

"Your what?"

"My gran'*mothuh*."

"I see. Yes, yes. So that's old— Sonny, I'd like to meet your grandmother. Do you suppose?"

The sun had hardly gone down, but under the boughs a full dusk lay. At her grandson's hail Kit Lorilard had come to a stand by one of the oldest and most misshapen of the live-oak boles. Between its grayness and the grayness of the ribboning moss, what was gray of her was obliterated, leaving only the whiter loom of her face and hair to be seen with any certitude.

No wonder, for half a minute after the young marsh-hopper had presented him, awkwardly, Ring felt a little weird. Peering, despite himself, from the distance of his bow, he cogitated: "Be darned if *I* sha'n't begin to believe in spooks if I stay around here much longer. Isn't she going to say a *word?*"

He had to begin it himself, speaking in a full, congenial tone:

"I'm particularly pleased to meet you, Mrs. Lorilard, because I believe I am acquainted with a relative of yours in Charleston. The same name, Lorilard, Augustus B. Am I mistaken?" In the moment he had to wait then, Ring felt himself growing smaller. "I—I was certainly led to believe, Madam——"

"Mr. Augustus Lorilard is my kinsman by marriage." The voice from the live-oak was immaculate of inflection. "And my man of business."

"Correct!" Ring inclined his head. "Mrs. Lorilard, I'm very strongly interested in this part of the country. Perhaps it's because, as a boy, I was forever hearing my old dad go on about it; he was down through here with Sherman." The millman paused to chuckle. "I don't suppose, a few years back, I could have used that as a bid for popularity hereabouts. Thank God, tho, bygones are bygones now: if the *Great* War has little else to its credit, it has that. We're all Americans again. That's something, isn't it, Mrs. Lorilard?"

Ring was not used to being asked to wait for an answer. It spoke well for his character that he was able to go on with every appearance of good humor.

"It's done stranger things than that when you think of it. For one, it has made a Southerner of a bred-in-the-bone New-Englander like me, and of a lot of others. They used to talk of the trail of smoke Sherman left behind him. The other day, driving down through the Piedmont, I saw more Yankee smoke than Sherman ever dreamed of; forty-odd big plants, I counted, all full blast. Mine, Mrs. Lorilard, was one of them. I was among the first to see the writing on the wall. Last year we moved the Rhode Island Pequod Thread Mills down, lock, stock, and barrel; I bought a house in Columbia, and here I stand a citizen of South Carolina to-day. A real one, come to grow up with the land."

IN THE dusk Ring's face moved in an honest grin, then sobered again. "That brings me to the point of how I came in touch with Mr. Lorilard in Charleston, and how I come to be here. We have a home, I say, in Columbia, and now what we want next is a foothold down here at the water, a week-end place we can run away to. We've been scouting around for some time, the boys and I, and altho we've seen some properties that would do, it wasn't till we had paddled around and shot around this piece of yours that it came to us, suddenly, all three of us: 'This is *it!*' And so, Mrs. Lorilard?"

There was an answer from over there this time, cool and colorless.

"I'm afraid I fail to comprehend. May I ask, sir, if anything my kinsman, Mr. Lorilard, has said to you has led you to believe——"

"Pardon me, Mrs. Lorilard, but that's what *I* want to know. I found it hard to pin Mr. Lorilard down. All I could gather definitely was that if you could get a price you would be a—be ill-advised not to realize on your holding here as the market stands now. And the warning that I would probably find the figure pretty high."

"Very much too high, sir, I fear."

"As to that I could only tell him that I was used to saying yes or no. I'm not unaware of the prices the old estates are being held at up on the Cooper and the Santee. On the other hand, Lorilard was willing to admit that the acreage here was out of all proportion to your present needs, and the buildings—the old residence in particular——"

Far from having to await her words this time, they came with the interrupting quality of an unexpected blade.

"You are fully aware, then, of the condition of Vendee House as it stands to-day?"

"Surely. I haven't come here, Madam, without a pretty clear idea——"

"I'm glad of that, Mr. Ring. 'Ring' was the name, was it not?" It was hardly the voice of the same woman; where it had been lifeless, now it quickened. "Understand then, sir, if you were to offer me *one hundred thousand dollars* for Vendee as it stands to-day ——"

"A hundred. Mmmm. Mrs. Lorilard, that's a good deal of money. Still!"

The spindle-master chuckled, in the way a man will say, "So that's that." He eased his shoulders, loosened his arms. "Well, boys, what do we say?" He included Peyton, clapping a hand on the bewildered stripling's shoulder. "And what do you say, sir? What about that prep school *now?* What about that college? A little something invested in the head to go up against this cold proposition the modern world is—eh?"

The boy's was not the only bewilderment.

"Wait!" But there was more than bewilderment in that syllable from across the road; there was something curiously like dismay. "I'm sure you must have misunderstood me. I said one hundred *thousand* dollars. In cash. In gold. In the bank to-morrow morning."

"Surely. Nothing could suit better. The kids must be back at their grind in eleven days now, and I at mine, so naturally we couldn't get in and at it too soon for *us.* So if we could go up in the morning to Charleston, first

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OPENING THE GATES OF SILENCE

The President's wife tells the story of the Clarke School

By

MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE

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MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE, WHO FOR SIX YEARS HAS BEEN OUR GRACIOUS FIRST LADY OF THE LAND

LAST Fall, when I was at home in Northampton, Mass., to see my mother, I dropped in at Clarke School for the Deaf, where I taught for three years following my graduation from college, and where I never failed to find inspiration in later years.

It was a very special day, and there seemed to be a little hum of excitement everywhere. I soon learned what it was all about—it was Miss Yale's birthday—and Miss Yale was, for thirty-six years, the beloved principal of the school, now its principal emeritus, living at the school and giving it the advantage of wise counsel and advice as well as directing the work of the training-school.

She was one of the pioneers in the teaching of speech and lip-reading to the deaf in America, and the name of Miss Caroline A. Yale is well known throughout the profession both at home and abroad.

The principal of the school, Miss Bessie N. Leonard, met me at the door. She was teacher-in-charge of the primary department "in my day." She led me into the little sitting-room where Miss Yale was sitting in her wheel-chair, to which one of humanity's old enemies, rheumatism, has confined her for the past few years. One look at her face, however, and the wheel-chair is forgotten. The lowering afternoon sun comes filtering through the window, striking across her hair of burnished gold, touched with a bit of gray.

I sit upon a low stool by her side and talk with her for a few minutes. Presently I hear outside the sound of many feet, and am told that the children of the primary department are coming to make a call upon Miss Yale in honor of her birthday. A shawl of mauve cashmere is brought and placed about her shoulders, and the children come in quietly one by one, each with a little bunch of cosmos in his hand in colors to harmonize with the shawl.

The older ones come first. They have been in the school for two or three years and are seven or eight years of age. Each lays his gift of flowers in Miss Yale's lap as he smiles and says, "I wish you a happy birthday." The flowers mount higher and higher, forming a veritable blanket across her knees. There are probably fifty boys and girls in the group.

And now come the smallest ones in the school. They have been there less than two months and have not yet learned all the sounds required to say, "I wish you a happy birthday," but it seems to me their little greeting, "I love you," has an appeal all its own.

My time was up and I said my good-bys, but I carried with me a picture that I shall never forget, and I wondered if we were not wrong when we spoke of these children as handicapped. Didn't they have something that normal children often missed?

TEACHING THESE LITTLE ONES TO FORM WORDS

TESTING THE PERCENTAGE OF HEARING OF THE CHILDREN

From this scene which I have tried to describe you will see that the children of Clarke School are given the simple little lessons of consideration and thought for others which we try to give our own children in the home.

Now, I want to tell you a little about the beginning of Clarke School. Back in the days before the Civil War, scarlet fever entered the homes of two fine old New England families, and a little girl in each family lost her hearing. One was Jeanie Lippitt, daughter of the Governor of Rhode Island, and the other Mabel Hubbard, daughter of Gardiner Greene Hubbard, a brilliant Cambridge lawyer, afterward founder of the National Geographic Society in Washington, D. C. Jeanie Lippitt is now Mrs. William Babcock Weeden of Providence, R. I. Mabel Hubbard became the wife of Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone.

The parents of these children searched widely for advice and help in the great tragedy which had befallen their children. They found Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, whose work with Laura Bridgeman, who was both blind and deaf, is one of the most interesting and well-known instances of the results which patience and perseverance can accomplish in the education of the deaf and the blind. He told them of his methods.

With the specter of the increasing isolation of their little ones always before them, Mrs. Lippitt and Mrs. Hubbard worked as only mothers can work when their children's happiness hangs so tragically in the balance. They gave their entire time to their small daughters' care, using almost a divine ingenuity to keep the baby speech from becoming defective. In time the children learned to watch their mothers' lips, then to recognize familiar words and sentences, and next to learn new words.

Gardiner Hubbard, in his gratitude for the preservation of his daughter's speech, reached out in sympathy and helpfulness toward all those children afflicted with deafness, whose only hope of communication and education lay in the finger-alphabet. His first attempt to induce the Massachusetts Legislature to found a school where deaf children might be taught, as his own little girl was taught, failed. In 1867, with the aid of President Hill of Harvard and Horace Mann of Boston, a second attempt was made. That, too, seemed about to fail. The legislators did not believe that deaf children could be taught to speak and to read the lips.

But there was a kindly intervention. At Chelmsford, Mass., Governor and Mrs. Lippitt and Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard had encouraged Miss Harriet B. Rogers to open a small school where she had persuaded the parents of eight deaf children to have faith in the oral method.

A group from the Legislature was invited by

Mrs. Josiah Quincy, whose husband was then Mayor of Boston, to meet at her home. Jeanie Lippitt and Roscoe Green, who had been taught by the oral method, seated ten feet apart, conversed easily and naturally. The legislators were convinced.

Eric Stahlberg

MRS. COOLIDGE VISITS MISS CAROLINE YALE ON THE LATTER'S BIRTHDAY

That year, through the generosity of John Clarke of Northampton, the Clarke School was started. It was not a State Institution, but its charter provided that the State might send children there for instruction. Miss Rogers was its first principal, and Mr. Hubbard the first president of its board of trustees.

These pioneers were, in a way, experimenters. Until that time practically nothing had been done for the deaf, except in sign-language, a method which, while it enabled them to communicate with those who understood the finger-alphabet, still isolated them from the speaking world, set them apart from their fellow beings, closed in their horizons, thus limiting their opportunities.

Miss Rogers and those who worked with her were determined that this should no longer be so. Their purpose was to give these afflicted children, from their young years, their heritage to understand life clearly, to live it abundantly. They were not to feel that they were different.

Clarke School was to be a home school in which the relationship between the teachers and the pupils, and between the pupils themselves, was to be free from restraint and from any sense of difference. They were to move naturally in an atmosphere of speech. Sign-language was forbidden. Oral methods alone were employed.

In 1871 this method received fine impetus when a young Scotchman, Alexander Graham Bell, came to demonstrate his father's system of visible speech. Each character of this system was based upon anatomical movements of the speech-organs forming sounds or combinations of sounds. In his laboratory in Scotland he had constructed an enlarged replica of the human head, and by means of mechanical apparatus working on the muscles and nerves and tongue it had produced sound and formulated words. By manipulating the tongue of a pet dog he had been able to make it say "Hello, Grandma."

Through these experiments he learned that the whole process of speech was nothing more nor less than a mechanical process of co-operation and adjustment of the muscles of the lips and the palate and the vocal cords. He had become particularly interested in the deaf through his marriage to Mabel Hubbard. It was at Clarke School that Alexander Graham Bell began work on a device which he expected to be an aid to the deaf, and which eventuated in the telephone.

Years later, when he found that the invention was to bring him riches, he wrote his mother, "Now we will have money to teach speech to the little deaf children." Alexander Graham Bell was a lifelong friend of Clarke School, and was the fifth president of its board of trustees. But by far the greatest legacy he left was his contribution to the system of oral speech for the deaf.

Through the years Clarke School has continued to advance steadily and its influence has spread widely. It is beautifully situated at the top of Round Hill, the highest point in the city of Northampton, overlooking the Connecticut Valley to the Mount Holyoke range beyond. The students number about one hundred and sixty and the school is divided into three departments, primary, intermediate, and grammar, each housed in its own building.

In addition to these three there are Hubbard Hall, which contains the chapel, library, administration offices, and classrooms; the Gilmore gymnasium, the carpenter-shop, a small isolation hospital, and the cottage in which Miss Yale lives.

It was through Miss Yale and her niece, Miss June Yale, who taught at Clarke School, that I became interested in teaching the deaf. Our families were friends in Burlington, Vt. Sometimes Miss June Yale brought a deaf child home with her for instruction during the Summer months, and many a happy afternoon I spent looking after her small charge when she was busy at something else.

Being then a girl in my early teens, the confidence thus reposed in me almost overwhelmed me. I think the desire that I might some time undertake this work must have been implanted in me in those early days, for in the Spring of my senior year at the university I wrote to Miss Yale and asked if she would consider an application from me to enter the normal class.

The normal class is a very important and far-reaching part of the work of the school. It was undertaken in the year 1892 at the request of the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf. The training requires one school year, and consists of lectures, courses of study and reading, observation of classroom work, where detailed notes are taken, and later practise work with classes under careful direction.

The Fall of 1902 found me duly enrolled in this class, which was then limited to five, but has since been increased to ten; and I note in the last annual report that there were twelve in the class last year, one of whom came from the Philippine Islands.

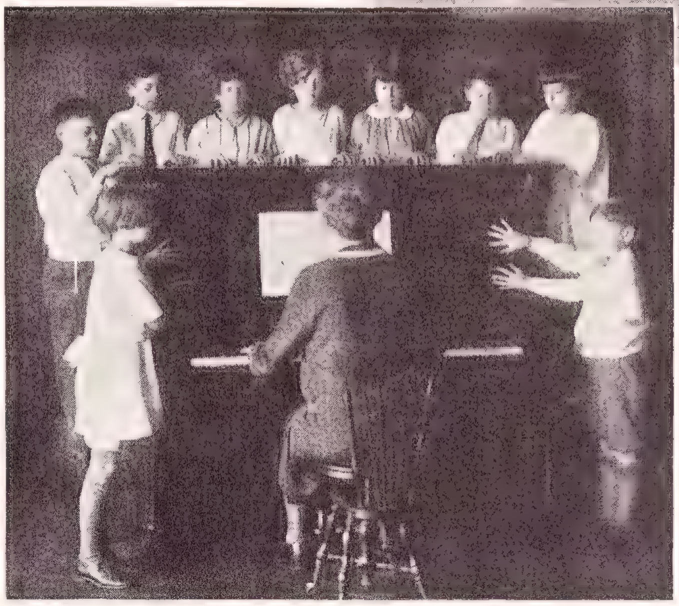
During my year of training one of the teachers of the school was called home by illness at Christmas time, and another teacher-in-training and I were given a regular class in the primary department.

The two years following I taught in the intermediate department. Then I married; but my interest in Clarke School for the Deaf has never waned and, at times, in the years when we were living in Northampton, I went back to do substitute teaching.

I never hear of a deaf child that my heart does not go out to it, and I breathe a prayer that fortune may favor it by bringing it to a school where it may be taught as the children at Clarke School are taught.

A LITTLE GIRL PRESENTS THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE WITH A BOUQUET

Photos by Eric Stahlberg



A LESSON IN SOUND CONSCIOUSNESS—THE CHILDREN FEEL VIBRATIONS THROUGH THEIR FINGER-TIPS

The moment a child enters the school he is born anew into an atmosphere of speech. If he has been taught the sign-language every effort is made to discourage it. He sees nothing but speech around him. Neither teacher nor pupil uses any means of communication but the spoken word.

It is often difficult at first. Most of these children, until the time of their coming to the school, have lived almost entirely within themselves. They have had no adequate way of expressing their thoughts. No one knows what they have been thinking. Nor have they knowledge of what those around them think.

The first duty, then, is to inaugurate them into the ways of speech, to release them from their silence, and to bring them into contact with the thoughts of those about them.

Divided into classes of twelve or less, as they must have individual attention, and larger classes would make this impossible, they are seated in a semicircle before the teacher in a position where the light may fall upon her face. She holds up a ball. One by one they are given it to hold. The teacher says "ball"—over and over again, taking care to pronounce the word slowly and with accurate position and movement of the tongue and lips and teeth.

One by one they feel with their finger-tips the muscles of the teacher's throat as she speaks. Then they try to imitate her. There are all sizes and colors of balls. When they have learned to say "ball" they have had their first lesson in speech, and have discovered for the first time how to ask for something they wish.

It is often weeks before they get this far. Preparatory to words they are taught, first, the consonants and then the vowels. Standing before the mirror, they are shown how the teacher's lips and mouth look when she pronounces the hard sounds, such as "k." They feel with their fingers how the breath comes when they pronounce the aspirates, how they must open their mouths when they make the sound of long "a." When they have learned the sounds separately they must learn how to put them together to form words.

I know of no joy comparable to that of these children when they speak their first word. I have seen them clap their hands and dance around, while their classmates rejoiced with them.

I remember one day when a beginning class was visited by the normal class. They had just learned to say "car," to identify it with the vehicle in which they were driven about at times, with the yellow and red toys on the table, or with the pictures in a book, and to recognize the word on their teacher's lips.

The children, one by one, came forward, selected the toy, and said "car"—all except little Billy the baby of the class, who was only a little more than five. He had not been expected to join in, but he could not bear to be left out of it. Before we realized what he was going to do he ran forward, picked up the toy, and said "car"—his very first word. The whole class was in an uproar of happiness, and when it had settled down again, Billy sat for the rest of the hour on the teacher's lap.

One word leads to another, not so easily, perhaps, but inevitably—nouns carry on to verbs, and verbs to adjectives. There was George, not seven years of age. He already knew how to say "I" and "dog." So he was taken to look into a closet at the back of the room. After a gasp of amazement, he gazed at the teacher's lips. She was saying "saw." In a burst of excitement he exclaimed, "I saw a dog!" When each child had peered into the closet where a life-sized toy dog stood, he knew what "saw" meant, and how to say it. Another step on the road to speech was taken.

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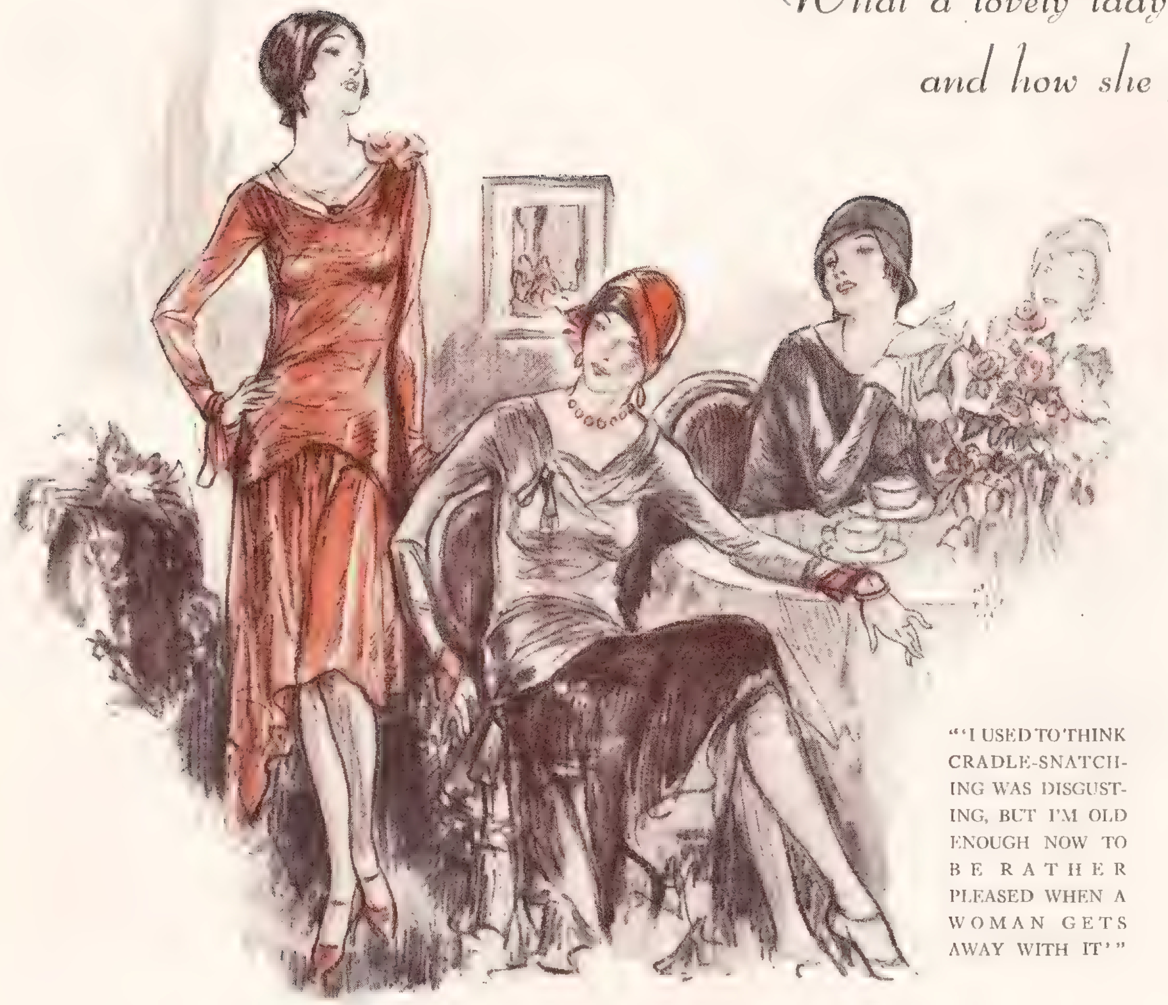
What a lovely lady thought of two husbands and how she felt about a third



"'I USED TO THINK CRADLE-SNATCHING WAS DISGUSTING, BUT I'M OLD ENOUGH NOW TO BE RATHER PLEASED WHEN A WOMAN GETS AWAY WITH IT'"

CRADLE-SNATCHER

By

KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

Illustrations by Addison Burbank

MRS. FERRIS went away early from Sally Crampton's luncheon-party, leaving six women behind her. She had no such engagement at the hairdresser's as she had mentioned; she was comfortable and happy in the silken love-seat by Sally's fire, and she had been holding up her end well. In fact, she would have preferred staying catlike where she was to facing aforetime the spitting sleet and an unheated taxi to the other end of town.

But, for all your luck in this world, you have to pay the piper, and for Clare Ferris's immense luck she seemed to owe a hundred pipers. Queer bills were drawn on her patience, and she superstitiously honored them all. When a woman had done what she had done she was a seasoned morsel on the tongues of all her friends. It would have been unnatural had they not been eager to get at the subject of her.

Absurd tho it may seem, Clare Ferris left Sally's apartment because she wanted to, because she felt that eagerness flowing about her, surging and resurging from mind to mind; and some odd fold in her conscience urged her to go away and give them a chance to discuss her.

After all, she had Barry Kinsella, with his youth, his fame, his beauty; Barry, who, in this his first essay of marriage, would be the third husband of a woman nearly twenty years older than himself. A woman, moreover, neither rich (Barry, indeed, had far more money than she) nor of time-defying loveliness; a healthy yet quite unrejuvenated woman of forty-five.

How should they not talk her over? However kind they were, they must be curious, and would ask each other, unmaliciously enough, how Clare had done it. There was a whole world of Barry's admirers, unknown to her, who would not be kind, but about them she did not care. Kind, those women she had left behind her? Oh, yes, they would be that; even Laura Simms, who was perhaps a little vulgar.

Laura was the only one who had spoken out frankly to Clare, "I used to think cradle-snatching was disgusting when I was young, Clare, but I'm old enough now to be rather pleased when a woman gets away with it." Perhaps Laura was even now imparting her philosophy to Sally and the others—and they would be glad of Laura's cynical freedom. Should she go back and confront them, delay the orgy? No; let them have it out. It was their right. *She had Barry.* Clare Ferris entered the dripping taxi that the doorman had at last procured.

The taxi was unheated, as she had feared, and she was thoroughly chilled by the time she reached her own apartment, which was far smaller, less elegant and vistaed than Sally's. It was part of Clare's agreement with the dark powers that rule the world that she should live entirely on her own money. Only thus could she propitiate her New England conscience (that moral equivalent of the vermiform appendix) and keep it from inflammation.

Something, both with Clay Morison and Roger Ferris, might have been her fault. Therefore she would have no money of theirs. When she divorced Clay her lawyer told her that alimony would come as easily as the decree, but she had never been able to see how you could take pay for services rendered when you declined to render the services or had been told that they were no longer in request. She had her little income from her dead father. It would keep her alive.

With Roger the case was somewhat different. They had been married so short a time; had quarreled—could you call them quarrels, those sad dissensions, those calm divergences and muted hostilities of opinion? They had had clear opposing visions of each other's duty: Roger thinking she should consent to his leaving her and their baby and taking a difficult job where she could not follow; Clare thinking he should stick by safer bridges and his hostages to fortune.

Roger had followed his conception of her duty, and had been killed in an accident before he reached his hinterland. The baby had died within the year. Her husband, in a hasty will, had left his little all to her and the boy; but Clare, having ascertained that Roger's mother needed the money, had made it over to the elder Mrs. Ferris after the child died. Roger's mother was living still in her Massachusetts village, Clare believed; but a perfunctory Christmas gift was the only sign Clare ever made. The older woman had never liked her, or been reconciled to her son's marrying a woman who had divorced another man.

For years, now, Clare had seen only her own friends, to whom Clay Morison and Roger Ferris were alike mere wraiths. Clay had spent the short term of his second marriage (he had married, almost at once, a mediocre dancer) on the Riviera, and his second wife had eloped with a Russian somewhere between Hyères and Mentone. Clare had never learned the details. She had always expected a third matrimonial venture on Clay's part, but Peter Bailey, the only acquaintance she and Clay kept in common, told her that that had never taken place. Clay, she believed, was living in the house they began their married life in, near Washington Square.

Such was Clare Ferris's history, and thus she would have given it to you, quietly, without feeling, had you asked her news of her past. It was ten years since Roger Ferris had died, and she did not brood on history so ancient. Things that have happened so very long ago assume the inevitability of history. Tho she admitted freely that, being a miserable sinner, she had probably sinned against both of her husbands, in forgotten ways, she led no life of expiation.

She had been rushed by her family (she still had a family at that time) into divorcing Clay Morison, and she had never sent Roger Ferris away—he had chosen to go. The variety of many friends, the movie quality of modern life with its incessant, incoherent shift of scene and motive, left her humorous and calm and prone to seize the day.

She had, in her youth, foreseen so many morrows incorrectly, prepared so carefully for things that never happened! Clay, all brute sentiment; Roger, all nervous impulse—neither had been the great love. At their worst, Clay got very red in the face, and Roger bit his nails. No, there had been no great love there. Clare Ferris did not brood on the past, but now and then she tucked it in and bade it sleep forever.

She did that to-day (once safely home) with a contented sigh. The knowledge of that talk, behind her at Sally's, the probings and diggings and summings-up that would be engaged in, made her glad, after all, to be alone. They knew only Clare as they saw her, as she had been and was—external Clares; she knew this inner ecstasy of Barry. Barry's beauty that made her feel faint when she stared at him covertly; Barry's kiss that fired and melted her almost intolerably; Barry's grace that brought the tears to her still lustrous eyes.

THAT Barry's dominance was physical, whatever else it was, she did not attempt to deny in her secret mind, nor did the fact that she could not remember having felt such passion before frighten her or give her pause. Of course, she reflected, a woman is more passionate than a girl; and the fuel had been drying and seasoning, long years, for this combustion. If he threw her over to-morrow, she would be glad that she had known the grace, the subtlety, the diversity, of Barry Kinsella's love-making. He had a genius for it—and, her sober sense told her, intensive training in the best of schools.

Clare Ferris put on a tea-gown and lay down on a comfortable chaise-longue in her bedroom. Before doing this she freshened the sitting-room—renewed the water in the vases, dusted a carved ivory god, touched the brocade curtains into a better plastic pose, removed some letters from her writing-table and tidied it into the proper semblance of perfect preparedness and exquisite inoccupation.

The walls, the paint, the rugs, were a faint French gray. Soft Chinese reds and blues, and gold of mirrors and sconces, made it gay enough for comfort without insisting on colors that would belie and betray her. It was a good room: discreet, elegant, to the eye, and unexpectedly luxurious when you sat down. It required no human type to complete it, but was kind to all. No wonder her richer friends liked it and called her clever.

The chaise-longue was comfortable, and there were books at hand. Barry would not come until early evening. She had a long interval of peace. Perhaps it was the sense of the talk that must have sprung up behind her, over at Sally's, that kept her from using her peace. Little cynical reflections pursed her mouth, and her mind parodied the sentimental printed page before her. No, she could not read. Clare got up and paced the limited spaces of her room.

There were moments when it seemed less strange to her that Barry Kinsella should love her than that she should ever have met him at all. For those first encounters she had to thank her curiosity. "I'll try anything once," she had insisted to Laura Simms long ago; and she had tried a party at a night club which Barry Kinsella had attended. Her hostess had placed her next him. If it wasn't at all her crowd it wasn't at all Kinsella's, either, and the polar and the tropic fish, both out of water, had consoled each other.

It was easy to talk to Barry—with such a well-known figure there were so many openings—and he had experienced (so she made out later) a positive thrill in meeting an admiration that was sympathetic rather than abject. Barry Kinsella was used to knocking 'em cold, used to hysteria, melodrama, to beauty giving itself away, used, alas! to all the vulgar passions. What he wasn't used to was having a woman divine that he was superior to his vogue—poking a little fun at the vogue itself meanwhile.

Moving perforce in a world of phrases and motives as hectic as they were cheap, where fingers clutched on hearts as crookedly as on dollars, Barry Kinsella had felt in this clever, unpretentious, unjeweled woman all the civilization he was missing. She wasn't unique, Clare Ferris—only, he had been kept from her kind. Thus it had begun—and thus it had gone on.

He had frequented her quietly, safe from head-lines, and eventually had found he couldn't do without her; that she alone could give him refuge from all that was distasteful, meretricious, in the daily round, could see what he wanted, at long last, to do and be, and keep his dream warm. Not until he had stated his desire in season and out of season, both with fervor and with calm, had she agreed to marry him.

She had called herself "cradle-snatcher" long before Laura Simms had a chance to congratulate her. Every terror a woman in her position can know, she thought she had exhausted; coming at last to believe in the authenticity of their love. Something in her met and clasped and satisfied something in him; and that encounter was essential and timeless. There was nothing in her, Clare Ferris told herself piteously, to lure him adventitiously. She was not rich or famous or gorgeous or intoxicating in any way. It wasn't her hair, her teeth, her skin, her figure, all of which could have been bettered any day on Park Avenue and a hundred times daily on Broadway. It must be love—the sacred terror—the ancient miracle.

Clare looked at herself in the mirror—she did that very often nowadays—and reached for a compact, then set it down. She went through these motions a dozen times daily—even when she did not expect to see Barry at all. She could not look at herself without wanting to recapture a bloom beyond what was her own. But—make-up? So little could she use, for Barry knew all there is to know about make-up. Her skin, in point of fact, was good, nor had the roses left her cheek. What she wanted, alas! was fifteen years—not the semblance of them, but the years themselves.

She moved away from the mirror, determined not to face it again until she dressed for dinner—and Barry. She remembered, in a Balzac novel, the early morning toilet of a woman with a boy lover, and the woman had once seemed to her piteous as Electra. Now she saw the heroine as ludicrous also. You couldn't keep a man that way.

Clare went into her bathroom and scrubbed her face with soap and water. "Shine on, oh nose!" she murmured, with a youthful grin. "He's bound to see you some time when you haven't been powdered." If a marriage was based on cosmetics it would die in about a week. Barry Kinsella was certainly not marrying her for her looks, which were sufficiently good, but not—well—Circassian.

Clare Ferris went into her sitting-room for her tea, which Hannah brought after lighting the fire. She stood at the window for a moment, looking out at the rain. What a day! Were those women through with pawing her over, or had they carried her, a limp victim, on to other parties? Suddenly she beat her hands together in mock despair. Barry had a right to know whether he wanted to marry a woman or not, hadn't he? It was his own business. She sat down and drank her tea.

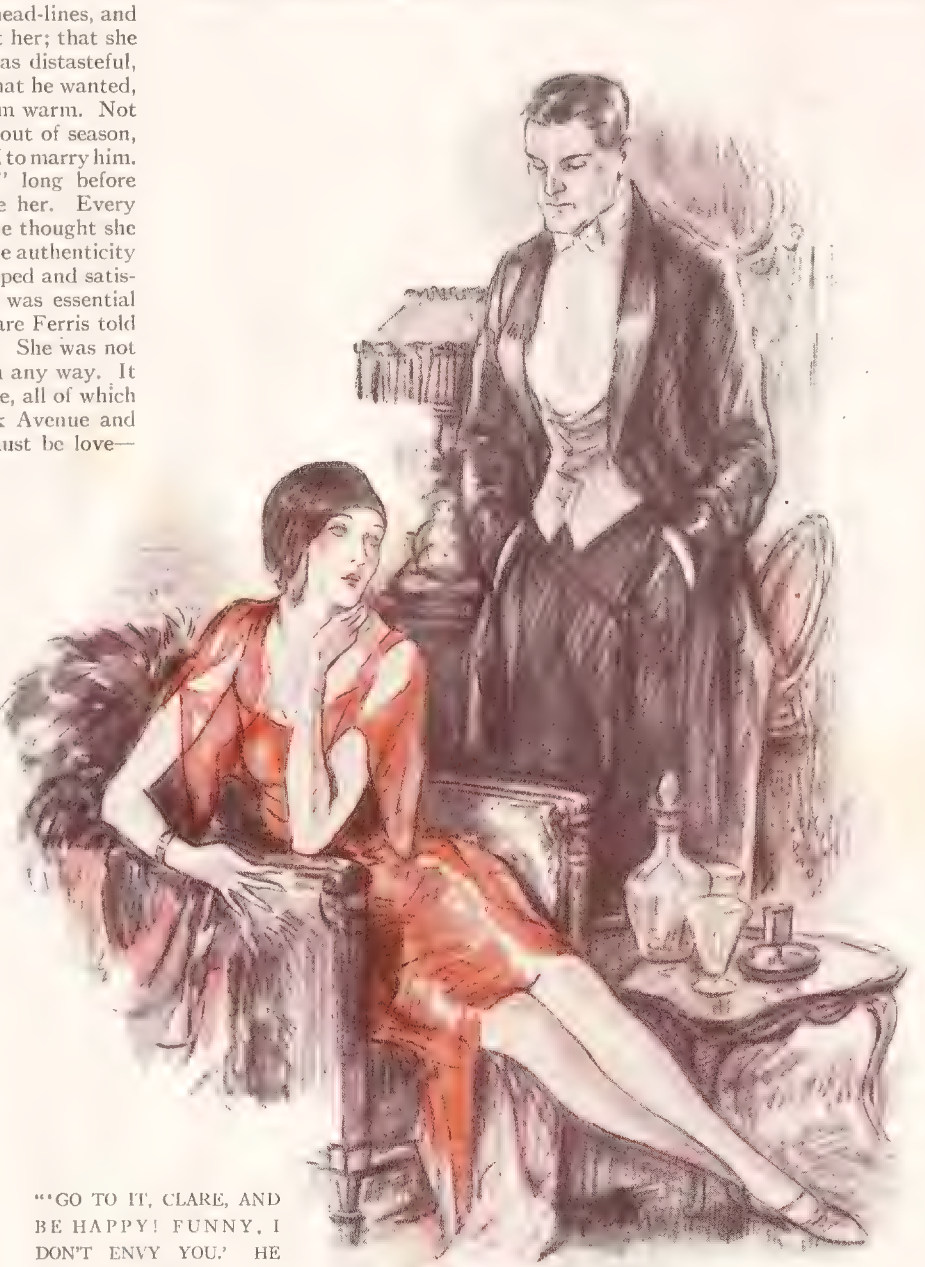
Certainly she must make it clear to Barry that she looked forward to no permanent relation. Inevitably she would in time become a burden. Besides, Barry had a right to children—to the children, that is, of a younger woman. She would love to bear Barry a child, but she was too old to be the right sort of mother. For a few years she could satisfy him, she thought; after that she would release him. Her great hour, her final passionate flowering, her swan-song, her *Liebestod*, should be, for him, a lovely prelude (for a little while she could make it lovely) to the real plot of his life. She had been too intent on proving the quality of the present to discuss the future. But of course she must explain to him that his freedom was not eternally handicapped; and she must speak of children, too. Barry Kinsella was of a complicated heritage, and children he would some day want.

To-night must she go into all that? Oh, not to-night—he had been away for a fortnight, and to-night she wanted only, in talk and gossip, to prove afresh that, out of a profound fitness for each other, love had sprung. There was plenty of time yet in which to state her resolution to leave him free when she was fifty, if not before. Perhaps she had better put it in writing some time and slip it into his hand!

AS CLARE, after an absurdly early dinner, paced, and sat, and rose, and waited for Barry Kinsella to arrive from his train, she pushed all these reflections back into the further recesses (dim, but never dusty) of her mind. Her beloved was coming. Only the last time, she had said to him, smiling—and her smile could still be youth itself, for her lips were born mutinous—"I warn you, Barry, that I will *not* undertake to be a mother to you."

"A mother to me? Try it just once, my dear, and see what happens!"

Within his banter was hid the strength of bronze; the firmer metal replied, through the golden surface, to your knock. But some day he would take upon himself the limitations of his generation; would be his age, with a vengeance.



"'GO TO IT, CLARE, AND BE HAPPY! FUNNY, I DON'T ENVY YOU.' HE SMILED"

Must she speak of that future to-night? Ah, why spoil his return? They would talk, rather, of his affairs, his contracts, his problems, his plans; and she would keep him from too dire impatience of his popularity, show him once more that eventually he would be respected for the right reasons, not adored for the wrong ones.

Barry, just now, had all the glittering meeds; it was her part (and that was funny, too, like everything else) to hold up to him a gray and sturdy hope of austerity to come. Poor Barry! Except for the people who pitied him for marrying her—of whom there must be thousands—she was the only person in the world who pitied him at all. If only in gratitude to him for mitigating the loneliness of which she had almost perished, she must be, to-night, pure comrade, servicable, comfortable, as a disinterested male friend. Barry so needed that!

It was hardly possible, however, for Barry Kinsella, however grim or practical the talk, to be mere comrade, except in some lost Arcadian sense, to a woman he loved. The way his eyes rested on her, the bend of his head as he listened, the common gestures of a gentleman in a drawing-room, were caresses. Owing largely tho this was to mere bodily grace, no woman could take it so. His impatience, his weariness, his very carelessness, seemed always informed with romantic meaning. Barry Kinsella, out of all the millions, was made that way. Clare brushed her hand across her eyes. There he sat, quietly smoking, obviously tired, far from loquacious, yet his radiance was almost too much for eyes that had been looking at gray walls, and rain, and oneself in a mirror.

Barry, who recuperated quickly from any fatigue (youth again), soon became more animated. She pulled herself up to meet the superradiance of his interest.

"I don't want to talk about that." He dismissed the conference they had been discussing, with a smile.

Clare, however, finished her comment. "I shall miss you frightfully, but it will only be for three months. And after that we shall be free to make some plans for ourselves. Wonderfully free, really—they can't grudge you a good holiday."

"Oh, can't they? But I defy them." Barry laughed. "The point is, Clare darling, that I want you to come with me. If we get the license to-morrow we can be married on Monday, and start, together, on Tuesday. I know a woman hates to be rushed, but—isn't anything better than another separation? We've neither of us kith or kin to fuss."

True, very true. She had only friends; Barry had only a public. He was a bird from other skies, and belonged in no garden hereabout. Presumably Barry had entered the world normally and kicked his heels through an average childhood. She knew the bare facts of his history, indeed, but they had been far from any ken of hers. In her world he was tieless. In her world? He simply wasn't in her world at all. It was like marrying an eagle, or a leopard—or an archangel, if you preferred. Not that she cared: she asked only to join him in his eyry, in his jungle, or on his sunbeam. But marriage-licenses—and newspapers—and photographers—and a drawing-room on a train, with Barry—*immediately?*

"Don't look so frightened, darling!" He bent over her and touched her shoulder. "You didn't want a big wedding, did you?"

"Oh, no!" The thought of a big wedding could almost make her shriek.

"Well, then, a broad-minded clergyman, or a justice of the peace, just as you please. You know I don't care. The marriage-license has got to be faced some time, dearest. I hate not having perfect peace with you somewhere, but I hate worse leaving you. Of course it shall be as you say." He sighed a little.

No; it would always be as Barry said. She could see that. And it was right. What had she to do but adapt herself to every whimsical need of his?

"There are so many things, Barry darling——"

"Don't tell me, Clare, that you are worrying about a trousseau—you who wouldn't even let me give you an engagement-ring." He laughed gently.

She looked down at Roger Ferris's wedding-ring on her hand. It would have to go, wouldn't it?

"Women of my age don't worry about trousseaux."

"I forbid you to mention your age. If you do it more than once a week, after we're married, sweetheart, I shall certainly beat you."

His arm slid about her, and she felt, she saw, the leashed power that was his grace.

"No, dear, I don't mean clothes. Or people. But you didn't think I could marry you without discussing the future, did you? And this doesn't give us time."

Barry Kinsella walked over to the fire and stared into it. "I don't think, you know, that discussing the future helps. Every marriage is incalculable. You only waste your breath."

"But," Barry, your life—your children——"

If he winced he covered the wince by a voiceless ejaculation and eyebrows heartbreakingly lifted. She could not be sure.

"I've never intended to suggest that you should give me children."

"Not my children, Barry—yours."

His famous shrug reproached her. "My dear, I have none."

Clare's blush made her as young, for a moment, as Barry Kinsella. "Barry—you must know what I mean! You don't suppose I'm going to cling to you forever, do you?"

"You don't cling forever, do you?" (It was plain, she realized, that made him cruel.) "Never having been married before, myself, I simply hadn't thought about future marriages."

She broke, then, into ugly tears, and conscious, above her pain, of their ugliness, rushed to her bedroom to bathe and powder her eyelids. He was calm and scrutinizing when she returned. "A little rouge, dear! You look like a ghost, and make me feel such a brute!" Clare realized that he meant it: he didn't care how she looked, but wanted to obliterate the accusing stains. She obeyed him.

"Now," said Kinsella gaily, "understand this. If you won't marry me Monday, you won't. I can't abduct you. But if we were engaged for a year, and saw each other every day, I should still refuse to enter on any discussions of my second wife. She bores me flat. My first wife is—quite exciting enough." He bent and kissed her hand; and it might have been a sacrament administered.

"Think it over, Clare," he went on. "But you'll have to decide by morning, because if you go with me, we shall have to get the license to-morrow in order to get married on Monday. And we do want twenty-four hours, I think, before we get on a beastly train."

He had spoken; that was his position. Was there anything for her to say except "Yes" or "No"? This was one of those "simple" decisions with two clear alternatives and no compromise possible. She couldn't stray about among labyrinthine variations. Simple: Oh, yes. And Barry Kinsella was obviously not going to muddle her mind with love-making, or wring consent in the depths of an embrace.

"I'm going now—to do a lot of things and then sleep. I shouldn't help you if I stayed. This is up to you. I'd like to decide for you, but I mustn't. I'll telephone you in the morning."

DID he know that she couldn't decide anything soberly with him there? That only apart from him could she discover what she—not he—wanted? That, in fact, perfect sobriety was impossible to her in his presence? Undoubtedly. Knowledge of just that kind was born with Barry: he had never needed to acquire it.

"I'll do my best." She smiled at him loyally.

"Your best is the best in the world." He kissed her and laid his cheek against her hair. "I want you, Clare. Don't you want me at all?" The words were murmured behind her ear, but she heard them loud as trumpets. Then Barry released her and smiled. "The City Hall is just the same one day as another. It will be no more attractive in July than in April."

It was not the City Hall that she was thinking of, and she had no doubt that Barry knew that, too.

"I'll do my best," she repeated. "Call me up in the morning. Oh, Barry darling—" Clare flung her arms about his neck and pressed herself close to him. His arms held her like velvet vises, but she was glad of being bound and helpless. Want him? She wanted him so much that, had it been a mere matter of passionate surrender, he could have had his will now.

Marriage, at the moment, hardly meant that to her. She could see through her shut eyes all the portentous list of things it did mean. Yes, suddenly, on an impulse, without preparation or foreknowledge, she could have granted herself—casually, with no finality. But she crushed back any hint of that mood, and in a moment, before Barry let her go, it had passed. She waved her hand as she closed the door behind him.

For an absurd half-hour—it was much too early to think of undressing—Clare Ferris moved incoherently about among her possessions, fingering this and that, deciding what she needed and what she didn't, as if she had said "Yes." All the while little faint "No's" were mounting within her, tho she hardly realized it. Finally her assumptions broke down. She just couldn't agree blindly; she must, as Barry had told her, think it out. It was senseless to plan her packing before she knew she was going. She fell, tired, into her most comfortable, lauded armchair. The rain had stopped. The dinner and theater traffic had ceased to pass beneath in the street. It was very quiet in her backwater.

All thought of her luck had faded. The self-gratulation which had buoyed her for months slipped away and abandoned her as the long past stretched out a finger. Everything, as she looked about her, drew her back to its sources—the ivory god she and Clay had bought in Hongkong, the silver bowl that had been Cousin Hetty's wedding-present, the Chinese shawl that Mrs. Ferris had grudgingly bestowed, Roger's wedding-ring, so heavy (it seemed) and golden on her finger.

Her eye glanced through the open door to her mahogany bed. Roger's was in the storeroom. Her eye thus held by objects that had belonged elsewhere before coming here, she began to see all this as strangely assembled, to reconstruct old contexts, and to furnish again the rooms she remembered. That silver vase, stiff as Hetty herself, Clay had never liked.

Most of the objects that had furnished her first marriage, to be sure, Clay still had. He was the rich one. The vision of Clay Morison, in their house, begging her to carry off spoils—she would never forget his awkward, generous agony and the shocked primness of her lawyer.

The floors had dipped, in the old seaside house where she and Roger had lived, so that no table kept a perfect horizontal—but they had made it charming with chints and linen. This chair she sat in, covered now with brocade, had once been monstrously flowered, and Roger had always maintained it would hold them both. One arm would always be, to her eye, a little broader than the other, she had sat on it so often, arguing otherwise, until Roger had tipped her into his embrace and proved his point. Roger had bent over that bed, in there, when she had the flu; would sit on the edge of it and worry, and she had loved him for pulling the blankets up and making her too hot.

She recalled, somehow, only such dear old intimacies—not at all the bridal days when, successively, Clay and Roger had been strange and new. Only the hours of use and wont, and a thrice-known familiar wraith. No hesitation, no coquetry, no terror, no pretense—just the figure, coming in and out, whether near or far, as natural as one's own.

That was what she had been lonely for, all these years; not for excitement, wooing, courtship, adventure, but for some one who seemed to have belonged to you forever, some one who could never excite you again, you knew him so absolutely well. She didn't want a lover; she wanted a husband, who didn't have to learn her. Say, the man who had put this ring on her finger so long ago that it had grown there—Roger! She broke into tears, and for some moments cried long and hard, she hardly knew why.

Clare, however, was not without strength, and tho she was far gone in sobs, she plucked herself back from hysteria firmly and finally. It was her duty to be clear-headed: she had a decision to make. Very coldly, she told herself that she was sentimentalizing a non-existent thing. She had not loved Roger Ferris to the point where, ten years widowed, she had a right to weep over him. She had married Roger in loneliness for Clay; Clay, who had lost his head, betrayed her, who had been almost necessarily flung off, and who had yet been the first to unlock her heart.

To snivel now about Roger Ferris would shame the truth deep within her. She didn't want Roger Ferris, or Clay Morison, a hundredth part so much as she wanted Barry Kinsella, every last inch of him. This, she repeated to herself, murmuring it aloud, until, slowly, Barry began to come back into the room from which her memories had barred him. That was her cue, and she clutched it: to sit quietly with the thought of Barry, so lately gone from her.

Barry must have known—trust him!—that it wasn't the City Hall she dreaded. The wraith of Clay and the wraith of Roger, finger on lip, eyes full on her, told her the truth. She didn't mind, not intolerably, the interval before Monday. What she did mind—intolerably—were the days immediately after Monday. What she minded was being a bride, taking on herself the arduous preparation for a future that could be but brief. No woman—she wrung her hands—could do all that adjusting except in high hope of eternity. Barry always there—oh, no, she hadn't the courage for Barry always there; Barry entering whimsically, at any moment (himself untarnishable), into the régime, the paraphernalia, the languors and compromises, of a woman of forty-five.

Without recalling events or stages, she remembered that it took a long time to achieve ease in marriage, to make the new shoe an old shoe. If she married Barry, it would be her duty to govern every nerve, prepare each moment, keep herself, day and night, up to mere perfection. Never any time off if she married Barry! And she would have to begin on Monday. Bitterness deepened the old tear-furrows in her sweet, ravaged face. Middle-aged she was; lacking youth's fortitude and youth's zest; no courage left, even for beauty. Inconsequently, she recalled a popular hymn:

Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve
And press with vigor on . . . .
A cloud of witnesses around
Holds thee in full survey . . . .

There seemed to be only athletic metaphors for it. She just hadn't the wind for a long spurt.

Clare was nearly blinded now by the pressure of her own strong hands on her eyelids, and she opened and shut them violently, to see more clearly. Your ideas were clearer, too, when your eyes were clear. She wanted to belong, briefly, to Barry, more than she wanted anything else in the world; it dimmed all other desires; it *was* desire, and all other wishes trailed beside in pallid dumb show. There were no other real wishes; only negations.

Barry was romance—which she had never had. She couldn't have Barry, ever—a sob started warningly in her throat, and she checked it forcibly, for her head was already aching—unless she married him; and she didn't want to marry him. Honestly phrased, that was what it came to. Didn't want to? No, that wasn't right; she did want to. What else in the world did she want? But she doubted if she could face the conditions, the penalties, the perils. Youth ignored those, or transmuted them into additional stimuli to living, but she would tread heavily, thoughtfully, where youth would dance.

CLARE rose and stood, for a tense, long moment, fingering the ivory god of long ago. A resolve was growing within her; she stood very still and blank, waiting to see if it would mature and dominate her. It waxed, took shape, and presently possessed her like a command. "Barry, I must be mad," she murmured to him. "But I must see if I *am* mad."

She did not change her dress, but in her room she put on slippers she could walk in if necessary, a big fur coat, and a little lace hat. She bathed her eyes again and powdered them, but added no color to her pale face, for she was going where rouge would only complicate a clear issue. What should she say to Hannah? Only that she was going out, and had her latch-key. Beyond that, indeed, she could guarantee nothing, even to herself. Perhaps he would not be there, or would have gone to bed—tho no one could go to bed at ten o'clock.

Clare found a taxi at once, and at that quiet hour it bore her easily through unimpeded streets. She had little time for reflection—and indeed she did not want it. What she was doing was bad enough, without having time to think about it. *But not so bad as next Monday*, some imp within her repeated monotonously as the register clicked its quarter-miles.

Just at first it was very easy. Not a thing had been changed in the hall or the library into which she was shown. If her old belongings, in her own apartment, "took her back," this house did more. It was the past complete in itself—one of her pasts, at least—and it resumed her wholly, closing over her very head. The portraits, the bookcases, the tables, the chairs, had not been moved an inch. Different lamps, different coverings, yes—but her body took a peculiar twist as it settled into an armchair that she had sat in a thousand times. She had always twisted herself into that chair, and its being gray instead of brown only made it more intimate—as if she had lived with it through years of wear and tear, and had herself ordered the change.

And how like Clay Morison to enter the room in a velvet dressing-gown over his evening shirt and trousers! Clay adored dressing-gowns and house-coats, and always had a proper apology—as now. "Forgive this thing, but I had a touch of sore throat and I've been babying it. I thought you might be in an awful hurry."

Clay (who had miraculously not grown fat, tho his blond sturdiness had threatened it in youth) was really doing very well. After all, he must wonder terrifically. Not a word, or a glimpse, or a message for fifteen years; two extinct marriages, his and hers, dropped into that interval—and now an informal evening call!

"No, I'm not in a hurry. But thank you for coming down at once." She smiled at him very pleasantly, for she didn't want him to think, for the fraction of a moment, that she had come to beg money from him. She didn't see how he could think that, yet she didn't see what else there was for him to think.

"You may have heard, Clay, of my engagement to Barry Kinsella."

"Yes, I have. Congratulations." He offered her a cigaret, which she took. Yes, he was doing well.

"Barry has to go West almost immediately, for three months, and wants to hasten the marriage. Monday, in fact." Clare found herself trying vainly to blow a smoke-ring—just because Clay Morison, opposite her, was blowing them as he always had. He never had been able to teach her how.

"We were talking it over this evening—Barry has just got back from the South—and he put it up to me." She was watching alertly to see if he was appraising the changes in her, but he showed nothing. "I sent him away so that I could think and decide, and while I was wandering about my eye fell on this. I think you should have had it a long time ago, and if I'm pulling up stakes again, certainly you must." She drew the ivory god from her bag. "I ought to apologize for having kept it at all, I think. Consider yourself apologized to, please." She smiled, and handed it to him.

Morison took it in one large hand, and jerked at his collar with the fingers of the other. That meant he was

Continued on Page 102

A cross-word puzzle in crime confronts a clever detective. Whom do you suspect?

CLUES IN THE CASE

A young girl is found dead on the front seat of a car that has completed its regular trip around a scenic railway in a popular amusement park. She has been stabbed with a sharp weapon, which is missing. At her feet is a silver cigaret-lighter marked "J. N." In her bag is a note signed "J." It reads: "At the corner of Reed Street at 9 o'clock." Her handkerchief bears the initials "M. Y."

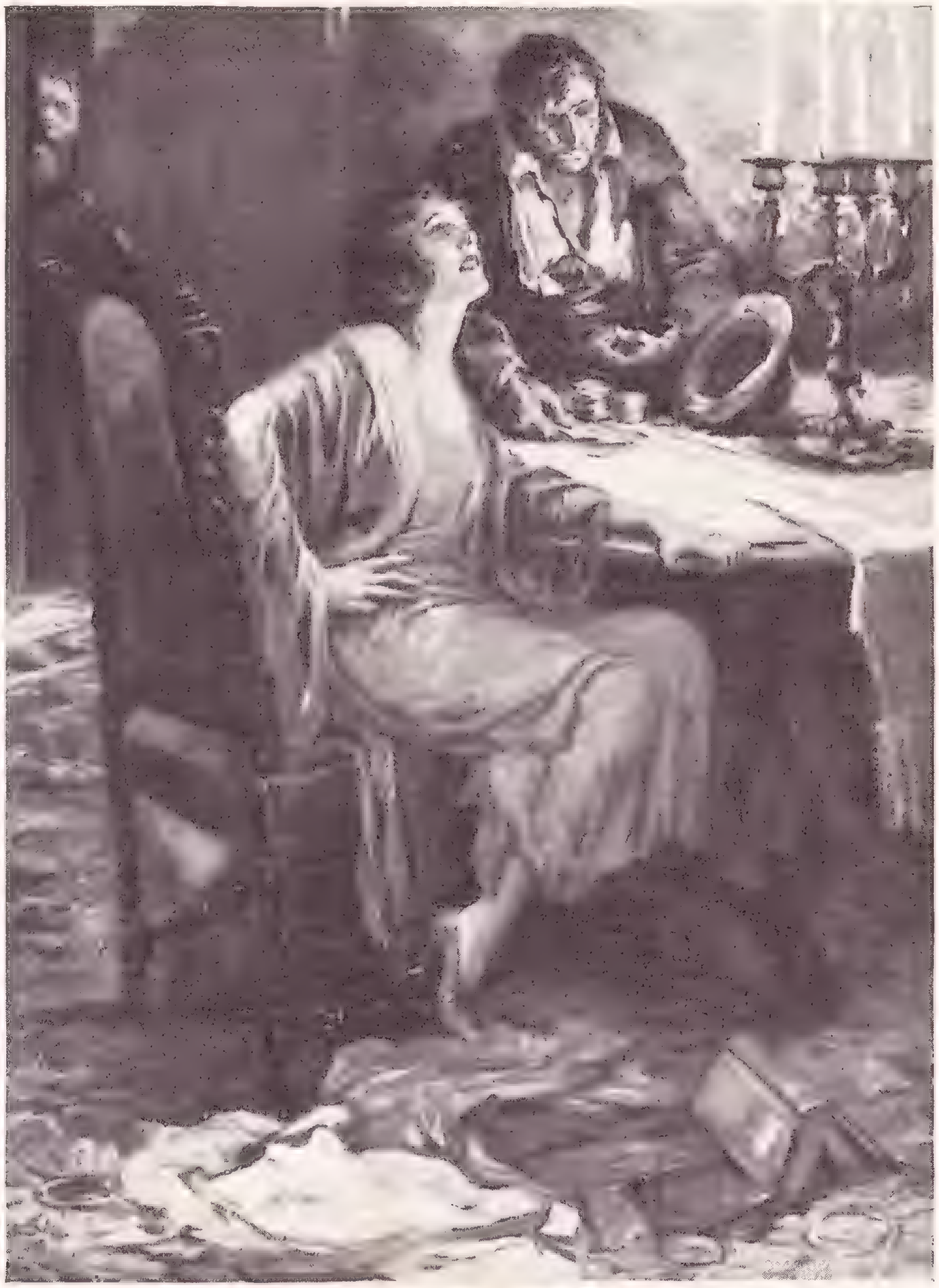
Tommy Rankin, from the Central Detective Bureau, is the sleuth on the case. He is young and ambitious and has a nose for crime. He uses the press to broadcast the mystery, and the next morning leading clues as to the girl's identity are established. The landlady of a shabby but genteel boarding-house has a tenant missing. Her name is Mary Young, and she has been living in the house three months. She is private secretary to Mr. Charles Bond, electrical magnate and philanthropist. Her fiancé is a young man named James Norris, but they have quarreled recently.

In the boarding-house, across the hall from Mary, lives Joseph Rogers, a young bank clerk. He worships Mary, but the night of the murder he packs all his belongings and disappears. Rankin finds Rogers's room all topsyturvy, but in the fireplace is a mysterious scrap of paper. Everything else has been burned to ashes.

In Mary's room there is nothing unusual. But in her closet, pushed to the rear, are two expensive dresses, very different from the rest of her simple wardrobe. One is an elaborate white evening gown. In the desk-drawer are four newspapers printed in Gary, Ind. The room next to Mary's is occupied by a slangy, red-haired creature calling herself Ruth Graham, who appears to have been in Mary's confidence. Rankin does not like her.

The detective takes the landlady the following day to the morgue, and the body of Mary is identified. The next step is to confront James Norris with his cigaret-lighter, which had been found at the feet of the victim, and the knife which had killed her. At the sight of this evidence, Norris refuses to commit himself, and is arrested.

Rankin then determines to unearth the part that Charles Bond, Mary's employer, has played in the case. After secretly visiting the Bond mansion he finds that Bond's wife has had a strange man in her service who has been trailing her husband. Then in the big motor-car in the garage the detective discovers a shabby piece of paper pushed down between the rear cushions. Across it is printed "Pop-corn Confections! Woodlawn Park!" He must now face the magnate and exhaust that clue.



"HIS OWN CONCLUSIONS OF THOSE SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES HAD BEEN INCREDIBLY STUPID IN THE LIGHT OF CERTAIN REVELATIONS"

THE DISAPPEARANCE of MARY YOUNG

BY MILTON M. PROPPER

Illustrations by Joseph Maturo

PART THREE

At "Pop" Ashby's

AN HOUR later Tommy Rankin was at Woodlawn Park, threading his way through a maze of cars in the parking-space. His objective was old Ralph Carter, whose work was to watch the motors while the fun-seekers made merry within. The knowledge that Charles Bond had actually been at Woodlawn Park on Sunday night, as evidenced by the pop-corn wrapper, was not sufficient proof to clinch the case. The statement of witnesses was far preferable.

Rankin was well acquainted with Carter. When Lieutenant Thomas had mentioned the possibility of Mary Young's murderer being some criminal who had "picked her up" in the park, Rankin had thought at once of Carter. In his day he had been one of the cleverest second-story men in the East, but age and illness had forced the old man into retirement, and he had turned to honest work. It was the detective who had obtained this position for him. Undoubtedly Carter would have noticed any suspicious behavior in the park and would gladly give Rankin the information. But when Rankin had succeeded in tracking down the auto guards, he learned that Carter had not appeared for duty since Sunday past.

"I think it's rheumatism," one guard informed him, "and they tell me that on Sunday night there was an especially heavy dew."

"Do you know where I can get in touch with him?"

"No, I don't. He never told me where he lived. Ordinarily, we're not on duty together; I take charge of the place one night, and he the next. But week-ends they need us both, it's so busy."

It appeared, however, that this Sunday the guard had been off duty, and knew nothing of who had visited the park on the fatal evening.

The result of this brief inquiry left the detective at loose ends for the moment. He knew that he could locate old Carter through "Pop" Ashby's in Chinatown. It was a criminals' gathering-place, a sort of underworld exchange and directory. But it was already after eleven o'clock, and he could hardly get there before twelve, and midnight was a bad time for a lone member of the force to be in that neighborhood. Perhaps he had better let the matter rest till morning.

But this he was loath to do, for he felt an urge to complete his case before he retired. So against his better judgment he proceeded through the park toward the cars that would take him to town.

As on Sunday but a scant two evenings ago, the amusements were in full flare, and the joyous, care-free crowd swirled about him, laughing and chatting. The "Daredevil's" network of tracks reared its flimsy height above him to his right; "Jigsaw" twisted crazily on his left.

Again came the roar of the cars on the scenic railways as they took their plunge, mingled with shrill and piercing screams.

On the spur of a momentary impulse, he stopped in at the scene of the crime. A long queue of people waited for tickets at the little box fronting "Thrills in the Dark"; and presently the proprietor appeared on the platform above, rubbing his hands in satisfaction. Mr. Alexander Simones greeted Rankin enthusiastically.

"You're singing another tune," remarked the detective. "Things weren't so rosy on Sunday as they appear now."

"Yes," the proprietor agreed, "business is great. Everybody wants to take a ride on the cars in which the girl was killed. I couldn't have thought of a better advertisement myself."

"Well, I wouldn't advise you to duplicate it."

THE proprietor had nothing to tell Rankin. No one had appeared to ask questions except the reporters. Oh, yes, he had fired Rawley.

The detective was amused.

"Why, what did he do?"

"Such a nerve that man has," replied Simones. "He didn't come to work to-day till three o'clock. And then he tells me that the police wanted him at the inquest on the girl."

"Well, he was there. I can vouch for that myself."

"How do you know that? Was you there yourself?"

After the detective had given the suspicious proprietor the source of his information, he advised Simones to take the guard back.

"Well, maybe," was the doubtful reply—"maybe I was hard on him. But why should they call him when they don't want me? Is that right, heh?"

"If I had known that you were so anxious to testify, I might have arranged it. But you told me on Sunday that you knew nothing about it, so what good would that have done?"

"Neither I do," Simones replied hastily.

"Well, then, don't worry about it. You'll be called at the trial; you may be sure of that."

After cautioning him to report any suspicious characters to headquarters, Rankin took his leave. And soon he was wandering through dark and tortuous streets toward "Pop" Ashby's rooming-house. It was also a saloon and a dance-hall. The most vicious denizens of the underworld frequented its rooms, and the lowest dregs of humanity could be found there. But the police had found the resort useful at times, as it was a center of underworld news and gossip. Therefore it was permitted to flourish.

Viewed from the outside, on the dark street from which the detective approached the place, it was merely a hideous hovel of brick. Not a light appeared anywhere. Its empty window-panes announced to the casual passer-by that the house was tenantless. But Rankin knew better. The walls were so thick that sounds could not issue forth; and below, in an almost buried cellar, gaiety and mirth mingled with

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crime and squalor. There were two front entrances and one rear one, but the police suspected that there were many more exits through which "Pop" Ashby's clientele could flee if the house was raided.

Rankin paused at the first door of the building His sharp knock was answered by the cautious opening of the door by a decrepit old man. He looked frightened when he recognized Rankin and tried to block his entrance, but the detective brushed him aside.

"It's all right," he said reassuringly. "I just want to see 'Pop' Ashby."

He passed down a rickety, black staircase, feeling in his hip-pocket at the same time to make sure that his revolver was in its proper place; then through another door, into a large room of shaded lights and subdued music, with a bar at one end. The air was thick with smoke and heavy with the mingled odor of filth and drink. Rankin crossed to the bar to speak to Ashby and, in the haze, thought he saw two men slip from their seats and steal behind him, toward the entrance.

"Pop" Ashby greeted him casually. A genial, open-faced, white-haired man, it was incredible that he could be the proprietor of such an establishment.

"Tommy Rankin, I'm sure glad to see you. What'll it be?"

The detective waved the offer aside.

"Nothing at all, thanks. I just dropped in to see you."

"Well, it's a long time since you've honored us. I suppose some of the boys hardly feel it's an honor."

"I suppose not. The last time I was here it was hardly as a guest." Rankin looked about. "Business is rushing, I see. Wasn't that Lew who just slipped out?"

"Pop" Ashby nodded. "Poor old Lew! He has always been afraid of you—ever since you sent him up for two years." Rankin grinned.

"This time I've come for information," he said. "I'm looking for old man Carter. Perhaps you can tell me where I can locate him. I want to talk to him, nothing more, I promise you."

"Pop" Ashby studied the detective's face.

"I'll take your word for it, Tommy," he said. "You always were a great one for playing straight. Carter's been laid up in bed for two days. You'll find him up-stairs in one of the rooms."

"How do I get up there?"

"Straight through that door into the next room, and then down the passageway. Turn up the first steps you come to; it's the second room at the top on the left-hand side. And mind now, no monkey-tricks."

A moment later, as Rankin reached the first door in question, Ashby joined him.

"Come to think of it," he said, "there's a couple of boys in there that might not relish the interruption. They're holding a meeting. I'd better go with you."

He knocked upon the door of the adjoining chamber. A gruff voice asked, "Who's there?" but, when Ashby answered reassuringly, a key turned in the lock and the door swung open.

The room they entered was furnished with rough deal tables and chairs; in one corner, close to the door, stood a bureau. Opposite was another door, giving access to the passageway beyond. Four men sat about one of the tables, and one stood at the entrance. Three of the quintet Rankin recognized.

One, a bull-faced, low-browed chap, was "Gurt" Kenney, known as a "killer" in the underworld. Another was "Spark" Porter, one of the most cold-blooded scoundrels the detective had ever come across. The third, who had opened the door, was a small, furtive-eyed man known as "Slim" Starrett. Unquestionably, some deviltry was afoot.

At the sight of Rankin the bull-faced man rose in fury and crashed his fist upon the table with such force that the empty glasses upon it leaped and rattled.

"My God! What's the idea of letting a 'busy' into this room? Are you bringing that bird in here to make a quorum?"

"Calmly there," replied "Pop." "There's no harm done. Rankin's just passing through. I'll vouch for that."

"Well, let him pass through, but tell him to do it quickly," said "Spark" Porter. "We don't care much for prying eyes, and you know it, Ashby." He turned to Kenney. "Sit down, old man, and cool off."

Slowly the killer obeyed, as the proprietor led the detective to the other door. Followed by five pairs of eyes, they passed into a musty, dimly lighted passage.

At the bottom of a pair of steps Ashby stopped and repeated his directions. Then he turned and left Rankin to ascend the rickety staircase alone. Opening a closed door without knocking, Rankin passed into a dilapidated room. On a tumble-down bed Carter lay, white and pinched.

Rankin expressed his regrets at seeing the old man in such a plight.

"Oh, I'm all right," Carter replied. "'Pop's' taking care of me. How did you find me here?"

Rankin told him of his visit to the park.

"But what do you want with me?" asked the old man. "What did you come to see me about?"

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THE detective moved close to the bed. "Listen," he said. "I'm working on the murder case at Woodlawn last Sunday. You were there then, so you're sure to have heard about it. I can't give you the details, but I'm trying to prove that a certain party was there that night."

Carter was at once alert. "Some one you suspect?"

"Exactly, and since you were on duty that night, you might have noticed his car."

The old man coughed. "Why, there were hundreds of cars parked there on Sunday night."

"Yes, I know, but this car is a rare one. It's very conspicuous. It's a Daimler, painted blue and white—a sort of light sky-blue."

"Wait a minute." The sick man sat up. "Did it have balloon tires, and was its steering-wheel on the right-hand side?"

"That's the machine! So it was there, then?"

"Sure it was. I noticed it first on account of the wheel being over on the wrong side. And then there was its color and size. Besides, the top was down."

"Can you remember the people who came in it?"

Carter shook his head. "Not very well. But there were two people—a man and a girl. And I noticed the man because he was fat."

Charles Bond unquestionably, reflected Rankin.

"And the girl?"

"I can't tell you anything about her, I'm afraid. At my age all girls look alike. I don't take no interest in 'em."

"Did you notice what time they arrived?"

"Well," replied Carter, "I couldn't say exactly, but I suppose it must have been between nine-thirty and ten. We fill up about then. And this here car was in the very last row. So I'd say that was the time."

The time elements fitted well, the detective considered. At nine o'clock, according to both the note and the patrolman on the Reed Street beat, the financier had met Mary Young on the Reed Street and Morton Street corner. True, the officer had not seen the man, but that offered no difficulties. Charles Bond and his companion had reached Woodlawn between nine-thirty and ten o'clock. And at ten o'clock the murder had occurred. The facts flowed together with beautiful consistency.

Carter had not noticed when the car left. He had been too busy helping people back their cars out of the jam. Besides his colleague had not appeared to assist him and he had to work alone.

"It's that and the night, sir, that's laid me up like this," he explained.

When the detective took his departure it was ten minutes to one.

Melodrama and a Surprize

AS HE re-entered the "conference" room the detective instinctively sensed a subtle change of atmosphere. Tho it was intangible and indefinable, still it was clearly discernible. Without glancing in the direction of the five conspirators, he walked firmly across the chamber, but he was aware that they were watching him with narrowed eyes. He would be fortunate if he escaped alive, he thought. He grasped the knob of the door. It was locked and the key missing! He faced the five men, feeling, strangely enough, no fear.

"The key is gone," he said. "Let's have it."

"Gurt" rose and leaned across the table. His lips were drawn and his eyes were pin-points of light.

"Not so fast there, Rankin. We want to know what was your idea in coming here. What were you after?"

Rankin's voice developed a steel edge.

"'Pop' told you what I wanted. I went to see old Carter and that was all. Come across with the key unless you're looking for trouble."

"Strange that you should appear to-night, isn't it?" This came from "Spark" Porter. "It's an unexpected honor."

"If my presence isn't welcome it must be because you all have guilty consciences."

The taunt brought a flush to Porter's face. It infuriated Kenney.

"Is that so, Rankin?" he shouted. "I think you came here to spy on us and report what you found. Believe me, you're not going to snitch on us. I've got more than one score to settle with you!"

"Think what you please," Rankin replied, "but if you don't open that door you'll land in more trouble than you've ever been in before."

"You'll stay here until we're good and ready to – –"

Starret plucked nervously at Kenney's sleeve and started to rise.

"Don't you think—?" he began.

"Shut up, you rat! This 'busy' isn't going to get away with this—not if I can help it!"

"You d—— fool, you'll have the whole force down on us!" The warning came from "Spark" Porter too late.

He leaped up to prevent the revolver in Kenney's hand from exploding. But it crashed with a spurt of flame and a

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thunderous roar. The detective felt its hot breath as the bullet splintered into the wall behind him. Simultaneously his own weapon echoed with a complementary shot. The light-bulb above the table shattered into myriad pieces and the tableau was blotted out by darkness.

Pandemonium now broke loose beyond the door—shouts, screams, the rushing of feet, the crashing of tables. Rankin's mind raced for a means of escape. Safety depended upon him alone; assistance would eventually arrive, but not from those people in the next room. They wouldn't risk their skins interfering in gun-play that didn't concern them. And by the time the police arrived it would be too late unless he acted at once.

The only avenue of flight was the one through which he had just passed— the door leading into the passageway and back to Carter's room. If he could slip out he could hold the stairs for an indefinite period. But it was obviously an impossibility. The instant he opened the door, even granting that he could reach it in safety, the hallway light would frame him and he would be shot down.

But to remain where he was and be a target for bullets was also an impossibility. Kenney fired again, and only the fact that Rankin had leaped away from the door the instant he had shot out the light saved him. In another moment he would have more than the killer to reckon with. Once having begun the affair, they would have to finish it. Their only possibility of safety would be to put him out of the way immediately. When the police arrived there would be no sign of him. They could bluff the law into believing that the fracas had been a gang-fight. Rankin would have disappeared and no one would be the wiser.

A third spurt of flame came out of the darkness, and for the instant he thought he felt a sudden stab in his left shoulder. But he realized it was only the searing of his shoulder as a bullet grazed his skin. After the first sensation he was barely aware of it. The worst of it was that he could not return the shot without revealing his own position. And there were five against him.

His only hope of safety lay in the bureau; behind it he would be secure for the moment. He darted behind it, crouching and bending low; and then, cautiously protruding his gun, fired. The howl of agony that followed made one less enemy. But the reply shot was instantaneous. The bullet buried itself into the wood with a sickening thud, and a splinter struck him. He winced, and stealthily edged his way beyond the corner of the bureau to fire again. This time there was only a dull thud at the opposite end of the room.

The pistol duel ended suddenly, as a strange silence fell upon the enemy. What new deviltry were they planning? Outside, the yells continued at intervals, with the noise of rushing feet. There was a knocking at the door, which became a determined pounding. But it could not be that aid had already arrived. Barely thirty seconds had elapsed since the first shot, and at least four or five minutes must pass before any one from the outer world could appear on the scene. Neither could it be "Pop" Ashby nor the riffraff of the outer room, who knew better than to intervene. And yet the crashing continued.

The next moment the bureau upset with a crash, and a weight of four bodies smothered him. Hands grasping at him sought to bear him down. Resolutely he struck out. His fist collided sickeningly with a face—and there was a gasping void. That left him but three to reckon with. And one of them had him by the legs, causing him to stagger. A knife-thrust ripped through his clothes. He met the arm in mid-air, and the blade went flying against the wall. Its clang was mingled with a howl of pain. Then claws in his face barely missed his eyes; a hand reached for his throat, creeping upward with a terrible grip.

Under the constant pounding the door of the outer room shivered and then stood solid. But as the crashing increased in fury a panel gave way. An ax was buried in the wood and another panel split. The bodies of men bore against the portal, and slowly the door collapsed, and light filtered into the chamber.

The detective's single thought was to prevent the clutching hands from reaching his unprotected throat. With a vast effort he hurled off the fellow attacking his legs, and seized his last enemy. The man was depriving him of breath. Rankin could see Kenney's face in the dim light that came through the broken door.

He attempted to force the killer backward, but his grasp was like a vise that sank deeper and deeper. Already there were a great roaring in his ears and an unbearable pain in his chest. Spots danced before his eyes, a choking sensation merged into a thundering clamor, and Rankin felt himself rushing toward a black void.

Suddenly the pressure was released. In an eternity of waiting, light filtered slowly back and vague impressions came to him. Men were rushing about him helter-skelter, and there were sounds which seemed to be shots. Across from him was an open door. He was positive he had never seen it before. And then he lost consciousness again.

When Tommy Rankin opened his eyes a second time, he lay on a couch, with two men bending over him. He felt incredibly weak and tired. One of the men, obviously a doctor, ministered to him with a cold cloth about his neck.

"He'll be all right in a few minutes," he said, "just as soon as he gets his breath back and I can ease the pain here."

His companion murmured, "I hope so," and Rankin smiled faintly into the anxious face of Captain Sidney Alvin of the Narcotic Squad, a close friend for many years.

"What happened, Sid?" Rankin asked feebly.

"Plenty to you," the captain replied. "Just lay still and take it easy."

Rankin shook his head. "But I feel all right. Just let me get on my feet for a moment."

The physician nodded permission.

Standing on his feet, Rankin took in the scene. The room was crowded with policemen and plain-clothes men, watching him anxiously. In their center, handcuffed and closely guarded, were the five men from whom Rankin had had such a narrow escape. None had gotten away. One of the two men whom he did not know had been wounded in the leg, the victim of his successful shot. Beyond them was an open panel. Kenney eyed him with malevolence and hatred; "Spark's" appraisal was cool and deliberate.

Rankin turned to the captain. "I have still to learn how you got here at the right moment. It looks like a raid to me."

"That's exactly what it was, and you came very near spoiling the entire party. We weren't set to attack till one o'clock, but at five minutes before the hour two shots went off, and down we came, fearful that our plans had been discovered. Around midnight some of our men slipped in, disguised, of course, to spy out the lay of the land. At twelve-thirty a whole gang of us had surrounded the place, waiting for the one-o'clock signal. One of the men on the inside was to come out when the time was ripe. When you came in our chaps were puzzled because they didn't know whether you were part of the plan or not. Neither did I, for that matter. So what's the answer?"

Briefly Rankin told his story. When he had finished he asked the captain:

"What's the sudden interest in 'Pop's' place? I hadn't heard a word of this plan at headquarters."

"We have kept it mum because we didn't dare to have a thing leak out. We were after this gang, and had received a tip that there had been a meeting called for to-night. We've been after them, for bootlegging, for some time. Their field of activity is between here and the shore, and let me tell you they've pulled off the slickest stunts."

"So Kenney has gone in for genteel bootlegging, has he? It's a new game for him. Anyhow, you've managed to get them all."

"No, that's just the trouble. We didn't get one of the chaps behind the gang. We had put so much time and effort on this that we hoped it would be a general round-up. We've only got the brawn of the organization, not the brain."

"But what about 'Spark'?"

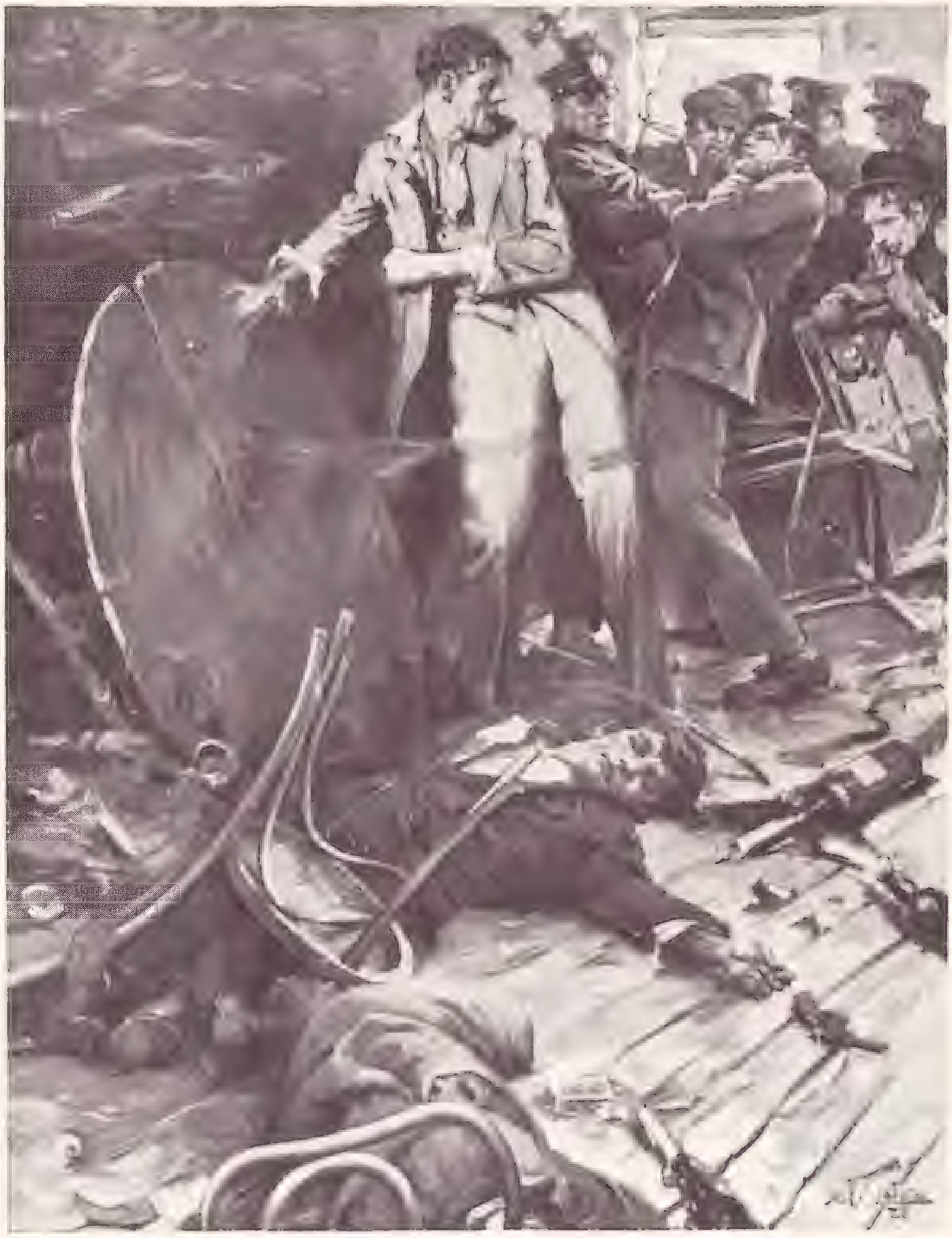
"Of course he's a good catch, one of the leaders; but there was another one we were hoping to nab." The speaker pointed to the swinging panel in the wall. "I suppose he got out this way. It's one of the entrances we've suspected and looked for but never succeeded in finding. They were just making their escape through that when we broke through the door. You managed to delay them long enough for us to make our capture."

"You're mistaken, Sid," Rankin replied. "There were only five of them, and you've got them all."

The officer of the Narcotic Squad appeared bewildered. "I don't see, then, what could have become of him," he said. "We had it on good authority that he would be here. Unless we catch him outright, I'm afraid he'll give us a slip. It'll be hard to prove anything unless one of the prisoners opens up. Here, you!" He turned abruptly to his men. "Take those fellows out and put them safely away. But keep an eye on them; they've given us enough trouble."

The captain waited till the group had filed out. Then he said:

"We know well enough who the chap is. But suspicion never convicts, and we'll never get Jimmy Norris without more proof than we now have!"



"LIGHT FILTERED SLOWLY BACK. MEN WERE RUSHING ABOUT HIM HELTER-SKELTER, AND THERE WERE SOUNDS WHICH SEEMED TO BE SHOTS"

"Spark" Porter Intervenes

THE following morning Rankin made his report to headquarters and held an interview with the Superintendent of Police. The subject of the interview was Charles Bond. Rankin did not feel justified in taking further steps until he had received official approval.

His discovery that Norris was implicated in the illicit traffic of liquor had not helped him much. It only increased the criminal potentialities of the suspect. Alvin feared that they lacked evidence to convict him. The victims of the preceding night's raid were safely incarcerated, but they refused to speak. No manner of threat could compel them to "squeal" on their leader, actuated by the hope, perhaps, that he might be able to assist them from the outside.

The superintendent heard Rankin's tale with interest.

"It's all very confusing," he acknowledged at its conclusion, "and I agree with you that some steps must be taken. It is difficult to say precisely what shall be done, however. I think I shall reserve judgment until I am able to see Mr. Bond myself." He paused. "But what about your prisoner?"

He is being quizzed this morning by Hartman and Allen. They'll try to get the truth from him. As for

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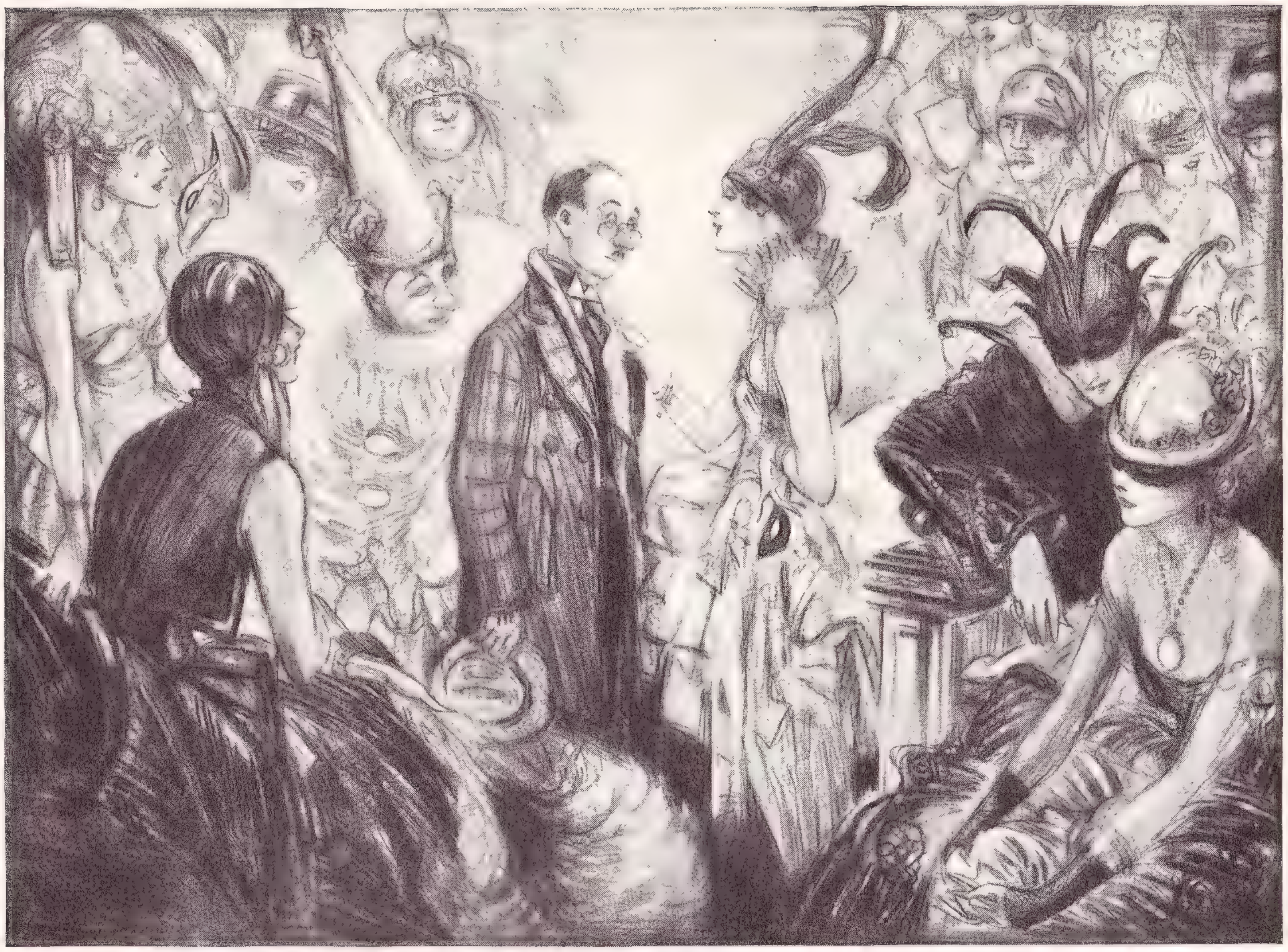


"'WON'T YOU JOIN US IF *I* ASK YOU TO?' CRIED THE GIRL, WHILE HE STARED INTO HER LOVELY FACE"

THE ACE OF CLUBS

George Poppin mysteriously becomes a hero to his own daughter

BY VINCENT STARRETT

Illustrations by Edward Butler

POPINJAY, had it been his good fortune to have lived in other days, would have ridden with Prince Rupert. He would have barged it up the Nile with Antony and Cleopatra. He would have stormed the breach at Badajoz or carried the good news from Ghent to Aix. Listen, my children, and you shall hear! He would gladly have changed places with Paul Revere on the evening of that memorable gallop.

So, at least, it had always seemed to Popinjay. The only trouble was that he had been born too late for real adventure. Even the great war of the nations had left him in the backwash—a middle-aged widower with a daughter in college, and a myopia that would have rendered him unfit, perhaps, for the Grand Army of the Republic.

And so, instead of performing epic deeds, Popinjay read them diligently in books and dreamed them in his slumbers. His preference was for romantic adventure touched with mystery; the sort of thing that Stevenson dreamed and wrote in words of inimitable wonder.

His name was not Popinjay. It was George Poppin, really; but his middle name happened to be Jay. He concealed it behind an initial, of course, but it is hard to conceal a name like that behind a letter. Not that he really minded being called Popinjay. To the contrary, he approved of nicknames; they savored of a picturesque popularity. But he would have liked it better if he had been called, say, Stingaree, or Squint, or something similarly sinister and mysterious.

To his daughter he was merely Poppin, a pleasant compromise between the juvenile Papa and the name which, some day, she hoped to exchange for another.

So much for George Jay Poppin—for George J. Poppin—for Poppin. Can you see him, the funny little man, curled up in his big chair before the fire (on cold or rainy nights), his thick lenses and owlish eyes bent upon the pages of the latest mystery-thriller?

"Poppin," said Miss Sylvia Poppin on a night of fog and drizzle, "you should really do something besides read. It's a wonder to me that you have any eyes left." She crossed the room and forcibly pushed against the covers of his book until she could read the title. "What is it now? *Tchk—tchk!* You'll be awake half the night."

Her father looked up with a tolerant smile. "So will you, darling," he mildly responded. "I suppose you are going somewhere in spite of the rain?"

She nodded gaily. "But I'd feel better if I knew you weren't here with all the windows closed, reading yourself blind. Poppin, why don't you join some nice club? I'm sure there must be some nice ones where you could meet other men and talk. Where you could play bridge—or billiards. Didn't you used to like to play billiards, Poppin?"

"Chess, darling," responded her father, "not billiards. But either is as bad for the eyes as reading. And I have no talent for conversation. No, run along, my dear, and don't worry about the old man. He's very happy as he is. The sort of clubs your father might have joined are long vanished—gone with the days of old romance. Henceforth my club is here among my books." He pinched her arm affectionately. "Tell Bert he needn't be so quiet when he comes up the steps with you some time to-morrow morning. I shall be up and around."

She patted his bald spot with a dainty hand. "Of course, you ought to be in bed and asleep, Poppin," said Miss Sylvia Poppin. "I don't know how you ever get to the office in the morning."

"I am a rapid sleeper, darling," said her father, returning to his book with a chuckle.

Her quick movements about the house backgrounded his reading for a time; then all sense of her left him and he was again plunged into the heart of romantic mystery. The door-bell rang, but he did not hear it. For a moment two young people regarded him smilingly from the hall; then the front door closed after them. Long after the hum of the motor that carried them away had been lost in the fog and rain, George J. Poppin continued to read deeply in his book. At length, with a little sigh, he closed it upon the last page, and leaning back in his chair, closed his eyes.

He had read the great story before, but it never failed to stir him. He opened his eyes and looked at the lettering upon the book's cover. After a moment he smiled. "The Suicide Club." No wonder his daughter had *tchked!* There were later thrillers around him, but this was the one to which most frequently he returned.

Not that there was any thought of suicide in the mind of the good Popinjay. Perish the thought! Life was very sweet. It is the man of healthy mind and robust imagination who reads of suicide with intellectual enjoyment. He glanced at the tall clock ticking in the corner. It was close upon midnight, and his daughter would hardly return before two. He had no worries about her. She was a very competent girl; able to look after herself. He did not exactly approve of the younger generation. Their ideals were not his. Their music and their conversation were an abomination. He pitied rather than *dis*approved of them. But they were a competent gang, he could not but admit. *Heigh-ho!*

He yawned and rose to his feet. Crossing the room, he pulled aside the curtain and looked out into the night. Still raining, but the fog had lifted somewhat. It was a stark and sinister night, a night for a wild pursuit, for an adventure up a side street, for a beautiful woman and a carriage with drawn blinds. And his daughter was dancing her pretty legs off somewhere with a scapegrace from Urbana. They would return in a taxicab with clanking chains, and the stern beauty of the night would mean nothing to them but an excuse for an additional embrace.

Yes, the days of romance and adventure were at an end.

Continued on Page 31

Four strictly vegetable soups

Lent-Fridays-All year

NO MEAT in any form is contained in Campbell's Celery, Pea, Tomato and Asparagus Soups. Instead their wholesome, delicious vegetable foods are made more nourishing still by fine creamery butter. Here are four soups that give richness and glow to the Lenten menus, to the Friday meals, to the strict vegetarian diet, and to the general family table any day in the year!

CAMPBELL'S CELERY SOUP

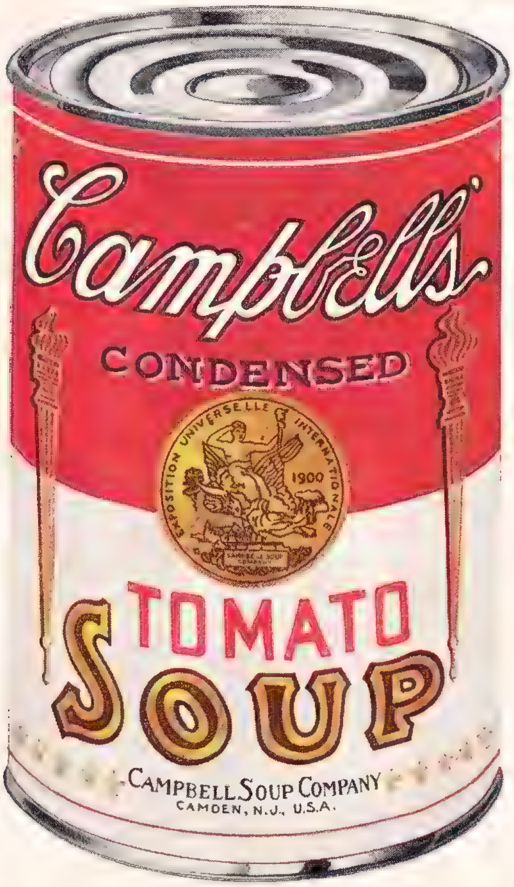
Just when the celery is blanched to snowy whiteness—crisp and inviting from the finest beds—Campbell's chefs blend it in this tempting soup. All the famous tonic goodness of the choicest celery, enriched with creamery butter and seasoned with the delicacy of the trained soup-maker. And like all the other Campbell's Soups on this page, it makes the most delicious Cream Soup with the addition of milk instead of water. (See label.)

CAMPBELL'S PEA SOUP

Here's a soup that combines rich, body-building nourishment with the most enticing flavor. Vegetable goodness never was made more appealing to the appetite. Dainty, sweet little peas are blended with creamery butter and seasoned to make them taste their charming best. As an all-round family soup, no selection could be better.

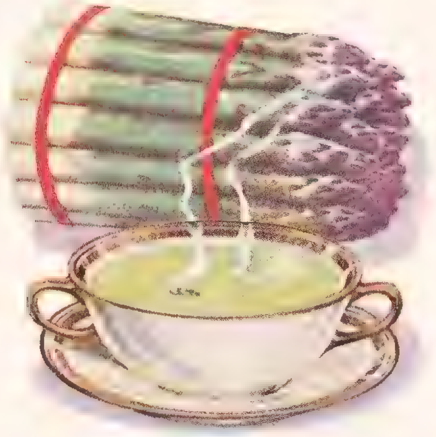
CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP

The exceptional healthfulness of tomatoes is now so well-known that Campbell's Tomato Soup has become even more popular than ever. It's a wonderful advantage to be able to serve a soup which is always so certain of an enthusiastic welcome and which also brings the famous benefits of red-ripe luscious tomatoes!



Vary the soups you serve

Variety is the life of a good table. Here are four Campbell's Soups that everybody enjoys—awaiting your selection for the daily meals—constant helps to you in giving "newness" and brightness to your menus. They enable you to give a fresh note—a happy invitation to the appetite—and with so little trouble. 12 cents a can.



CAMPBELL'S ASPARAGUS SOUP

Tender young asparagus shoots in a soup made richer still by golden butter! Garnished with dainty asparagus tips and seasoned to bring out the most delicious flavor! A soup to tempt you always. Enjoy it often!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

1 LB. 4 OZ. NET
AUNT JEMIMA
BUCKWHEAT, CORN & WHEAT FLOUR
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. TRADE MARK REG. CANADA

Perhaps he's hankering for them now...

BUCKWHEATS *with the real old-fashioned "tang"*

TUNE IN ON THE
AUNT JEMIMA
RADIO PROGRAM

We are often asked, *"Are these stories of Aunt Jemima and her recipe really true?" They are based on documents found in the files of the earliest owners of the recipe. To what extent they are a mixture of truth, fiction and tradition, we do not know. The Aunt Jemima Mills Branch, The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago; and Peterborough, Canada*

SOME men say that women have forgotten the art. Old-time Buckwheats are a part of their lost boyhood, they believe—like the sound of sleigh bells on a frosty morning.

That lusty Buckwheat "tang": Does your husband remember it? Perhaps he's hankering for those savory golden-brown cakes old-timers talk about!

These winter mornings in countless homes, women are awakening smiles of youth at breakfast—giving their men folk the real Buckwheat taste they long for. For now there is an easy, certain way: Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats.

Her own ingredients with just enough choice Buckwheat flour added—her celebrated recipe, slightly changed by experienced cooks, comes *ready-mixed* in the *yellow* package: Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats. It makes those fluffy, golden-brown cakes with the true old-fashioned "kick" men can't forget. To give you the wonderful taste of Buckwheat at its best, we use the pick of the crops from certain grain-growing sections which are known to produce the finest flavor.

No trouble—now

It is easy today to make these tantalizing Buckwheat cakes. No chance to go wrong. *Just add a cup of milk (or water) to every cup of Aunt Jemima for Buckwheat (yellow package)—and stir!*

See how your husband cheers up at breakfast when he first tastes the old-time flavor of Aunt Jemima's Buckwheats! So light, so wholesome, too! Plan now to test this famous recipe—*ready-mixed* in Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats, the *yellow* box.

Remember, too, those dainty plantation pancakes that your family enjoys so much: the kind you make with Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour in the *red* package.

Ask your grocer for two packages: one *yellow*, Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats, one *red*, Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour.

FREE —a chance to test this famous recipe—ready-mixed

Trial size package Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats free with new recipe booklet giving many delightful suggestions for pancakes, muffins and waffles. Mail coupon today

THE AUNT JEMIMA MILLS BRANCH
The Quaker Oats Co., Dept. C-27, St. Joseph, Mo.
Gentlemen: Send free trial package of Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats with recipe folder.

Name..

Address..

He clasped his hands together. He took three nimble, skipping steps across the floor and pirouetted before a mirror. He was really quite ridiculous. Then he reseated himself, and reached a hand toward a pile of books.

It was at this moment that the door-bell pealed, and there was something in the quality of that peal that brought George J. Poppin upright with alert senses and a queer sensation in the pit of his stomach. Just so a door-bell had pealed at midnight as a prelude to the murder of *Sir Ronald Twelvetrees* in that capital crime mystery called "The Staircase of Swords."

For a moment he hesitated. Then something of his morning manner returned to him, and he said, "Pshaw!" He knew that it was probably a boy with a telegram, or a note from his daughter to say that she would stay the night with Helen Henderson.

Nothing of this sort ever had happened to him before. With cautious steps he advanced into the hallway. Through the curtains that screened the glass of the door he vaguely discerned two figures on the steps without. The door, by good fortune, had a chain.

Once more he said, "Pshaw!" and seized the knob of the door with firm hand, opening a crevice fully three inches wide before the chain caught.

"Yes?" said George J. Poppin a bit querulously.

The strangers were muffled to their ears in one direction, and to their heels in another.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Poppin," said the foremost with a little bow, "but Mr. Capper has been suddenly taken ill, and he wants to see you. Sorry to knock you up at this hour."

There was nothing in the situation to suggest a trap. In life, traps are laid more plausibly sometimes than in books. No premonition of disaster filled the silences of George J. Poppin's soul, for Mr. Capper was his employer and a very proper man indeed.

Relief and a sense of ironic dismay filled the soul of the good Popinjay at the same instant. It could only have been something like this! On the heels of his first emotions ran a third. Anxiety for Mr. Capper. He must be very ill indeed to send for George Poppin at such an hour. And so George Poppin threw caution to the winds and at the same instant threw open the door.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Will you come in?"

"No time for that, I'm afraid," answered the spokesman, his voice issuing from the depths of the great collar that was turned up about his features. "The fact is, he's at the hospital—St. Luke's. Operation necessary at once. Wants to see you before they begin."

"Good Heavens!" said Poppin. "Wait! I'll be with you in a minute."

He dashed back to the end of the hallway and seized his hat and coat from the rack, struggling into the coat as he came back to the door.

"Am I to bring anything?" he asked, pausing with his hand on the knob.

"Nothing was said about that."

"All right," said Poppin, "I'm ready. I say, hadn't we better get a cab?"

"Mr. Capper's car is here, sir," said the spokesman courteously. His voice was queer and high. He indicated a large and expensive touring-car that stood at the curb, its engine purring like a giant cat.

They plunged down the steps together and crossed the sidewalk in haste. A third man, similarly muffled to his eyes, sat in the driver's seat. The blinds of the car were drawn down, the summoned man noted, but the romantic significance of the fact did not register. He climbed into the back seat and flopped down against the cushions. The man who had addressed him climbed in beside him, and the stranger, who had remained silent, slid in beside the driver.

The purr of the engine rose to a crescendo in the gray night, and the great car moved away from the curb. At insane speed it crossed the first intersecting thoroughfare and headed along a white stretch of boulevard whose lights, in narrowing perspective, fused in the distance into a single blob of radiant white fire.

For an armchair dreamer George Poppin had an excellent sense of direction.

"I say," he said suddenly, "aren't we going the wrong way for St. Luke's?"

For a fleeting moment the driver turned his head. Two hard gray eyes gleamed for an instant from under his pulled-down cap. "Yes," he answered ironically, "we are."

The acid voice had the quality of a knife-gleam. In three simple words it seemed to cut through centuries of sham and pretense. It stripped the living spine out of the marrow that was George J. Poppin and left that entity a protoplasmic mass, incoherently groping for utterance.

"Then what—what—what is the idea?" asked George J. Poppin in a strange voice that he had difficulty in recognizing as his own.

But in his heart of hearts he *knew!* The impossible had come to pass. The centuries had rolled back their curtain and he was back in the days he had known were gone forever. His dream of ecstasy and horror had come true, and he was a prisoner in the hands of scoundrels whose object he could not guess.

He knew that he was very frightened.

But there is a kind of quiet courage that succeeds acknowledged fright. George Poppin was not a coward. He merely knew that he was frightened, and, realizing it, he did nothing foolish. To try to leap from the swaying car, even if he had been able to open the door, would have been suicide. Nothing of the sort was in his conscious mind. Instead a great wonder succeeded his first apprehension, and he lay quietly back against the cushions and turned the situation over in his mind.

IT WAS incredible, but the fact remained that he was being kidnaped. He had a logical mind when he cared to use it—orderly and consecutive. It made him a valuable and trusted assistant in the offices of Capper & Cameron, purchasing agents for a long line of out-of-town mercantile establishments. He was not wealthy; hence this outrage could not be directed against his pocketbook. In the circumstances it seemed improbable that it was directed against his life. Nor could he think of any guilty secret that he possessed which others might wish to know.

In the darkness beside him he felt his companion stir, and for an instant he shuddered away into his own corner. The queer, high voice that had spoken through the crevice of his doorway was speaking again. The speed of the car was slackening.

"There is no cause for alarm," said the voice. "Of course, it is obvious that we have kidnaped you, and you are naturally wondering what our object may be. Your wonder is not isolated. All over the city of Chicago to-night autos are carrying other unwilling passengers toward a rendezvous. Like the others, you were chosen at random. A telephone directory was our only necessity. The pages were opened and a finger was placed upon a name. Yours was the fifth thus selected. There are fifty of you in all now speeding toward an unimagined destination. You are part of a notable experiment, an experiment that is at once cultural and scientific. We ask only your acquiescence in our plans."

"You would seem to have insured it," responded Poppin with a dry humor that he did not quite intend.

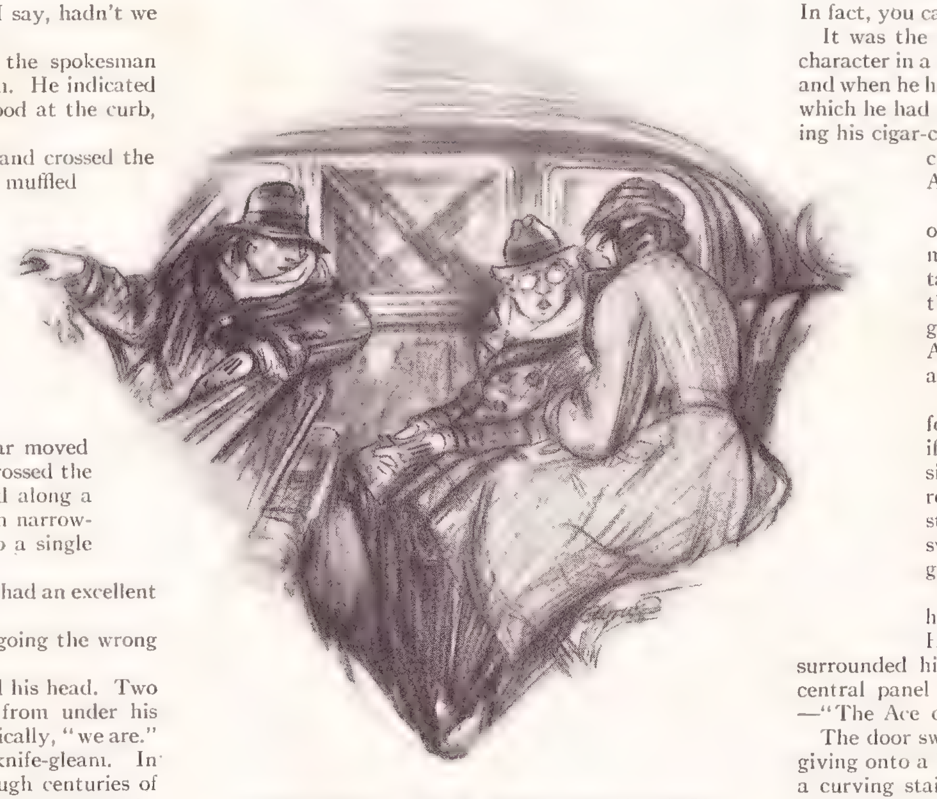
There was a short laugh from the front seat, and again for an instant the hard gray eyes glanced back at him.

"What is the nature of your—*ah*—your experiment?" Poppin continued.

"If you are tractable," answered the voice beside him, "you will not regret your part in it. Your curiosity is natural, but I can not answer you more fully as yet."

"And if I am not tractable?" persisted Poppin, his curiosity overcoming his apprehension.

"You will shortly become so," snapped the harsh voice of the man in the driver's seat. "That'll be about enough conversation, too, Slim," he added to Poppin's companion. "If he stirs a finger from now on, tickle his ribs with your knife!"



"'IF HE STIRS A FINGER FROM NOW ON, TICKLE HIS RIBS WITH YOUR KNIFE!'"

"Right!" said Slim briskly; and Poppin, subsiding quietly in his corner, was careful to keep his fingers in a state of immobility that bordered on paralysis.

But his active mind was miles ahead of the humming car. What was their "unimagined destination," and what was the reception that would greet them there? Two circumstances stood out, altho they were perhaps of minor consequence. First, the young man beside him was obviously a gentleman. He spoke like a gentleman. Second, the gray-eyed driver certainly was not. He spoke like a bully.

Only the glass before the driver's seat was unobscured. Watching eagerly for some familiar landmark that would establish their position upon the map of Illinois, Poppin for a time saw nothing but endless lines of houses, closed and darkened for the night, and endless lines of arc-lamps that ran away from their speeding vehicle at a velocity that was the equal of their own.

The long avenue was singularly deserted. For a time he had hoped that a friendly—or even unfriendly—policeman would resent their wild career and pursue them on a motorcycle. But the motor-cycle squad was scattered elsewhere. Its members, thought Poppin grimly, were doubtless gallivanting in respectable kitchens with disreputable housemaids. Possibly there was one in his own larder at the moment. He had said nothing to Alice, his housekeeper, about leaving the house, however.

Then the city was left behind, and the asphalt gave way to country roads and suburban stretches. The lights were now few and far between. Somber trees fled from their lights instead of arc-lamps, and once a lean cat jumped, it seemed, from beneath their very wheels.

Poppin, almost numb, determined to risk a finger or a rib, albeit with some hesitation.

"I say," he complained, "couldn't I have a cigar or a cigaret?"

The driver spoke roughly. "Sure," he said, "give him a *box* of cigars, Slim!"

Again Poppin subsided in his corner. But he was becoming angry, and anger is an antidote to fear. What if he were to seize this callous driver suddenly from behind? Seize his infernal throat? He would lose his grasp on the wheel, and the car would twist sidewise and into—into what? It was difficult to say what lay on either side of the road. His resentment mounted. Quite suddenly he realized that he was no longer afraid of these men around him. He calmly shifted his position until he was comfortable, then released his broadside.

"Well, gentlemen," he said coldly, "you have had a good time, to date, at my expense. Possibly my turn will come later. It's a long worm, you know, that gathers no moss, and he who laughs last is worth two in the bush. You were entertaining for a little while, you cheap guntoters, but you couldn't scare me now with a brace of rattlesnakes. I don't know what your game is, and I no longer care. It took three of you—and a d—— lie—to put this thing over, and I think the bunch of you would run from a boy with a sling-shot. Drive on, little gunmen! Drive anywhere you like! You no longer even interest me. In fact, you can go to the devil!"

It was the Roaring Popinjay speaking, speaking like a character in a volume of three hundred and sixty-five pages, and when he had finished he leaned back again in his corner, which he had left in the fervor of his address, and, producing his cigar-case and a box of matches, lighted a ten-cent cigar that was advertised on all bill-boards. After a moment he even crossed his knees.

A tingling silence followed his declaration of independence, in the midst of which the man who sat beside the driver, and who had taken no part in the conversation, spoke for the first time. His voice was a heavy, bass growl. "Such language!" he said regretfully. And the high voice of Poppin's seat companion answered, "Deplorable!"

Reaction overcame the truculent bravo that for a moment had been Poppin. He wondered if he were going mad. And even as the plausible notion occurred to him, a lighted villa rose out of the night before them, like a drugstore coming up out of the sea, and the car swept into a tree-lined drive and up the graveled avenue to the door.

Bewildered, Poppin permitted himself to be hustled out of the car and up a flight of steps. His three captors, still muffled to the ears, surrounded him, and before his astonished eyes, on the central panel of the door, he read a neatly lettered card —"The Ace of Clubs."

The door swung inward and revealed a lighted corridor, giving onto a brilliantly lighted reception-room, and down a curving stair-flight at the far end of the corridor was advancing the hideous figure of a man in the garb of an executioner. Tall and lean and black, his features concealed from his chin to his hair-line by a sable mask, and carrying in his hand a short and ugly ax of antique pattern, the apparition descended like a vision of judgment; and Poppin, bereft of speech and motion, knew that it

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Two Sets or Three?

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ONE of the things this modern mother found out is that teeth, so vital to well-being, begin to form before birth. And that in order to give her baby good teeth her own diet must consist largely of eggs, fresh vegetables, fruits, whole-grain cereals and milk.

The first set of baby teeth is very important in its effect upon the second set and should be given the greatest care. When one of the little teeth is lost, before nature is ready to send out its successor, the shape of the jaw is likely to change in such a way that the second teeth will be crowded and come in unevenly.

Especial attention must be paid to the double molars of the temporary set. By good dentistry, these should be made to last until the tenth or eleventh year. And so, when her child is only four years old —hardly more than a baby—and thereafter every six months, the modern mother takes him to her dentist.

The first permanent teeth are called the six-year molars because they come in at about the sixth year. They appear behind the two temporary molars, and can easily be distinguished by counting the double teeth on each side. If there are three double teeth in a row the back one is the permanent one.

These first permanent molars are the keystone of the dental arch and govern the position of all the later teeth. Coming in as they do in a mouth full of temporary teeth, they are frequently neglected and sometimes extracted as part of the baby set.

Good teeth do not just happen. They are built by food—like every other part of the body. First in importance comes the food the mother eats before her baby is born, then the food she gives him through babyhood, and finally the food that he selects for himself. Teeth are living parts of the body and need the minerals contained in eggs, milk, vegetables, fruits and cereals.

Lucky is the baby whose wise mother has determined that he shall have such fine first and second sets of teeth that he will never need an artificial set.

Your Doctor will tell you

Poison from tooth infection may damage vital organs, may cause eye, nerve, or joint trouble, rheumatism, headache, or any one of a long list of serious ailments.

The expert dentist of today employs much of the wisdom of medical science; he uses real engineering skill and his work is often touched by the grace of artistry.

If teeth are lost, artificial substitutes can usually be made which will insure comfort, good appearance and efficient service. Without the latter, good digestion and therefore good health are impossible.

A famous physician once made the statement, "Bad teeth are the most common cause of physical breakdown."

Health scientists warn us that teeth should be watched not from the outside alone, but from the inside as well and that a tooth which has never ached nor shown decay may yet hide unsuspected poison. Dentists use x-ray photographs to tell the story. If the x-rays show poison at the root that cannot be dislodged by treatment, perhaps the tooth should be extracted.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail its booklet, "Good teeth, how to get them and keep them," to anyone who requests it. Ask for Booklet No. 39-P.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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was the executioner of Paris magically returned from another century.

The arms of his captors were pushed through his own, and he was urged over the door-sill. The door closed behind him. The blinding lights dazzled his eyes for a single instant, then all about him the house was plunged in blackness. Three pairs of arms still held him in their powerful grasp; but he had no thought of struggle. At last he was sure of it. He was raving mad!

At his side a voice began to speak, "The time has come!"

Another voice caught up the line, "The walrus said!"

Somewhere he had heard the words before. A scarf fluttered for a moment before his face, then was pulled tight and quickly knotted about his eyes. A third voice finished the refrain, "To speak of many things!"

THE lights flashed on again. He sensed them through the scarf, but his eyes remained in a relative darkness. Then a burst of laughter echoed from all parts of the house, and he felt himself pushed forward—forward—until he knew that he stood within the lighted reception-chamber.

A hand snatched the binding scarf from his eyes, and he blinked in the sudden blaze of many electric globes. He knew it! He was surrounded by the fiends of the pit. Black, yellow, scarlet, and blue, they bordered him on every side; and somewhere in the distance a wailing violin was making diabolical music and a hollow voice was chanting words that he could not translate. His eyes accustomed themselves to the light. On all sides the fiends were skipping and dancing, men, women, and the devil, and every face was masked.

Sonorously, a great clock struck one. It is a temptation to record that, at the same instant, the Roaring Popinjay struck another; but nothing of the sort occurred. The Roaring Popinjay had vanished, and in his place stood a bewildered little man with a pathetic mustache, the ends of which he was vainly endeavoring to get into his mouth.

Upon the stroke all sound ceased as at a signal. The great room was quiet. The gaily caparisoned fiends that a moment before had twitched and skittered beside their victim, now stood mute and motionless in the grotesque postures in which the clock had caught them. From the gleaming company a man stepped forth with upraised hand.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said in a clear voice, "I present as our newest member the Roaring Popinjay, a rare bird plucked from the heart of humanity by the hand of fate."

"Let's hear him roar," called a voice from the background; but the interrupter was *sh-h-ed* to silence.

"By the hand of fate," continued the masked spokesman. "And where better may the hand of fate adventure than in the leaves of a telephone-book? We welcome the Roaring Popinjay to the Ace of Clubs."

"HEAR, hear!" cried the dominoes. "Speech, speech!"

"Mr. Poppin," the voice continued, "I am informed that, on the whole, your conduct during the trying ordeal of the voyage was exemplary. Your single outburst of a profane nature has been overlooked. Our agents, this evening, have listened to other profanity beside which yours was as the whisper of a mother to her babe. You are the last of the selected fifty to arrive. The others already have listened to our propositions and have agreed to our proposals. They stand about you in fantastic raiment awaiting the word from your lips that will make you one of our number. This, Mr. Poppin, is the Ace of Clubs—a clubhouse like none other in the world. For those who join our company there are rare delights. For those who decline our hospitality there is—the executioner!"

He stepped back, and the gaunt figure of the axman took his place. Behind his mask his steel-blue eyes glittered with ominous menace.

It was, of course, impossible for George J. Poppin to remain a fool to the end. He had too much native common sense. During the speech of the masked leader the scales had dropped from his eyes. He was not mad at all. This was merely a company of harmless lunatics who, during the day, were no doubt sober men of business. Quite likely their masks concealed the features of certain of his own associates at the office. This, he supposed, was their idea of a joke. He had heard vaguely of their mad goings-on. But while he was not mad, he was still angry. Despite the idiom of the day, there is a subtle difference. Furthermore, George Poppin was no clubman. He had once refused to join a club that had no meeting-place and no dues.

He smiled wryly. "Thank you very much," he said, "but none of this is really my idea of a good time, you know. With your permission I'll risk the executioner and ask you to call me a cab."

An embarrassed silence fell upon the company. Even the executioner looked uneasy; as if, in spite of himself, he might be called upon to fulfil the duties of his office.

Then a clear, high voice struck through the silence like a flight of bird-notes, and Poppin recognized the voice of him who had shared the back seat of the impromptu journey. The man called Slim.

"No," it said, "we shall not call you a cab, Mr. Poppin, nor any other such dreadful name. You are *not* a cab. But neither, we hope, are you a quitter."

For an instant, insanity again threatened to overwhelm the Roaring Popinjay. He gripped himself and turned to the clear, high voice.

"Won't you join us if *I* ask you to?" cried the slender girl who had spoken. And mask in hand she stood while he stared into her lovely—too lovely—face. It was an unusual situation. In the cab he had told himself that his companion was certainly a gentleman; but it appeared that she was a lady.

IT IS an adage that one can not resist the ladies. George Poppin had read it many times, and anyway he had more or less always believed it. He bowed over her hand.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, with a deprecatory cough, "there will be no need for the services of the executioner of Paris. From this instant I am of your company. Indeed, I think I have always been, possibly without realizing it. What, if I may ask, are the scientific and cultural objects of your club? Fantastic crime? A dead man in a desolate alley, the mark of a hoof cut deeply in his forehead? I am with you! A daring jewel robbery under the very noses of the police, and all the detectives baffled by our cunning? I am with you! Smuggling, bootlegging, dope-peddling, opium-smoking, arson, anarchy, treason, tax-dodging, or procrastination? I am with you! Command me! Tell me what I am to do, and it shall be done! It was a long journey and a wild one, and I am thinking of the sailors on a night like this."

"Helen," he said to the girl beside him, "you are quite a darling!"

But the girl beside him fell away with a miniature shriek.

"*What!*" she cried. "You mean—you *know* me?"

"You are Helen Henderson, aren't you? No, it was just a lucky guess. I've *heard* about you, tho, and I think you plan to go on the stage. Well, well! You are a clever girl. Where, by the way, is my daughter?"

A tall figure in red emerged from the throng and curtsied.

"It is *you* who are clever, Poppin," said Miss Sylvia Poppin. Then her voice fell to a bass growl, and she added, "Such language!"

"Deplorable!" said Miss Henderson with a shake of her head. "He called me darling."

A lot of masks began to come off.

"Whose house is this?" asked the Roaring Popinjay curiously.

"It's Billy Teasdale's uncle's!" answered Miss Sylvia Poppin. "He's the executioner. Not Billy—his uncle. Pop-

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Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr.

is Young..... Entrancing..... Beautiful...
as the world expects her to be

ENTRANCINGLY BEAUTIFUL as this romantic world would wish her to be is Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. Slim as a forest nymph, with glorious Titian hair and a skin as fresh and fair as hawthorn blossoms, this young bride on whom all eyes are turned is winning all hearts with her charm.

With true American flair for chic her taste in dress is unfailing. In smart, close-fitting black for town, in beige-brown country tweeds, in the pale peach and ivory chiffons she wears for evening, her beauty presents a series of lovely pictures ever varied, ever fascinating.

Modern to the tips of her slim white fingers, Mrs. Vanderbilt is ever on the wing. In a Maine camp . . . in Provincetown with artists and writers . . . flitting through New York shops . . . then en route for the Far West in the big custom-built car which has crossed the continent 28 times . . . At last to "Sagebrush," the Vanderbilt ranch in Nevada, where much of her husband's writing is done.

Always she shares his work, his constant comrade and chum. The carefree life of the Western desert country delights them both. All day long they motor or ride horseback over the rolling hills. Mrs. Vanderbilt is a crack shot with rifle, shotgun or revolver, and she can rope a steer as cleverly as any cowboy.

Despite her outdoor life, her constant travel, she has found a simple practical way to guard the flower-like freshness of her complexion.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., *was Miss Mary Weir of Davenport, Iowa. She is entrancingly lovely, with wistful blue-grey eyes, glorious Titian hair and skin as fair as hawthorn bloom. This chic ensemble is of a flame-colored velvet cape over a peach chiffon frock.*

"Even on our Nevada ranch," she says, "I have my daily 'facial'—with Pond's.

"One can keep one's skin really young and lovely with just these Two marvelous Creams, the exquisitely fine Tissues, the wonderfully invigorating Tonic. I'm devoted to Pond's!"

WHEREVER you go, this simple daily treatment will preserve the perfect fitness of your skin:—

First, keep your skin immaculately clean by pore-deep cleansing, after exposure and every night before retiring. Spread Pond's Cold Cream lavishly, with upward, outward motion over face and neck, letting the fine oils sink deep below the skin.

Then gently remove the dirt and cream with Pond's soft Cleansing Tissues. They are finer than old linen and absorb the cream and dirt instead of rubbing it into the pores.

Next, pat Pond's Skin Freshener over your face and neck—until the skin glows and your cheeks are lovely as a rose. This wonderful new tonic and mild astringent closes the pores, tones, refreshes and invigorates.

Last, to complete your daytime toilette, and before you dress for evening, just a thistle-down touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base.

Try this delightful Method! Send the coupon below for trial packages of Pond's four preparations, enough to last a week.

(BELOW) *Beautiful women everywhere use Pond's four preparations because they are so exquisitely fine and pure. In these special green glass jars, made by Pond's for her dressing table, Mrs. Vanderbilt keeps the Two Creams and Freshener. Several of the dainty velvety new Cleansing Tissues lie ready for her use.*

POND'S COLD CREAM
POND'S VANISHING

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 delicious preparations

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. Q
106 Hudson Street . . . . New York, N. Y.

Name________________________

Street________________________

City________________ State________

(BELOW) *Here in their familiar everyday containers are "the four enchanting things Pond's makes" as Mrs. Vanderbilt says. Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener compose Pond's Method—so efficacious, so quick to use. You can use them yourself wherever you go, and keep lovely!*

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Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

ESTHER RALSTON, *Paramount star, whose skin shows flawlessly lovely in a close-up. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for keeping the skin delightfully smooth."*

9 out of 10 screen stars guard their skin this way . .

"EXQUISITE skin is woman's most compelling charm," says Malcolm St. Clair, director for Paramount. "Flawlessly beautiful skin is more appealing than any other charm."

Directors and screen stars know so well that lovely skin is the most magnetic of all charms. And in Hollywood, among the 451 important actresses, including all stars, 442 (98%) use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their skin lovely.

All the great film studios, following their stars' example, have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms.

Nine out of ten screen stars use this white fragrant soap. You, too, will like the way it cares for your skin. Abundant lather even in hard water!

MARY DUNCAN, *Fox star—"Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin silken smooth—as 'studio skin' must be."*

MARIE PRÉVOST *says, "Lux Toilet Soap, delightful as the finest French soaps, keeps my skin satin-smooth."*

Lux Toilet Soap *Nine out of ten screen stars use it for smooth skin* 10¢

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pin, how long have you known what was going on?"

"I should like to answer—'Since page 3,'" responded the Roaring Popinjay. "Of course, the reader always knows all about these things from the beginning. But the truth is, I only began to guess after my little outburst in the car. Even then I wasn't sure."

"Poppin," said his daughter, "you are a dear old—liar!"

"I scribbled a little note, there in the darkness, after I'd lighted my cigar," asserted George J. Poppin placidly. "Nobody noticed me. I dropped it on the floor of the car, where I suppose it is now. If you will look for it you'll find that it reads something like this: 'I may be all wrong, but I suspect my daughter has something to do with this.' I wanted you to see it, just in *case*, you know—in case I was *right*. But that blindfolding—and Billy's uncle—did sort of bewilder me for a while. No, I'll confess, I wasn't any *too* sure until I discovered that Helen wasn't a gentleman, but a lady. But the note is out there in the car."

The others drew away from them after a time, leaving them together.

"You know, Poppin," said Miss Sylvia Poppin, "we don't do this sort of mad thing every night."

"No," answered her father, "I fancy not. I'm rather glad you don't. It was a masquerade and a lesson to *me*, I suppose—killing two birds with one stone. The driver, of course, was your precious Bert. Don't do it again; there's a darling. I'm really not up to it, you know; and there are so many books in the world that I have not yet read."

HOURS later he climbed painfully into bed. "What an old fool I am, to be sure!" he muttered. "Well, I hope nobody thinks to look for that note in the car. I'm very much afraid that I must have *imagined* that note."

FOR COMPANIONS I PREFER MEN

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companionship of people with the same general possessions and position. All others are too difficult. They are too unequal. Men, a few men, have been my companions for a long while. But it has been a very independent companionship. None of us, yet, have asked another for a dollar. The dollar would be cheerfully given, but the point, an important point, remains—it hasn't been asked for.

My property is not the property of my companions; my house is not their house. There are a great many times when I don't want to see them. There are a great many times when they don't want to see me. There are no evidences of emotion. We never, practically, discuss the things nearest our hearts. Such a course would create a great embarrassment. It would, privately, be regarded as a little indecent. We do not talk about our wives, or love, or about religion. We talk, in the main, a cheerful and sustaining nonsense. If we are serious it is for brief practical moments. I never, for example, talk about the profession of letters. A stupid and unimportant subject. A subject without reality. The weather is a splendid subject, but books are nonsensical. It is enough, almost more than enough, to be obliged to read them.

A JUST companionship between men is founded on an unsentimental integrity. My interest and belief in a man are established upon the things that I know he will not do. Not the things he will do—the things he won't do! Security is the first necessity of all safe intimacy. The things a man simply won't do are what define and dignify him. Every one will tell certain lies, but there are lies a decent man can not tell. He can't, and there is nothing more to be said about it. Every healthy being is selfish, but there are varieties of selfishness impossible for even a relatively decent person. A man who tells the wrong kind of lies, lies damaging to others, and who has the wrong variety of selfishness is, obviously, not fit for any confidence.

Confidence is, naturally, the base of security; one is inseparable from the other; and, since intimacy depends upon them both, it can not be what is properly described as an emotional relationship. Not entirely. If the heart, that incorrect symbol, is the organ of love, the head is the guide of companionship. Security, founded on confidence, is in reality founded on character. I am using character, here, to define the qualities in men which are generally agreed to be admirable. The right kind of truthfulness. The right kind of selfishness. The deliberate courage of intelligence. A trace of something not corruptible like the flesh. A faint but unmistakable superiority to the flesh. Life, at best, is a doubtful business. It is, where the individual is concerned, addressed to disaster. There are fortunate people who do not think life and death are disastrous; they are very certain about a dignity of purpose in the present and the reward of the future. I am not, unhappily, one of them. I see very few ameliorating circumstances in the short turn of existence. Integrity is one of them. Perhaps it is the only one.

WORDS, through long and uncritical usage, acquire a wide power of suggestion, a complication of association and meanings. That has happened to the word "friendship." It has come to suggest a ridiculous and impossible condition. A condition which no reasonable being would enter into for a second. He simply wouldn't. It would be too degrading. Too false. Fortunately for humanity it is a state that has no reality between reasonable men.

Intelligent men, men with character, do not forget their indispensable self-interest. Their individual necessities are impervious to the sirup of friendship. I have no friends whose interests are antagonistic to mine; I see almost no one, really, whose interest is the same as mine. Competition is not the father of intimacy. I admire a few living writers, but I have no consuming need to be with them. We do better politely saluting each other from a slight distance. Two writers, I should say two creative writers, do not make ideal companions.

The necessities of their common occupation, I am afraid, destroy in them the traits of character that make intimacy dependable. A creative writer is less than dependable where another creative writer is concerned. He can, he almost always is, very generous in his recognition of the virtues and books belonging to a second of his kind; but he is incapable of an actual interest in anything save himself.

A good creative writer is inescapably solitary, to begin with; and he is a spiritual thief. His integrity is wholly different from the integrity of, for example, a lawyer. His integrity lies in what he writes. Nothing else is important. A creative writer may desert or murder the woman who loves him; he may betray any confidence; he may be a coward; a drunkard; unnatural; tell every undesirable variety of lie, but if what he writes is supported by truth and ornamented by beauty his personal traits are as nothing. They are forgotten at once. That is not, obviously, a man to repose confidence in. He is a man to read, to praise, and avoid.

The reason for this is quite clear; it is, in a modified way, the same reason that makes an actor dreadful—the creative writer is a creature with primarily an emotional nature. His emotion, his imagination, is his god. It is he. Rob him of an inordinate emotion and he may

Continued on Page 36

DR. GASTON LYON—one of the outstanding figures of the medical profession in France, on whom his colleagues have lavished professional honors; he has been chief of the Medical Clinic of the Faculty of Paris; he is Laureate of the Academy of Medicine; he is author of "Consultations on Diseases of the Digestive Tract," and many other medical works.

"Yeast regulates the intestine,"

says DR. GASTON LYON, *of Paris*

"I*N FRANCE, yeast is in current use. It is especially used in disorders of the skin, but should not be limited to skin diseases. It reduces intestinal fermentation, and regulates the functioning of the intestine. Its mode of action should be taken advantage of all the more, since yeast can be taken without inconvenience.*"

DR. GASTON LYON, author and prominent physician of Paris; authority on maladies of the digestive tract, verifies the experience of millions of Americans—that eating yeast relieves constipation and its attendant ills.

In an authorized interview he says, "Yeast modifies the intestinal action while not being destroyed itself." He further points to the value of yeast in the treatment of skin diseases and declares, "Its efficacy in this field is already strongly established."

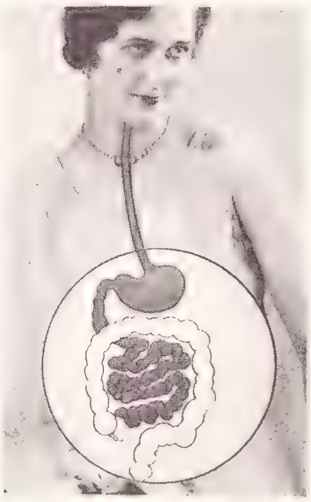
In a recent survey covering the entire United States, half the doctors reporting said they prescribed fresh yeast.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast, it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As these living yeast plants pass through your intestine daily, they combat harmful poisons and purify the whole system.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one cake before each meal or between meals, plain or in water (hot or cold). To get full benefit you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time.

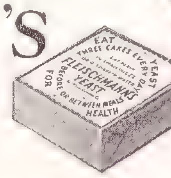
At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, soda fountains and lunch counters. Buy 2 or 3 days' supply. It will keep in a cool dry place. Start today!

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. A-62, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



FROM THROAT TO COLON is one continuous tube. Poisons from clogged intestines spread and attack the weakest spot. Colds, sore throat, headache, bad breath, bad skin—90% of your ailments—start here, doctors now agree. And here, too, is where yeast works. For bubbling good health, keep this entire tract clean, active and healthy with Fleischmann's Yeast.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
for HEALTH



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"Dust! I could write my name in it."

"Let's write Ruth a hint . . . the name of a better furniture polish." *

* JOHNSON'S WAX contains no oil, as other polishes do, to collect dust or show finger prints. Smooth and dry, dust glides away as off a mirror. The most immaculate and fashionable of polishes, it is also the *one* polish which protects, forming a hard, armour-like film which wards off scars and scratches.

Either in paste or liquid form

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR A SAMPLE TO TRY ON *ALL* YOUR FURNITURE

S. C. Johnson & Son, Dept. Z-3, Racine, Wis.
Send me *The Vogue of Wax* and a sample (regular 25c size) of Johnson's Liquid Wax. I enclose 10c in stamps.

NAME ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Continued from Page 34

become quite decent, but he won't write beautifully. The quality that creates his books ruins his character. The writers who are good enough to admire my books seem to be under no necessity to consort with me in person. I see Sinclair Lewis—perhaps the one distinguished writer alive who is truly generous—once, or less, in a year. I see Mr. Cabell decreasingly. And none other. Positively not another one.

There are some tough-minded men, a critic and a lawyer or two, and one or two able women, who are fond of me. They have, however, known me for years; they are philosophical, humorous, about my defects. I wouldn't dream of trusting a writer to the degree that I trust them. They are, all of them, intelligent rather than emotional, cool rather than not. Ironical instead of optimistic. They laugh a very great deal. They can, in every case, be trusted completely. No one knows what a given individual may do, but I know what they will not do. I can, for example, count on them, where I am concerned, to present the worst to me. In person. They are not only philosophical about my defects but very free with them.

THESE considerations, which may appear to be only faintly connected with the immediate subject—whether mature men prefer the companionship of men or of women—are actually highly important to it. My earliest experience of love was preliminary, an introduction, to the later difficulties of that condition. It made clear, at once, where I was concerned, that intimacies with women were, to say the least, dangerous to a peace of mind. They continued, when I grew older, to be dangerous to my peace of mind. I could not turn to them for an illustration of a long happy companionship. The question of women—on the negative side—is not yet, however, disposed of. Unfortunately it has hardly been touched. The thing to do, of course, is to discover if women have the traits that men possess. The same virtues and the same faults. I can only say that, in my experience, they did not used to have them.

I am assured that women, to-day, are quite different from the women of my youth. They are, I am told, in the strict masculine sense, more dependable. In the world of the present, I hear, it is possible for a woman to be candid. And still be a woman. Everything, I am informed, is wholly admirable and in plain sight. Women now are honest, in the best masculine sense. Their minds are tempered with justice. Feminine intuition—that mysterious substance—has been dropped with the Victorian bonnet. Women, I am instructed, are no longer conscious of any difference between the operation of their minds and the minds of men. They are the equal of men in logic and in the execution of gainful professions and occupations.

MORE directly, then—there is a new race of women. Oh, absolutely! New and better women. Women as good as men. Women with the most splendid masculine qualities. Between them and men, for the pleasures of companionship, there could be no difference. None whatever. How could there be? They are quite, no—absolutely, alike. Men and women alike. Better women. And, perhaps, worse men. That, I think, would follow.

I must admit that I do not know such improved feminine creatures. My wife is not like that. The women I am privileged to know well, for a long time, are not like that. They are, I am very happy to assert, completely different from me. Fortunately I am different from them. A great many things valuable to me they are indifferent about. They have a much more, shall I say fundamental, idea of truth than I have. Their integrity goes far below truth. The women I am referring to are very familiar with truth; they regard it with complete equanimity and patronize it how and when they will. In short, they are honest where it is concerned.

Their sense of logic is peculiar to them and without a trace of pedantry. It isn't artificial. Logic is made to suit their own ends and desires. The logic of Tuesday, for example, is hardly if ever the logic of Wednesday. On Thursday everything is totally different still. I mean it can be if they want it to be. They are not pretentious, stubborn, about it.

IF a man is intimate with a man on Monday it is probable that, without special cause to be different, he will be intimate with him on Friday. There is a kind of obligation, a moral order, involved. If you are secure on Monday you can, if men are concerned, depend upon Friday. That, certainly, is very narrow, slightly ridiculous, and the women I know best will not allow their interests to be bound in any such manner. There isn't any reason for it. No logic. They do things because they want to do them. When they don't want to do them, when they want to stop doing them, no impersonal consideration has any weight at all. It doesn't exist. That, it may be, is the essence of truth. It is possible that the obligations of men are no better than solemn pretenses.

Women, in consequence of all this, make matchless companions as long as that engages them. I am still speaking of the women of my experience. Apparently old-fashioned women. If they want to be generous they can make the generosity of any man seem like a cheap caution. If they want to be faithful they can give that ideal quality a new and inconceivable faithfulness. But the fact that they are generous, or faithful, is no guaranty that that will continue. It may be over, forever, in fifteen minutes. For no discoverable reason. For no reason, that is, discoverable by a man. They will just stop. Suddenly, with a word, a glimmering look, a calm forgetfulness, everything will be perpetually over.

Nothing a man can do will cure that irreparable calamity. It only remains for him to take his dignity, like his hat, in his hand and go quietly away. The experience of my youth, with love, taught me that. When such a woman is done with a man his greatest virtues, his distinguished accomplishments, to her, are no better than ludicrous faults. He can not discover a reason for his dismissal because no reason exists. A woman doesn't need a reason. She is far better, much freer, without one. A man can always hit a man on the nose; that is his privilege if he cares, and is able, to exert it. The mere possibility is a mild corrective. It breeds a necessity at least for politeness if not for reason.

I can not, under the limitations of my traditions, hit a woman on the nose. The only thing I can do is leave her and hope that she will regret her action. Hope, but not, under any circumstance, speak of it. Never. In addition, women attach themselves to qualities and individuals mysterious to men. A woman will give her attention to a man whom she ought, from a decent masculine standpoint, to totally avoid. She will, on the other hand, absolutely ignore some man who is known to have every desirable virtue. She will give her affectionate interest to a man without character or attainments, and regard the opinion of her entire world as the voice of jealousy. She will lie for such an individual, battle for him, and give him her earrings to turn into cigarets.

ALL this I admire enormously; it seems, to me, enormously fortunate. Lovely and without price. I hope, really, to continue in a way to benefit from it. I mean to be supported in spite of my defects. To be upheld tho I am a creative writer. The new women, the different improved women, would embarrass me. I have an antiquated habit of referring to a dress, or to slippers, I happen to admire. I am not, invariably, truthful with women. Especially if I like them. I am not above a compliment; and if I slipped into the error of complimenting one of the new women—upon, let us say, her charming voice—and she stared at me the way a man, in the same situation, would stare at me I'd undoubtedly blush and stammer. Apologize.

With men none of this change, this novelty, exists. Men, mostly, are the

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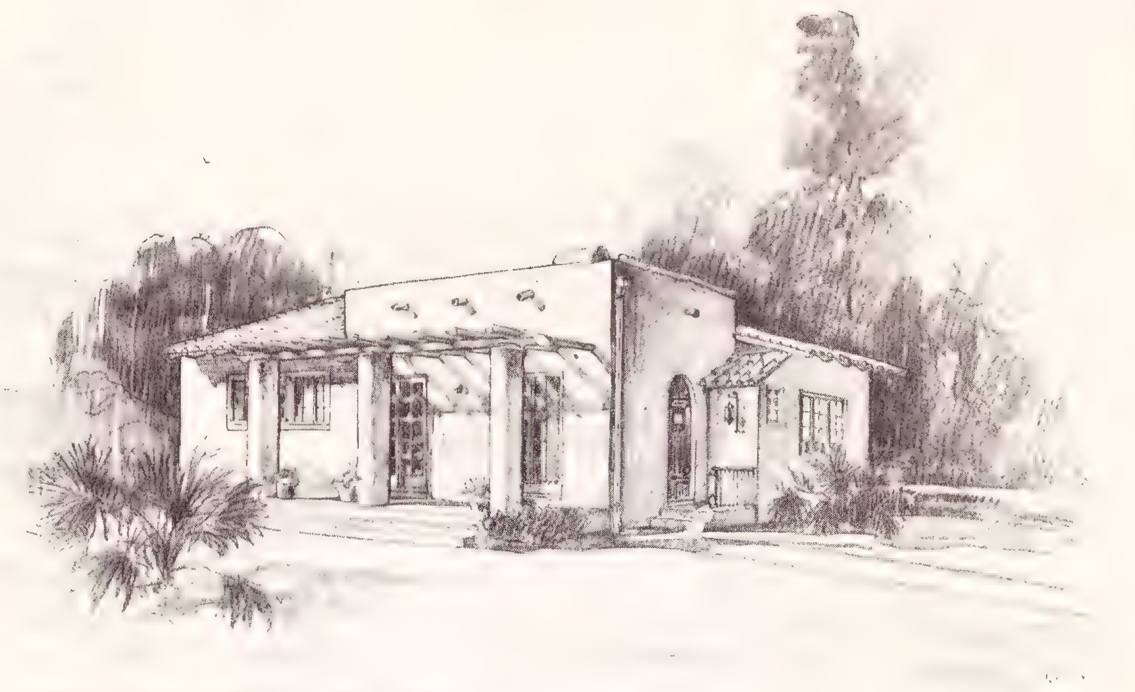


A PERGOLA-TOPPED TERRACE GIVES PORCH-SPACE WITHOUT DARKENING THE INTERIOR

A CONVENIENT SPANISH BUNGALOW

With breakfast-nook, service-porch, and many closets

By COLLIER STEVENSON

Robert B. Stacy-Judd, Architect

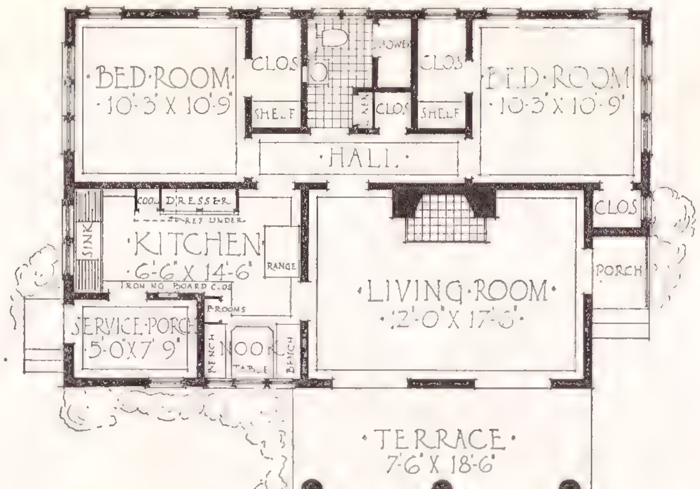
HERE is a little bungalow that at once suggests a wide variety of uses. In plan, inner equipment, and exterior development it is well adapted to continuous use in any section where the Winters are comparatively mild. It could, however, be used elsewhere with equal satisfaction if a basement and a suitable heating-plant were added to assure adequate comfort during cold Winter weather. As for Summer use such a bungalow would be ideal anywhere because of its individuality and its facilities for comfortable living at a minimum of expense and labor.

Obviously, a small home of this type is especially useful for newlyweds, for elderly couples, and for any other individuals or families requiring only a limited number of rooms. Here, tho, is another form of usefulness that is less obvious.

Many rural school boards are now providing houses so that teachers in their employ can be independent of neighborhood homes for board and lodging. Library boards are, in some cases, doing as well by their librarians in order to retain thoroughly competent service in communities that lack good boarding-houses. To library and school officials alike the accompanying bungalow should, therefore, be of particular interest, as it offers excellent living accommodations for a moderate expenditure.

Study of the floor-plan reveals that this bungalow is suitable for a narrow plot of ground, as its extreme dimensions, inclusive of the terrace, are only 36'9" x 31'0". Furthermore, the floor-plan is such that the bungalow could be built with either the terrace or the arched entrance-door directly facing the street. This adaptability is an interesting point, since it has a bearing on the advantageous outlook of each room and on the privacy of the two sleeping-rooms.

The exterior walls are of frame construction, with an outer finish of pale cream-colored cement plaster applied over metal lath. The outside wood-trim is finished in the color of antique green bronze, and this novel coloring contrasts pleasantly with the various reds of the tiles used on the sloping portions of the roof.



·FIRST·FLOOR·PLAN·

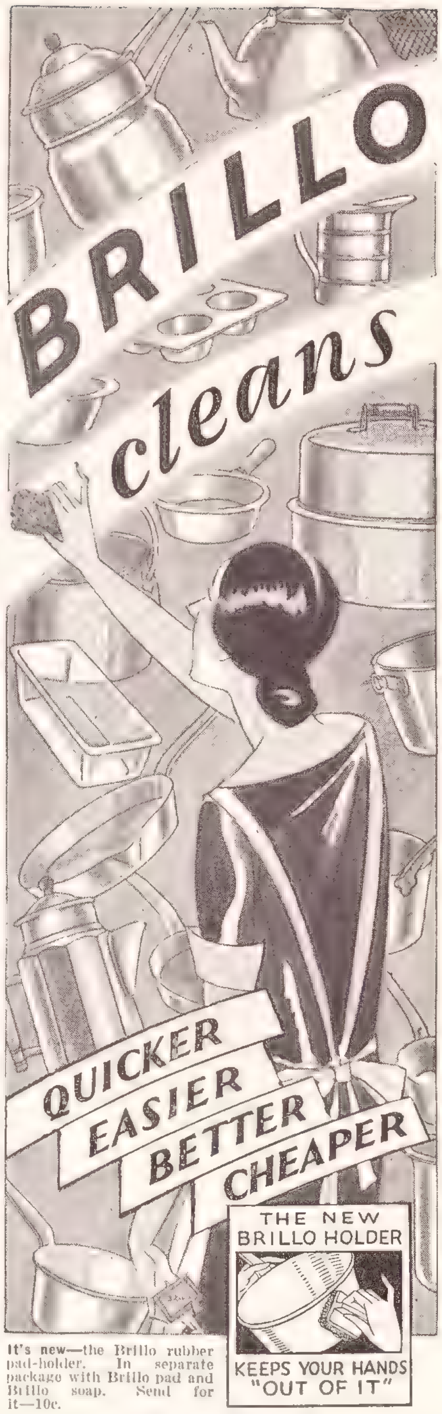
Altho the living-room is far from large, it is so well arranged that there is plenty of space for a practical disposal of all the essential furniture. Thanks to its corner location, the room receives the light and air of two exposures, and floor-length French windows give it an intimate contact with the adjoining terrace. Textured-plaster walls and fir woodwork add decorative interest, and oak floors lend a substantial dignity.

The serving of formal meals in the living-room is simplified by the direct connection of the living-room and the kitchen. For informal meals there is a commodious built-in breakfast-nook in a corner of the kitchen made cheerful by three small-paned casement-windows.

The kitchen is a model of convenience with its array of built-in furnishings. A double drain-board sink, topped by two casement-windows, occupies one entire end wall. Another wall is centered by a wide dresser, with the refrigerator beneath it. The broom-closet and the ironing-board are other useful adjuncts. A stationary tub is located in the enclosed service-porch, where stairs could also be placed if a basement were required.

Each bedroom has a large outside-lighted closet, and one room has a smaller closet, similarly lighted. A shower is installed in the bathroom, but a tub could be substituted by a rearrangement of the linen- and coat-closets shown on the plan.

For further data, without charge, regarding this house send a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to Collier Stevenson, House-plan Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West Thirty-ninth St., New York City.



It's new—the Brillo rubber pad-holder. In separate package with Brillo pad and Brillo soap. Send for it—10c.

Less Work With Brillo,
The *Modern* Cleanser

Brillo—the soft fibre lubricated pads and pure, free-lathering soap—gives maximum cleanliness with minimum effort. A touch, and aluminum glitters. A rinse, and agate, iron, and copper utensils gleam. Nickel and brass, even stoves, tubs and refrigerators shine when Brillo is applied.

Speedy, safe, sure—Brillo is economical. The soap lasts. And each pad can be rinsed again and again.

Harmless to the most delicate of hands. Safe for all fine things. A work-saver, a time-saver, a money-saver! Be wise—try Brillo today.

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A new aluminum or other cooking utensil free for any BRILLO fails to clean.

BRILLO is sold at Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McCrory and all 10 and 25c stores; and at leading department, hardware and grocery stores.

Generous trial package—10c.—write for it!

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4 Brillo Pads and Brillo Soap
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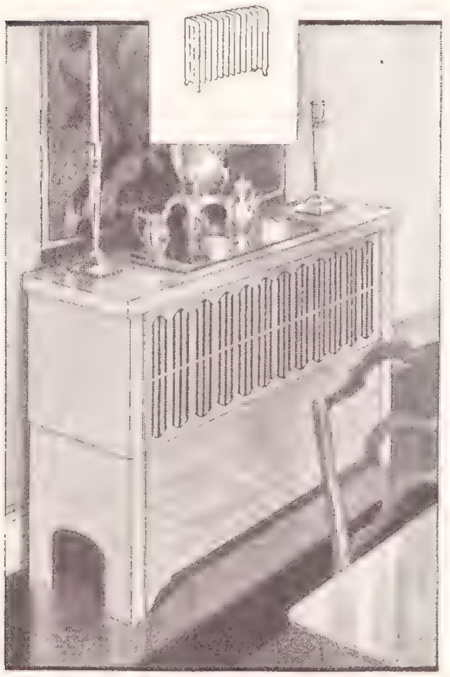
P.R. 3-29

for every radiator a MULLINS ENCLOSURE



A MULLINS ENCLOSURE CHANGES THIS DINING ROOM RADIATOR INTO A SERVING TABLE

No one ever admired the appearance of a radiator—now no one fails to admire the beauty of a Mullins Enclosure. It improves the appearance of any room. It makes every home smarter, more attractive, more comfortable . . . changing *radiators* into *furniture.*

And the change is so simple! A Mullins Enclosure fits right over your radiator, without moving or altering a thing!

But it must be a Mullins Enclosure!

Only in Mullins Enclosures will you find the stately design, superb finish and the convenience of immediate installation. Mullins Enclosures are built of heavy gauge furniture steel that can't sag, warp or buckle. They are made in 270 standard sizes, carried always in stock. Due to tremendous production, prices have been materially reduced! Write for booklet and names of local dealers.

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SALEM, OHIO
Manufacturers of Mullins Automobile Body Stampings and Mullins Metal Boats

Each Mullins Enclosure is equipped with a humidifier for keeping the air moist and healthful!

(Right) Farewell to smudged walls and draperies around radiators, after you have Mullins Enclosures!

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RADIATOR ENCLOSURES and SHIELDS

MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORP., Salem, Ohio
I'd like to have your new catalog of Mullins Radiator Enclosures and the names of local dealers.

Name ....

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USING OILCLOTH IN NEW WAYS

By Elsie Drew Kennedy

SPRING-CLEANING days are just around the corner, and after the house is spick and span the question arises, "How can we stand putting some of the old things back in place; they look so shabby and require so much cleaning?" Don't do it. Get some bright, fresh oilcloth and see what wonders you can work with it. It's just the thing to give the inside of the house the gay dashes of color nature is giving the bright outdoors.

Start with the kitchen and make it a joyous workshop first. Plan a definite color-scheme, follow it carefully, and then sing a hymn of praise to your pet household god for the transforming result. Apple-green is a Springtime color. Try it in your kitchen. Make glass-curtains of Swiss with green dots, and hang lengths of apple-green oilcloth at either side. Cover your nondescript table with it, turn the edges under, and thumb-tack smoothly, then enamel the table-legs black.

An old folding sewing- or bridge-table treated in this manner is convenient for the small children's mid-morning or noon lunch if you have no breakfast alcove. The table may be carried out under the trees or on the porch, when the days become hot, for added festivity or change of atmosphere. The children and grown-ups, too, may have a party; and think of the laundry saved!

Cover your shelves with the narrow lengths, and see how much more fun it is to put away your dishes and what a proud air they immediately assume. If you have a breakfast-nook and prefer another color, cover the table with the new dull-finished version of the old-fashioned, red-checked table-cloth reminiscent of old French kitchens and our own colonial days. Make the window-hangings of the same material, and see how the family brighten up at breakfast-time.

It is a perfect material to use for Summer cottages, either at the shore or in the mountains, where you wish to make the place attractive, and then give it as little subsequent care as possible.

If yours is one of the houses in which the builders did not finish the closets in a style befitting the best homes, you can remedy the situation easily by lining them entirely with oilcloth to match the colors in your room. Apply it with wall-paper paste or the old-fashioned one made from flour and water. If you wish, the shelves may be covered with a contrasting color for accent.

Decorative boxes for the closets and bureau-drawers are very popular now, and certainly they are one of the most useful and practical fads of many a day. Oilcloth is excellent to use for covering these boxes, and may also be used to cover and line the strips of partitioned boxes or stalls which keep your shoes off the closet floor and protect them from dust.

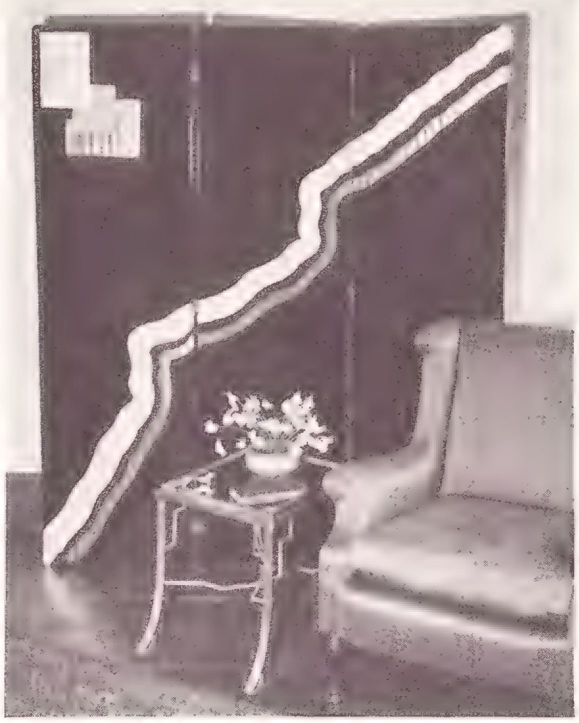
There are many types of oilcloth to choose from for your closet interiors and accessories. The colors may be vivid and daring or subdued pastel; the finish smooth and glossy or dull and non-reflecting. Either of them requires only the use of a damp cloth and mild soap to clean perfectly.

Cushions for the porch-chairs, with slip-covers for the backs, give your outdoor room a smart modern touch very inexpensively. Sudden showers will not affect them, and dust and soot may be wiped off easily with a damp cloth, insuring freshness for the light clothes of Summer. Besides the enameled oilcloth with its smooth, glossy surface there are other types with the softness of heavy fabric or leather, yet retaining the wear and water-resisting qualities of oilcloth. This material is just right for making cushions and seat-coverings which are likely to be in constant use.

A novel and comfortable idea for the porch overflow of younger guests is to make some floor cushions a yard square, covered with the softer oilcloth. These large cushions are also most satisfactory for use before the fire, now that the old-fashioned customs of popping corn, roasting apples, and toasting marshmallows have become popular again.

If you live in a city and must be dependent upon a roof for your breath of outdoor air, oilcloth, because of its gay colors, low cost, and imperviousness to moisture, is the perfect fabric to choose for making your small bit of air-space among the stars and chimney-pots vie with the smart terraces and roof-gardens of the big hotels.

The artist who designed the new oilcloths, which, by the way, are no longer imitations of some other material, but boldly declare themselves a fabric with a purpose and usefulness all their own, must have had a very kindly feeling toward and an understanding of children, because there are new designs which would delight any child and keep it entertained when the cold, rainy weather necessitates indoor amusement.



THIS OILCLOTH SCREEN GIVES A LIVELY AIR TO A ROOM

This oilcloth, especially designed for children, may be used for panels in the nursery for those places where the walls receive the hardest wear, and where little finger-prints, however appealing from the sentimental point of view, do not necessarily add to the decorative scheme.

It may also be used as a border, and for covering the all-necessary screen for the baby's morning bath.

One side of the screen may have pockets for holding the various articles needed for the baby's toilet, and when the bath is finished the other side may be faced forward for decoration. The screen may also be used for shielding the baby's crib from drafts.

Perhaps one of the happiest and newest uses for oilcloth is to cover the always useful down-stairs screen in a solid color, with appliqués of a different color for decoration in the modern manner. An all-over design may be used with equally good effect.

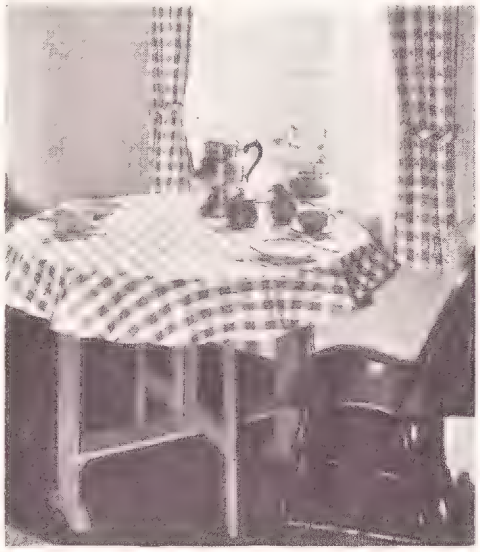
Also there is a wide variety of colors, designs, and textures in the materials you may choose from for cloths for the breakfast- and luncheon-table. The dull-finished, checked cloth already mentioned comes in red, green, and blue, and there is a new material, made on thick, soft cloth, which looks like damask and may be obtained in white, pale blue, and pink. This is particularly suitable for those homes which do not make use of the breakfast alcove.

Bathrooms with no particular character, but which look as if they "just grew" like *Topsy*, may be made into rooms which will be the pride and joy of any hostess. Plaid oilcloth of a particularly sunshiny design, of yellow, blue, and rose on a white background, is an especially good choice to use in bathrooms, since it gives you several colors from which to decide for the borders of your towels, the drinking-glass, and other bathroom accessories. The draperies, shelf-covers, and shower-curtain may be made of the same oilcloth. The edges may be bound with bias binding of contrasting color or turned under and stitched, and behold, a dreary-looking bathroom made to look as fresh and bright as a May morning!

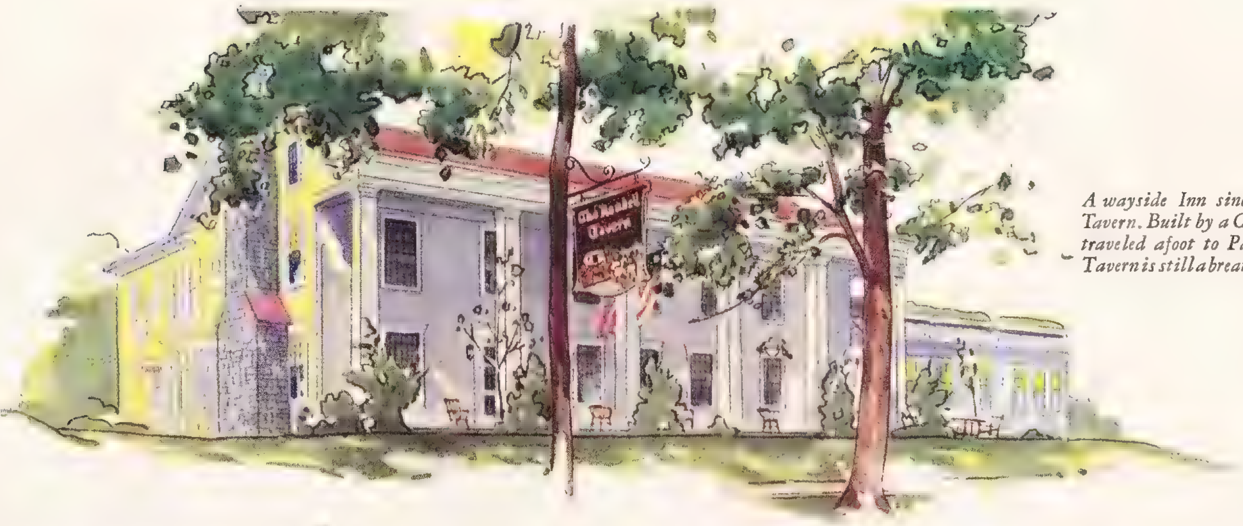
This versatile material is also made particularly for wall-coverings, with the distinct advantage of a very long life and the usual cleaning qualities of oilcloth.

It may be obtained in just about as wide a range of colors, designs, and materials as there are types of homes to use it, the most elaborate being a beautiful brocaded design in several soft colors, as well as silver and gold, for the more formal rooms or for panels in a room decorated in the style of one of the French periods. And remember that even the gold and silver may be washed.

Then there are plain pastel colors for the smaller house, and charming flowered designs suitable for rooms using Early American maple furniture or mahogany of colonial design.



WOULD YOU KNOW THAT THE CURTAINS AND TABLE-CLOTH WERE OILCLOTH?



A wayside Inn since 1810—the Randell Tavern. Built by a Connecticut Yankee who traveled afoot to Painesville, Ohio, this Tavern is still a breath of old New England.

For more than a century *travelers* *have spread this* TAVERN'S *fame*

THE mellow note of a horn—jangling harness—thud of galloping hoofs! In the early 19th century the rumbling stage coach, with its whip cracking driver, made its second stop 27 miles out of Cleveland, on the old Post Road to Buffalo. It brought the first patrons to a tavern noted for hospitality, for excellence of food.

◆ ◆ ◆

Fastidious travelers looked forward to a royal welcome, a glowing fire, a fine dinner, and a comfortable bed.

TODAY, on the great New York-Chicago Highway, eager motorists plan to reach Painesville before dusk—for the joys of this same tavern. Here the élite of Cleveland entertain, reveling in the quaint Early American atmosphere.

Randell Tavern is a severely plain Colonial house, reminiscent of Mount Vernon. Within is peace—and time turned back. Glowing old mahogany . . . brass handled high-boys . . . sconces with dangling glass prisms . . . curly maple beds . . . tall clocks with serene, unhurried tick. All the whimsical trappings of a century ago. You sigh for the things your grandmother gave away!

Only till the solace of dinner! Then—unutterable content descends. For *such* food! Perhaps a juicy steak, flanked by lattice potatoes. A succulent vegetable, served in a dainty patty shell. And, masterpiece of all, golden corn fritters. You simply lose count, eating them—they're so delicate and crisp.

If, emboldened, you invade the kitchen, you'll see Herman, the chef—a nonchalant artist with a kettle of deep fat. One caution he adds, as he gives you his recipe. To be at their best, these fritters should be deep fried in Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard. For every lard use at the Tavern, Herman chooses "Silverleaf." He depends upon its purity, the way it stands heat without burning.

Fine cooks everywhere have just that feeling, too. For baking or for frying they specify "Silverleaf." Rendered sweet and pure from choice pork fat, "Silverleaf" makes new foods a joyous adventure—old favorites still more tempting.

For that special goodness in the food you serve, always ask for "Silverleaf" by name. In the one and two pound self-measuring cartons, and in 2, 4 and 8 pound pails.

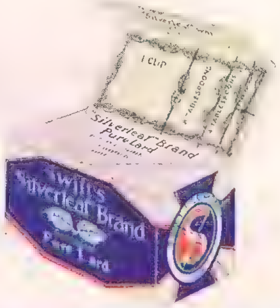
Swift & Company

◆ ◆ ◆

CORN FRITTERS *according to Herman*

¾ cup corn
1 egg
2 cups milk
1¾ tsps. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
⅓ cup sugar
2½ cups flour
1 tbsp. melted "Silverleaf"

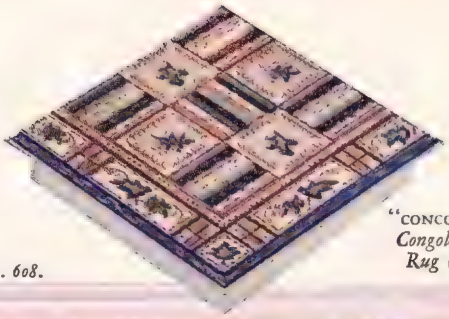
Combine ingredients. Heat kettle of "Silverleaf" almost to smoking (370°F). Drop batter by spoonfuls. Fry fritters till golden brown. Drain, dust with powdered sugar and serve with syrup. (Makes about two dozen fritters.)


1 cup
Silverleaf Brand Pure Lard
Swift's Silverleaf Brand Pure Lard

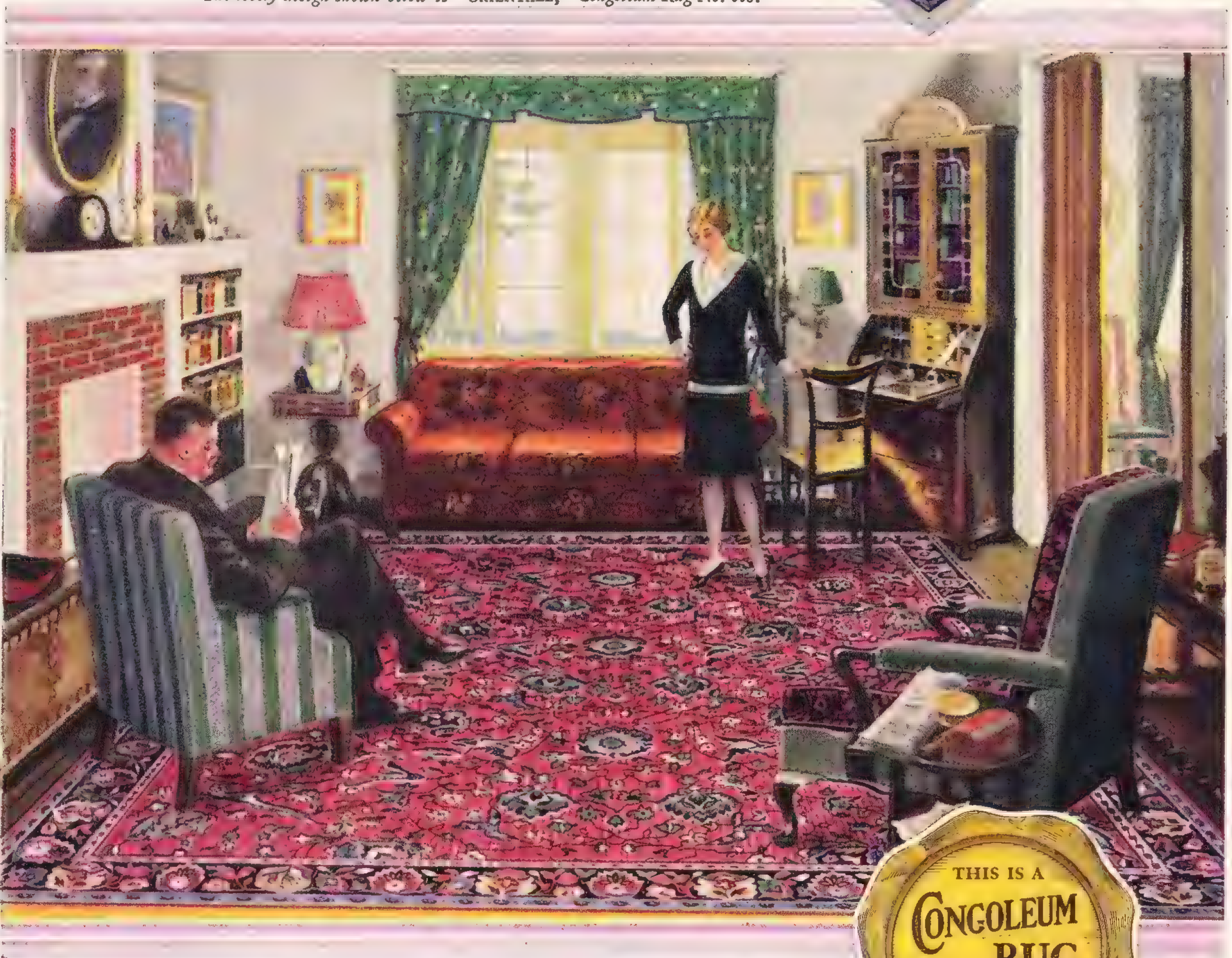
"Silverleaf" BRAND PURE LARD

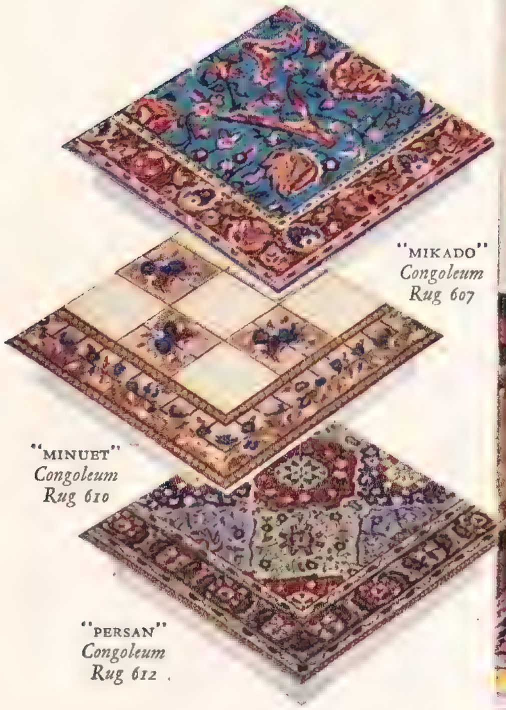
NEW DESIGNS

that bring fresh charm to every room


"CONCORD" *Congoleum Rug 605*

The lovely design shown below is "ORIENTALE," Congoleum Rug No. 608.

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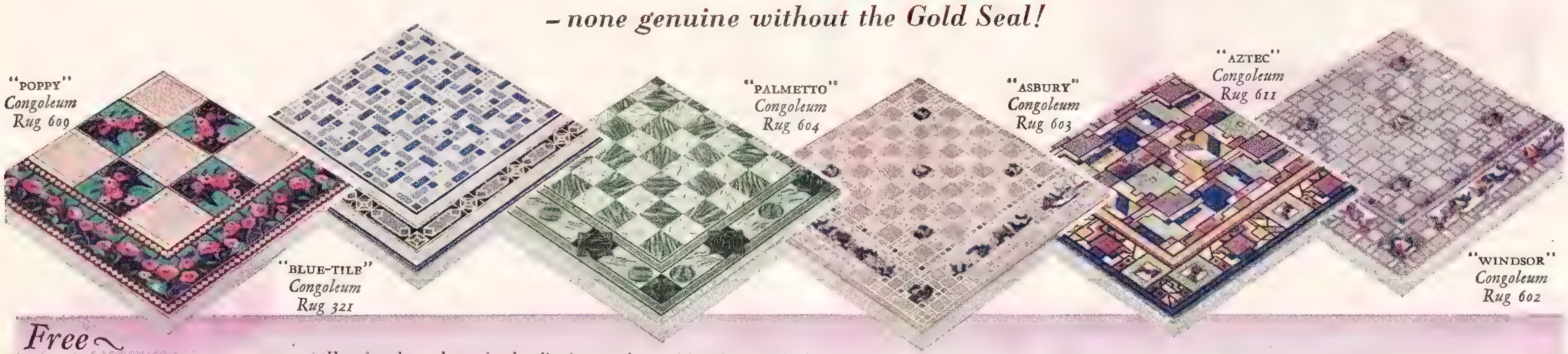
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The Home Bureau

CONDUCTED BY NELL HOWARD ENLOE

Modern Methods
and New Devices
for the Home

FISH FOR THE LENTEN SEASON

By Ina B. Rowe

FISH is particularly appropriate at this season, when Lent revives the usual search for the unusual meatless dish. And what an improvement the present form of fish fillets are over fish as we have hitherto known them! To-day fish are taken in salt water, and in less time than it takes to write about it they are cleaned, boned, usually skinned, wrapped, packed, and sealed for delivery in storage to your merchant. You buy them fresh from the ocean, delicious, no matter how far inland you may live.

There are different ways of effecting this market preparation. Some producers fillet the fish, wrap them in parchment-paper, and seal them in tins, to be sent in ice-storage to your merchant, where you buy the filleted fish as fresh and sweet as if you had caught them yourself a hundred miles off the Atlantic coast.

By another method the fish are filleted and skinned in the usual way. They are then cut into portions of about three to the pound and then *frosted* for shipment. The frosting of fish should not be confused with freezing it. In the frosting process the fish is subjected to a temperature of 45 to 50 degrees F. below zero, at which temperature it solidifies almost immediately into a hard cake.

Under the definition of the terms as used in the fish industry, when a fish is *frozen* the liquid in the cells freezes first, making tiny icicles which puncture the cell-structure. In the process the fish naturally sacrifices some of its delicacy of flavor and texture. In the speedy *frosting* process the change to a solid takes place so quickly that the tiny icy points have no time to get in their destructive work, and when the fish goes to the frying-pan it has lost none of its ocean freshness.

The new methods place sea-food at its best and freshest on the markets of the Western States, where the prevalence of goiter makes sea-food an important health item.

Fish marketed in fillets is ready for the pan when you take it from its paper wrappings. Lay it on the ice to take out the frost if you like, marinate it for a time in lemon-juice if you like, but it is equally good practise to place it directly on the hot griddle or plank and cook it without "defrosting."

Planked filleted fish is particularly excellent and certainly not hard to prepare. Tho we use the term "planked fish," the fact that you have no plank need not completely discourage you; for want of the customary wooden plank an old platter, which may be safely placed in the oven, or one of the new oven porcelain pieces, may be used.

Altho planking a meal may seem to one who has not tried it complicated and laborious, it is in fact a practical way for the housewife who does not employ maid service to serve a small-company dinner. Tho it takes time, it does not tax heavily the very last minutes. The fish must be partially broiled, the potatoes cooked and mashed, and the other vegetables made ready for serving at least 15 minutes before the diners sit down to the table. This gives a small margin for the last-minute tasks, with the comforting assurance that the food on the plank will be hot and ready for the table when you are ready to serve it.

The following combination of fish and vegetables is good.

Broiled Fillets of Haddock Stuffed Tomatoes
Duchess Potatoes Peas Spinach Rings
Garnish of Lemon, Olives, and Parsley
Hard-Cooked Eggs Radishes

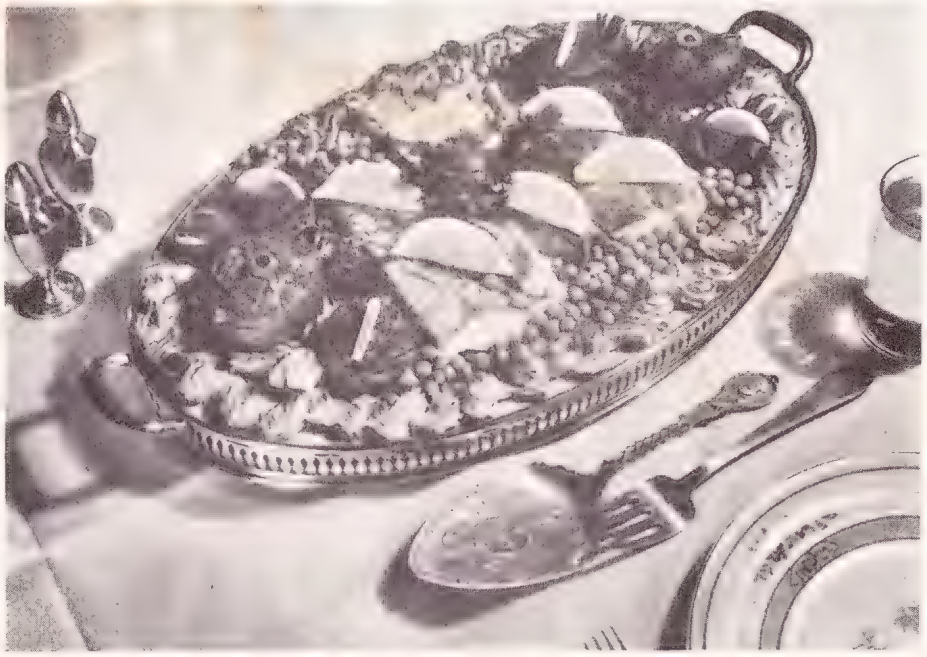
A POTATO BORDER HOLDS THE OTHER VEGETABLES

Broiled Fillets of Haddock

BRUSH the fillets with lemon-juice and sprinkle with salt. Arrange on the hot plank, which has been well oiled, and place under the broiler-flame in an oven which has been preheated to 450 degrees F. Broil for about 10 minutes, but do not completely cook the fish. Allow 2 inches space all around the edge of the plank, and more if many vegetables are to be used.

Duchess Potatoes

HAVE ready mashed, seasoned potatoes, to which 1 beaten egg has been added. Pipe the hot potatoes with a pastry-tube around the fish, close to the edge of the plank, bringing it nearer the fish at regular intervals to make an outline for the other vegetables which will be placed later. Return the plank to the oven to brown the potatoes, and finish broiling the fish under the flame, turned lower.



A PLANKED MEAL IS THE IDEAL SERVICE FOR A WOMAN WITHOUT A MAID

Spinach Rings

CLEANSE the spinach and place, without water, in a vessel under which the flame is turned very low. Cook, without additional water, until tender. This takes 12 to 15 minutes. Remove from the fire and press off excess liquid which has boiled out. Add salt and other seasonings, or the spinach may be marinated, while it is hot, with French dressing if you like the slightly tart flavor. Then it may be pressed into muffin rings and placed in the oven to keep warm. All extra liquid should be drained off.

Stuffed Tomatoes and Garnishes

REMOVE the centers of large ripe tomatoes, season with salt and stuff with a mixture of buttered bread-crums and onion. Place in large muffin rings to hold their shape, and bake until tender and the crums are brown. Return to the oven to keep warm.

Have ready all the garnishes. When ready to bring the course to the table, remove the plank, turn the spinach out on a hot plate for easy handling, and carefully lift one ring to each of the divisions made for it in the border of potatoes. Place the peas and tomatoes in the alternate divisions. Place a slice of cold hard-cooked egg on top if desired. Arrange the cold garnishes, and serve at once with a suitable sauce.

Vegetable and Fish Variations

THE variety which may be introduced in a dish of this kind is extensive. Different markets and different seasons have each their special offering.

Mashed sweet potatoes, baked squash, stuffed or buttered onions, Lima beans or string-beans, asparagus tips, carrots, eggplant, yellow turnips, cauliflower—all are appropriate. For garnishes slices of cucumber pickle, wedges of tomato, sections of lemon, pepper, or cucumbers are decorative.

Filleted fish may be cooked by any of the ordinary methods of cooking fish—fried in deep fat, pan-fried, baked, broiled, or boiled. A quick cooking at a high temperature seals in the juices and preserves the natural deliciousness of the fish. If fish is dry and tasteless it is frequently because it has been cooked too long at a low temperature.

The crispness of cucumber and the acidity of lemon are traditional accompaniments to fish, and both help to bring out its natural delicacy. Sauces of the right kind also enhance the flavor, but the sauce should support, and not overpower, the fish flavor.

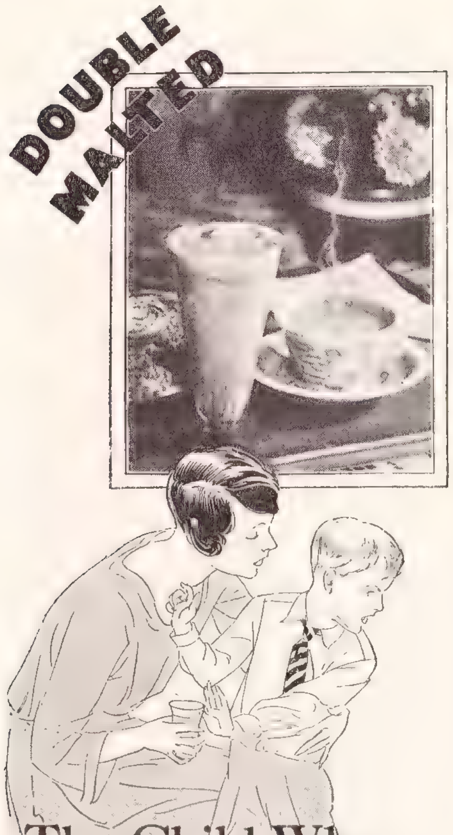
Boiled fish is frequently tasteless food, and this is not surprizing when the really fine flavor of the fish is often stewed out into the kettle. Careful cooking preserves the flavor, however, and is no more tedious than careless cooking.

Two of the best utensils for boiling fish are a medium-large kettle and a glass fruit-jar, such as is used for canning. A wide-mouthed fruit-jar is exceptionally good. Form the skinned fillets into "turbans" as follows: Cut off the thick or head end, and then slit the rest toward the tail end down the center. Roll each of these portions, beginning at the thick end, and skewer with toothpicks. Divide the head end into two parts for easy handling, and skewer together to approximately the same shape as the longer pieces. Add a thin slice of lemon, one of onion, and the usual seasoning to each piece. Place in a jar and seal perfectly tight, so that when it is dropped into the kettle of boiling water bubbles will not escape around the jar ring.

Cook in boiling water for approximately 20 minutes, beginning to count the time after the water has begun to boil vigorously.

Remove the jar, take out the fish, and save the stock to be made into sauce.

This is clear fish liquor without any water added, and forms an excellent basis for sauce to serve with the fish.



The Child Who Hates Milk

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Please send me a large size, 75c value aluminum shaker and a sample of Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk. I enclose only 25c to cover packing and mailing costs.

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FESTIVE DESSERTS

By Annie Storey Linthicum

Photo by Mayer-Kuck

PEACHES, CHERRIES, AND ANGELICA MAKE THIS COLORFUL DESSERT

THE experienced housekeeper has long recognized certain baker's products as first aid in preparing quickly made, tempting desserts. Macaroons, jelly-roll, angel-food, and the variety of small cakes for which the bakeshops are noted, are some of the old friends which may be made to appear in new disguises. With the addition of fruits, canned or in season, fruit-juices, flavorings, and standard gelatins they offer unlimited possibilities for festive desserts.

You will find that the recipes given below require only the simplest utensils and but little skill or time in preparation, that different kinds of fruit may be substituted to change Summertime desserts into Winter delicacies; and that "there is no such word as fail."

Cherry-Baskets

HALVES of large canned peaches form the baskets for either fresh or canned cherries. If fresh cherries are used pit them carefully and fill the cavities with powdered sugar; if canned cherries are used pecans may be inserted to take the place of the pits. If both white and red or white and candied cherries are used it will add much to your color-scheme.

To make the baskets, cut a thin slice from the bottom of each half peach so that it will stand evenly on the plate. A small lace-paper doily keeps the peach from slipping and sets off your decorations as well. Now cut a thin strip of angelica (any small graceful green vine, such as smilax, may be used, wrapped around a wire, if the angelica is not obtainable; but your basket will not then be all edible). Bend the angelica carefully and insert it in each side of the peach to form a handle. You have now a dainty basket which needs only to be filled with the prepared cherries.

From the remaining angelica cut, with a sharp knife, pointed leaves. Arrange these in a cluster on one side of the peach, and on it place several white cherries and one red one. Other leaves may be grouped at the base of the handle, but be careful not to overdo your decorations.

Sillibub, or the Bride's Delight

IN THE old South sillibub was often referred to as "the bride's delight"—it was a delicacy so easily prepared. Delicious in Summer or Winter, it was made of fruit, fruit-juices, and wine-flavored whipped cream.

To make a very simple sillibub, drop, in a fruit cocktail-glass, just before serving, 1 ripe strawberry if it is Summertime, or, if Winter, a piece of crystallized ginger or orange-peel. Fill the glass with stiffly beaten cream, to which have been added 3 tablespoonfuls of confectioners' sugar and your favorite flavoring.

For a more elaborate sillibub use a foundation of drained crushed pineapple, chopped red cherries, and cut-up peaches. Cover with 3 tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and allow to stand in the ice-box until thoroughly chilled. Top with the whipped-cream mixture and serve.

Another variation is to use 3 tablespoonfuls of strained honey and the juices of ½ orange and ½ lemon. Combine this with a pint of stiffly beaten cream, and pile into glasses. On top grate a little of the rinds of the lemon and the orange. Chopped walnut-meats and dates, with quartered pear slices, if added to the above, make a glorified sillibub.

White cherries pitted and filled with blanched almonds and stirred into sweetened cream make a very delicate sillibub. In fact the number of variations is limited only by the ingenuity of the housekeeper.

Date Hash

ANY kind of porous baker's cake can be used for date hash. Break cake into small pieces and add, if it is a very small cake, ½ teaspoonful of ground nutmeg and ½ teaspoonful of allspice. Cut ½ pound of dates into small pieces, and stir into the broken cake. Next blend in ½ pint of sweetened, whipped cream. If the hash is to be used at noon, make it early in the morning; if at night make it at noon, so that the cake absorbs all the cream. Serve with either grape-juice or pineapple sauce. A half pint of either grape- or pineapple-juice makes enough sauce for a small cake. To the juice add ¾ cupful of boiling water, into which have been stirred 1 tablespoonful of cornstarch, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, and the juice of 1 lemon. Serve cold. Date hash is good served with plain cream or top milk, but the fruit sauce gives an added zest.

Watermelon Slices

TWO long cylindrical molds of jelly must first be made, and for this I use a large- and a small-sized, empty baking-powder can. The large-sized can is to be filled with green gelatin, the small with pink, to make the rind and center of the watermelon. Make enough gelatin to fill the larger mold, color it green, sweeten to taste, and flavor with lemon. Turn into the mold, which has been first dipped in cold water. Chill and allow it to become very firm before slicing.

Repeat this with the smaller mold, using pink coloring, and when the gelatin is half congealed stir into it a cupful of seeded raisins, dusted in powdered sugar. Turn into the smaller mold, which has been dipped in cold water; the raisins form the seeds of the watermelon, and if put in when the gelatin is half congealed will not go to the bottom. If milk is used instead of water with the gelatin the colors will be softer; if water is used they will be transparent. When ready to serve, slice both molds of gelatin into rounds of equal thickness. With the top of the smaller baking-powder can, or a biscuit-cutter the same size as the mold, cut the centers out of the green circles. Fit the pink slices into the green rings to make the watermelon slices. Whipped cream sweetened and highly flavored with pineapple, or vanilla and lemon, half and half, may be put on the side of the plate or passed separately, as preferred.

The extra green disks need not be thrown away, but may be served next day with a plain vanilla sauce.

Strawberry-and-Banana Sandwiches

ON 1 slice of jelly-roll, not quite an inch thick, spread strawberries which have been halved and well sugared ½ hour before using. On this put another slice of jelly-roll and top it with 3 tablespoonfuls of whipped cream, flavored and sweetened. In proportion to 1 pint of cream use 1 teaspoonful of flavoring and 4 dessert-spoonfuls of powdered sugar. You may vary this by using half berries and half bananas. First slice the bananas, then sugar well, then add a layer of strawberries, sweetened and halved, until 3 bananas and a box of berries are used.

Any berries in season can be substituted for the strawberries with jelly-roll as the foundation. When berries are out of season canned fruits can be used with some of the fruit whipped in the cream for the top. When using fresh berries use cream only on top, dropping the choicest berry in the center. Serves 8.

Uncooked Brown Betty

UNCOOKED brown betty is made with a baker's spice-cake. A layer of the cake, broken into bits, is put in a dish; then a layer of apples, chopped very fine; over this are sprinkled sugar, extra spices, and raisins. Alternate the layers of cake with the minced apples until the cake is used up; then add 1 cupful of hot grape-juice in which 2 tablespoonfuls of butter have been melted. Cover and let stand for several hours. Serve with cream.

Voted the Prettiest of DEBUTANTES

BY

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

JOHN BARRYMORE

SHE IS ALLIED with some of the oldest families of New York and Boston, but her grandfather and grandmother were Spaniards of Spain, and "Spanish blood" speaks from her beautiful great eyes, her clear olive skin with its flash of pomegranate red; it is in her warm, impulsive, glancing speech, in the instinctive grace of all her movements.

She is quick, frank, eager, intensely alive, with the naiveté of a child occasionally breaking through the utter sophistication of a debutante of the season 1928-'29.

She was presented to New York society early in November at a very distinguished luncheon at a very distinguished club, and has had rather more than the usual success of charming youth.

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She has used Woodbury's Facial Soap ever since she became a sub-deb at 14, and nothing could be more beautiful than her smooth, clear, brilliant skin, that reminds one of some tropical flower.

"A debutante *has* to have a good skin—she mustn't take any chances. That is why I never use any soap but Woodbury's on my face. Woodbury's is wonderful!—it keeps my skin always soft and clear and just the way I want it to be."

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You can get a delightful Woodbury set, containing a large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Facial Cream and Powder, the Cold Cream, the treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial, by sending us 10 cents and your name and address. Send today! The Andrew Jergens Co., 2105 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. For Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2105 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Nothing could be more beautiful than her clear, smooth, brilliant skin. "A debutante has to have a good skin," she says. "I never use any soap but Woodbury's on my face."

Miss Natica de Acosta of New York City, chosen from Woodbury beauties in forty-eight States as the prettiest of debutantes

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TO MAKE GOOD CAKE

By Ellen Duke

All cakes may be divided into two groups, those made with fat and those without. The following is the standard basic method which may be used for mixing all cakes containing fat, whatever the recipe used or the final appearance of the cake is to be.

Photos by Mayer-Kuck

1

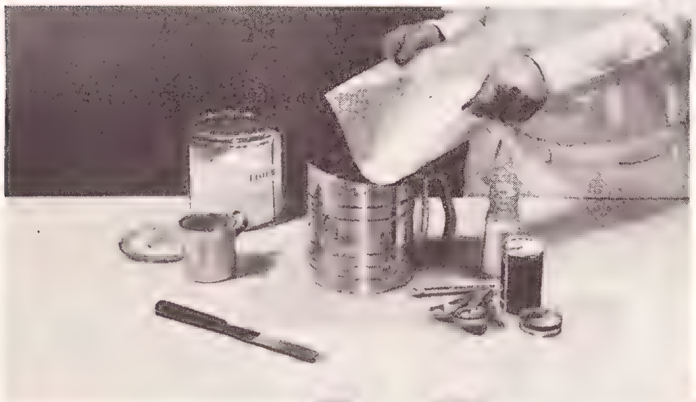
1. The aim in making a cake with fat is to produce, through a perfect combination of ingredients, a product of feathery lightness and fine, even-grained, soft texture. Since the mixing and baking of a cake should be a continuous process, the preliminary work should all be done before you begin measuring and mixing. First assemble the utensils and ingredients. Cut wax-paper to fit the pan, grease or oil it with a salt-free fat (salty fat will cause the cake to stick); dust with flour, hitting the pan sharply to remove excess flour.

2

2. With all supplies assembled you are ready to begin work. The ingredients used in this particular cake were ½ cupful of shortening, 1 cupful of sugar, 2 eggs, ⅔ cupful of milk, ¼ teaspoonful of salt, 2 cupfuls of pastry-flour, 3 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and ½ teaspoonful of vanilla. All materials used for cake-making should be of the very best quality. Suitable utensils are also necessary for uniform results. Standard measuring-cups holding 16 tablespoonfuls and a set of measuring-spoons should be a part of your equipment.

3

3. The measuring of a part of a cupful of fat may be simplified by filling the extra space in the cup first with water (if the recipe calls for ¾ cupful of fat, fill the cup ¼ full of water), then adding fat until the water is level with the top of the cup and you have the desired amount of fat. The cup may now be used for measuring the liquid.



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4. Since flour packs very readily, sift it before measuring to insure accuracy. An easy way is to use large pieces of wax-paper to sift it on. Sift the flour, measure, add the other dry ingredients, and sift again three times to be sure that they are well blended.

5

5. Cream shortening until it is soft and waxy, add the sugar a tablespoonful at a time, beating well after each addition. After it is mixed until light and fluffy, push to one side; then add the egg yolks, and beat until thick.

6

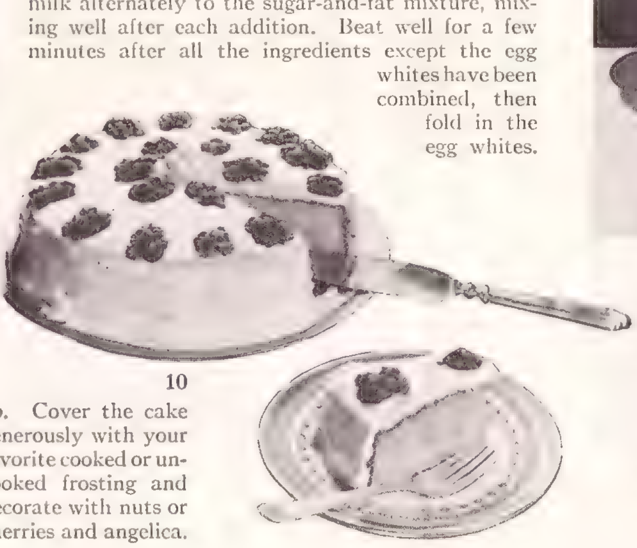
7

6–7. To achieve a cake of fine, soft texture the ingredients must be thoroughly blended at each step. Add the vanilla to the milk, then add the flour and milk alternately to the sugar-and-fat mixture, mixing well after each addition. Beat well for a few minutes after all the ingredients except the egg whites have been combined, then fold in the egg whites.

8

8. A rubber plate-scraper is very useful in cake-making; with it you can remove the last drop of batter from the bowl. A large cake must be baked more slowly than a layer-cake. If the oven is too hot, a crust will form over the top before the cake has had time to rise fully; then, as it continues to rise, it will break across the top.

350 degrees F. is the correct temperature for baking loaf cakes; the time required, 45 to 60 minutes. The temperature for layer-cakes is higher, 375 degrees F., for 20 to 30 minutes.



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10. Cover the cake generously with your favorite cooked or uncooked frosting and decorate with nuts or cherries and angelica.

9

9. A cake is done when it shrinks from the sides of the pan; when a toothpick inserted in the center of the cake comes out clean; and when the cake is not indented in the center when pressed lightly with the fingers.

When the cake is taken from the oven, place it on a wire rack so that no moisture collects underneath it while it is cooling. Remove the pan and the paper at once, and let the cake become cold before frosting. If the cake is iced while hot it is likely to melt and absorb part of the icing.

In Winter Wind or Burning Sun

it keeps your skin flower-soft • snow-white

IT'S a wonderful satisfaction to have a skin that never chaps and gets dry and rough in cold weather; that keeps its soft, smooth fairness through long days in sun and wind.

Jergens Lotion helps you to have just that kind of a skin. Soothing, healing, restorative —it stands by your skin in all kinds of weather.

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It keeps your skin smooth and supple in summer, taking the fever out of a hot parched skin, soothing and healing it when you have been too long in the sun.

Jergens Lotion owes its wonderful restorative power to two famous ingredients long known to medicine for their beneficient, healing action on the skin.

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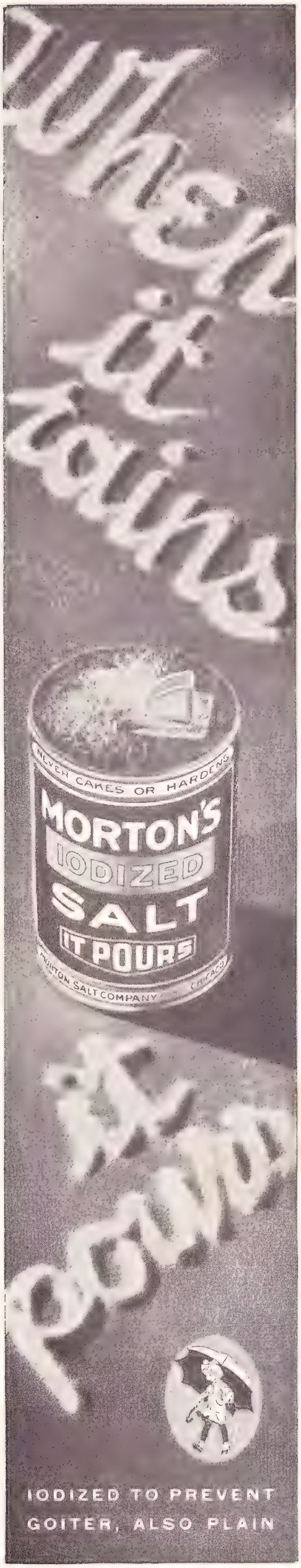
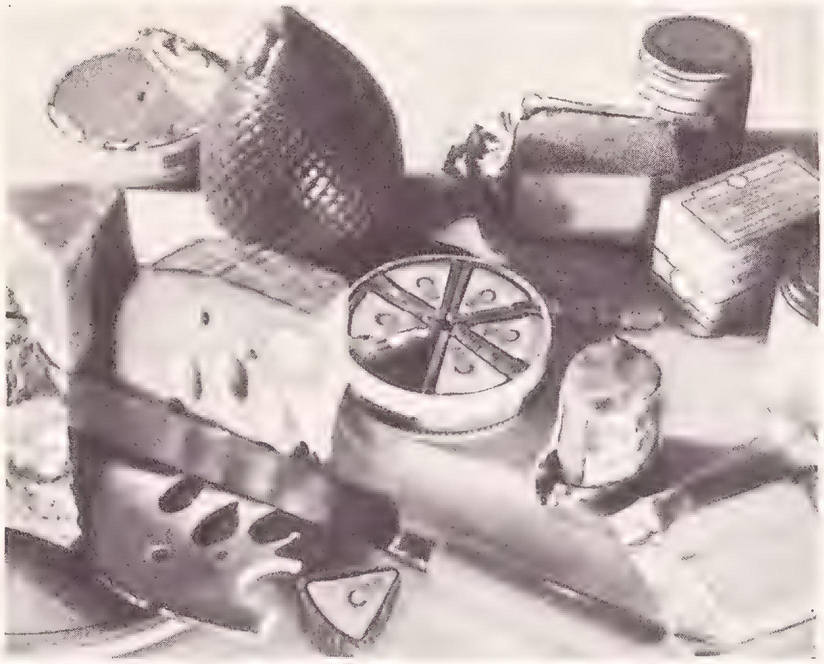




THERE IS A SHAPE AND FLAVOR OF CHEESE FOR EVERY NEED

Photo by Mayer-Kuck

CHEESE FOR VARIETY

By Allie Lowe Miles

CHEESE is one of the foods which no housekeeper can afford not to have in some form available in her refrigerator at all times; for certainly there are few foods which may be bought in the variety of flavors and used in as many different ways as cheese can be.

Many uses for cheese have been totally ignored. We are quite familiar with it in its original state, served with crackers and jelly as the last course at dinner, and we know how good a fluffy cheese soufflé is for luncheon. We have also enjoyed a hot rarebit or "bunny" on many cold Winter nights. But do you know how truly excellent cheese is in the dishes listed below?

Cheese on Soups

PRESS any of the moist, rich, yellow package-cheeses through a potato-ricer or a coarse wire sieve. It comes out in wee cylinders. A tablespoonful scattered on the top of a bowl of hot cream or vegetable soup adds greatly to its appearance and taste. These cheese-cylinder decorations will keep indefinitely and can also be used on top of baked dishes.

Toasted Sandwich

FOR a delightful surprize for luncheon or a late supper scramble 2 eggs in butter until they are rather dry. Put them through a food-grinder, using a medium-sized grinding-blade. Add to this an equal amount of fresh celery, also ground; 1 small onion, which will add flavor if you like it, and 1 tablespoonful of fresh green pepper, ground. Cream thoroughly ½ pound package of any soft, sharp yellow cheese; then stir in the vegetables and eggs. Add to this 1 teaspoonful of salt, ½ teaspoonful of paprika, a few dashes of mild pepper, and 1 brimming teaspoonful of your favorite meat sauce. Blend all together. Spread generously on large, rather thin slices of rye bread—butter is not necessary—and toast to a light-brown crispness on both sides. Serve immediately with a whole opened sardine on top and a firm, juicy dill pickle.

Cheese with Rice and Mushrooms

COOK 1 cupful of rice in briskly boiling salted water until done. Empty into a sieve, let cold water run through it, then put it in the top of a double boiler to keep hot until ready to use. Place a round 7-ounce piece of cheese in a double boiler and let it heat through. Drain 1 can of mushrooms and brown them in 3 tablespoonfuls of fat. Blend 1 tablespoonful of flour in with the mushrooms and add cold milk until it boils to a heavy creamy consistency. Add 1 teaspoonful of brown sauce to color and salt to taste. Arrange the dry, hot rice on a large round dish, turn out the round, slightly melted, cheese on top, and pour the mushrooms and sauce over it all. A delicious luncheon- or supper-dish.

Creamed Cheese Balls on Toast

PIMIENTO—or plain cheese if you prefer—cut in small balls with a potato-cutter and dropped into your favorite thick cream sauce makes a savory luncheon-dish when served on thin slices of hot toast. If anything has happened to your ball potato-cutter the cheese may be diced. Do not let the cream sauce boil after the cheese is added.

Cheese, Date, and Banana Salad

FILL the hollows of pitted dates with a generous amount of a mild spreading cheese. Arrange 5 of them in little grooves, that you have cut with a spoon, on the flat surface of a banana which has been split lengthwise. Place on lettuce, and serve with mayonnaise into which you have stirred some finely chopped nuts.

Cheese with Spaghetti and Meat

COOK ½ pound of spaghetti in a large quantity of salted boiling water until done. Brown ½ pound of chopped beef in 1 tablespoonful of fat. Drain the spaghetti; add the meat and 1 cupful of finely sliced cheese. Salt and pepper to taste. Turn the mixture into a buttered baking-dish, sprinkle the top with cheese cylinders, and brown in the oven.

Cheese Hollandaise

HOLLANDAISE sauce made with cheese instead of butter never "goes back on you." It is excellent served with vegetables. Use a glass or an enamelware pan, preferably tall and deep to fit a rotary egg-beater. Put 1 tablespoonful of butter, 1 of lemon-juice, or vinegar, and the unbeaten yolks of 2 eggs into the pan. Set it in boiling water over a slow fire. Begin beating with the egg-beater. When warm add ¼ cupful of sliced, mild cheese and 2 tablespoonfuls of milk. When it begins to thicken add 2 more tablespoonfuls of milk and another ¼ cupful of sliced cheese. Stir constantly. Add 1 teaspoonful of salt and a dash of Cayenne. Slowly add milk until the desired consistency is reached. Let stand in hot water until ready to serve. This may be remelted with milk and used at another meal, or it is a delicious sandwich spread when cold.

Cream Bunny

THIS is a famous recipe for a mild Welsh rabbit. Cream together in a double boiler 1 tablespoonful of butter, 1 tablespoonful of flour, 1 teaspoonful of dry mustard, ½ teaspoonful of salt, and ¼ teaspoonful of paprika. When thoroughly creamed stir in ½ cupful of evaporated milk. Place in the lower part of a double boiler that is filled with boiling water. As the mixture begins to heat stir and add ½ cupful of water. When it begins to thicken add ½ pound of American or stronger cheese that has been grated, or if very fresh cut into thin slices. While the cheese is melting add 1 well-beaten egg into which you have whipped 2 tablespoonfuls of milk. If this cream bunny should be heavier than you care to serve on crackers or toast add very hot milk until it is the desired consistency.

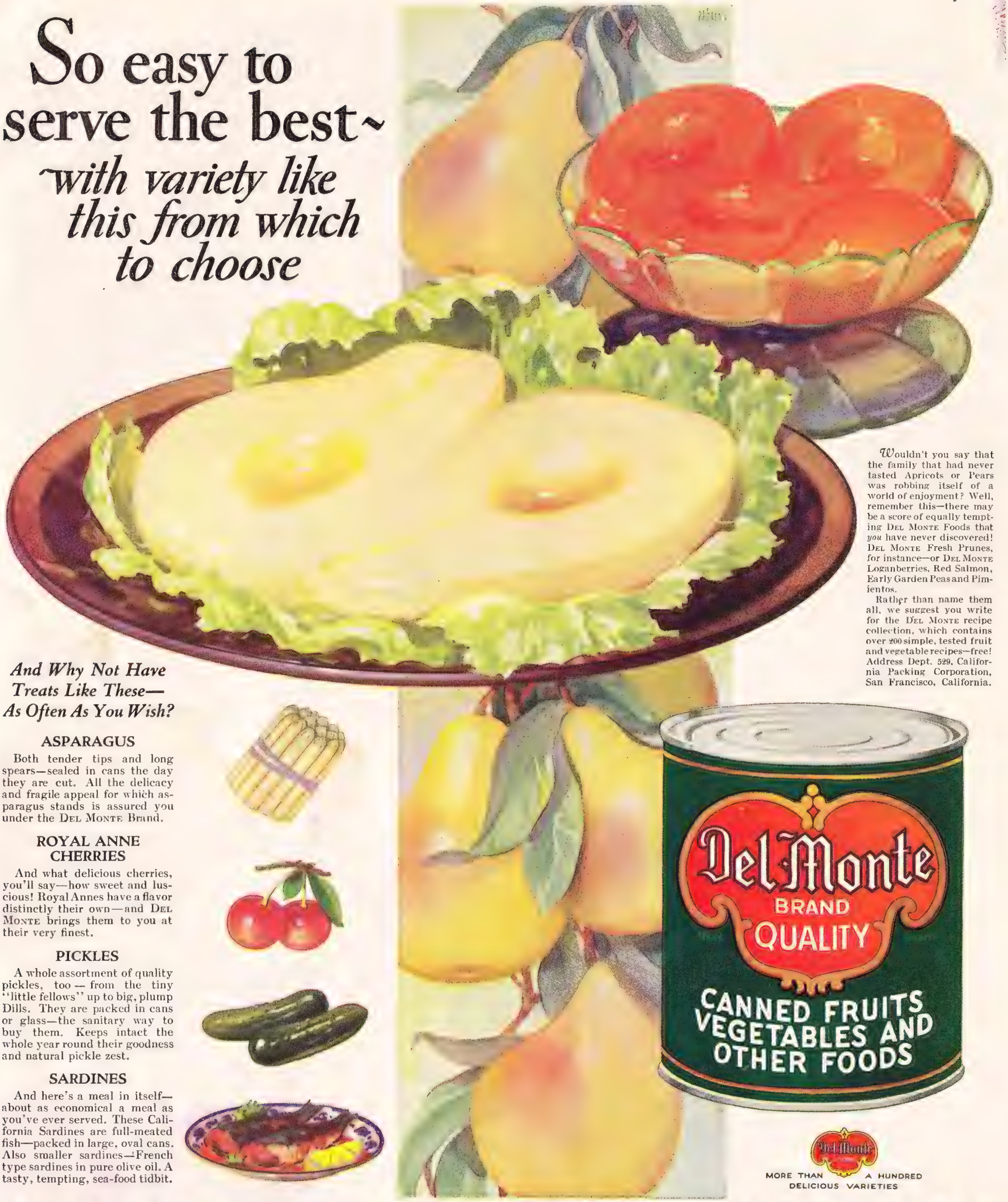
Cheese Sandwich Loaf

REMOVE the crust from a loaf of sandwich bread and slice lengthwise. Place the first slice on the dish you wish to serve the loaf on, and spread it with mayonnaise; then cover with thinly sliced tomatoes. Spread another slice of bread with mayonnaise, and place the dressing side on the tomato layer. Spread the top of this slice with a layer of sharp cheese which has been creamed until the consistency is soft enough for spreading. Cover with another slice of bread spread with mayonnaise and covered with lettuce. Spread the fourth slice of bread with mayonnaise, and place the mayonnaise side on the lettuce. Soften 3 packages of cream cheese with cream, and spread on the outside of the loaf in the same manner as you would frost a cake. Garnish with parsley or watercress and small radish-roses. Place it in the refrigerator for at least an hour before serving.

Asparagus Croquettes

DRAIN 1 medium-sized can of asparagus (saving the liquid for soup). Chop fine and mix with 1 cupful of thick white sauce seasoned with a few gratings of nutmeg. Add 1 cupful of cracker-crums, ¼ pound of grated American cheese, and 1 egg, well beaten. Mix well and form into small croquettes. Dip each croquette in cracker-crums, then egg, beaten slightly, then in crums again. Fry in deep fat until a golden brown. Remove from the fat and drain on brown paper. Serve on a chop-dish garnished with watercress and red-pepper rings.

So easy to serve the best~
~with variety like this from which to choose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Miriam Finn Scott, author of "How to Know Your Child," and "Meeting Your Child's Problems"

"There's a game for teaching almost every habit to children," says Miriam Finn Scott

FROM the moment little feet thud on the floor in the morning till they go to bed at night—how busy their owners are! Impatient of everything that interrupts the one important business—play.

But there are ways, now, by which mothers can use this very spirit of play to form lasting habits.

"Open the vast mine which contains the new riches of play," says Miriam Finn Scott, renowned psychologist and author. "There's a game for teaching almost every habit to children."

For instance, you want right habits of eating to become second nature. Particularly breakfast habits. A series of school tests has shown this arresting fact: children are definitely handicapped, at work and at play, unless they start their day with a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast. Over 70,000 teachers have hung this rule on their class room walls:

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Mothers are apt to feel their duty so strongly that they are sometimes too earnest at the breakfast table. They may even let anxiety creep into their voice when they talk about hot cereal.

Then children resist. They believe they don't like Cream of Wheat—or oatmeal—or whatever *hot, cooked* cereal is served them. But what they really don't like is the dead seriousness of the whole business.

One of the ways to change all this is a children's club—called the H. C. B. After a mother has sent for free membership for her children she needn't do anything else—except cook the hot cereal!

Youngsters respond with enthusiasm to the play material of this club. Brightly colored posters, glittering gold stars, shiny badges. All free, sent direct to the child. They love the game and soon they love their cereal too.

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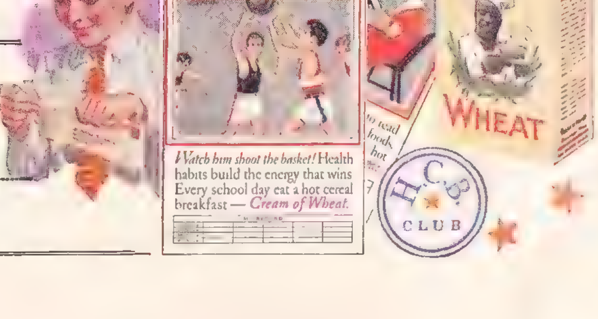
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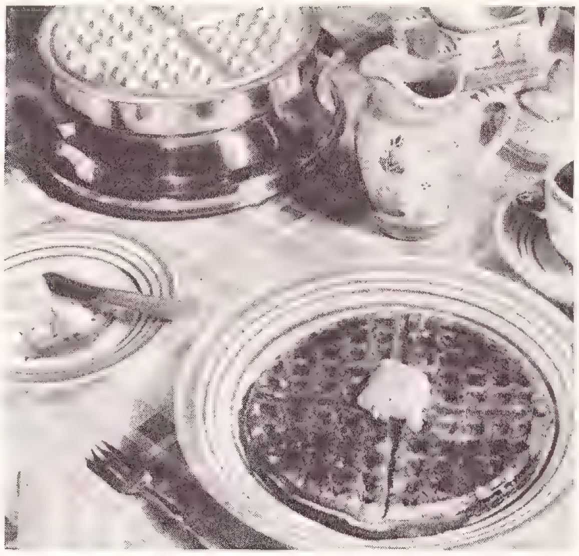


China, courtesy Lord & Taylor   Photo by Mayer-Kuck

WAFFLES MEN WILL LIKE

By Isabel Ely Lord

Formerly Director of the School of Household Science and Arts of Pratt Institute

WE ARE never in doubt as to what a good waffle is or as to what it should be—light, crisp, delicate, served hot from the waffle-iron.

The modern aluminum waffle-iron is easier to use than the real "iron" of former days. A new one needs burning off by heating for 10 minutes, then with a soft cloth coating *very* lightly with a film of grease, and heating (closed) for 3 minutes more. It is now ready for use, and grease must never again be used on it, since it is not needed and will cause the iron to smoke. Before using always heat for 10 minutes. Then open, and put into each compartment enough batter to fill ⅔ full—about 1 tablespoonful.

For those new to waffle-making, the most difficult point is usually the amount of batter. Too much causes oozing out; too little makes an imperfect cake. Measuring is safest until judgment is gained; then you can pour cheerfully and competently from a pitcher. If over a fire, close the iron, bake for 1½ minute, turn, bake another 1½ minute. If an electric iron, it is of course not turned, as the heat is supplied to both sides at once. The cooking-time is still 3 minutes.

During the cooking steam will issue from between the halves of the iron. When it practically ceases the waffle is baked, tho it may be cooked a little longer if you want it very crisp. Do not open the iron until you are fairly sure the waffle is done, as, if only partly done, it will separate. If the waffles stick, and the batter was right, the iron was not hot enough. If they are scorched on top, the iron was too hot. Reduce the flame or turn off the current for a few moments. Any aluminum waffle-iron should be cleaned inside with a wire brush, never by washing. To do so will cause the waffles to stick.

Now for the mixture that makes a good waffle. It must have plenty of shortening—more than the griddle-cake to which it is kin. Here is a standard formula:

Waffles

2 Cupfuls Flour
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1½ Cupful Milk
2 Eggs, Beaten Separately
4 to 6 Tablespoonfuls Shortening, Melted
4 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder

SIFT together the flour and salt, add the milk slowly, then the beaten yolks and shortening. Fold in the beaten whites and baking-powder, and bake at once. The batter should be thick enough so that a spoon drawn through it makes a "track" for a moment. The baking-powder may be sifted with the flour, but a little fillip is given to the delicacy of the result if it is added with the whites.

The sour-milk waffle is more tender. To make it, substitute the same amount of sour milk as sweet in the foregoing recipe, adding ¾ teaspoonful of soda and using only 1 teaspoonful of baking-powder. Any griddle-cake batter that you like may be used for waffles by increasing the fat to at least 2 tablespoonfuls for every cupful of flour. If you like, you can add such materials as dates, raisins, nuts—all chopped fine—or green corn.

Delicate Waffles

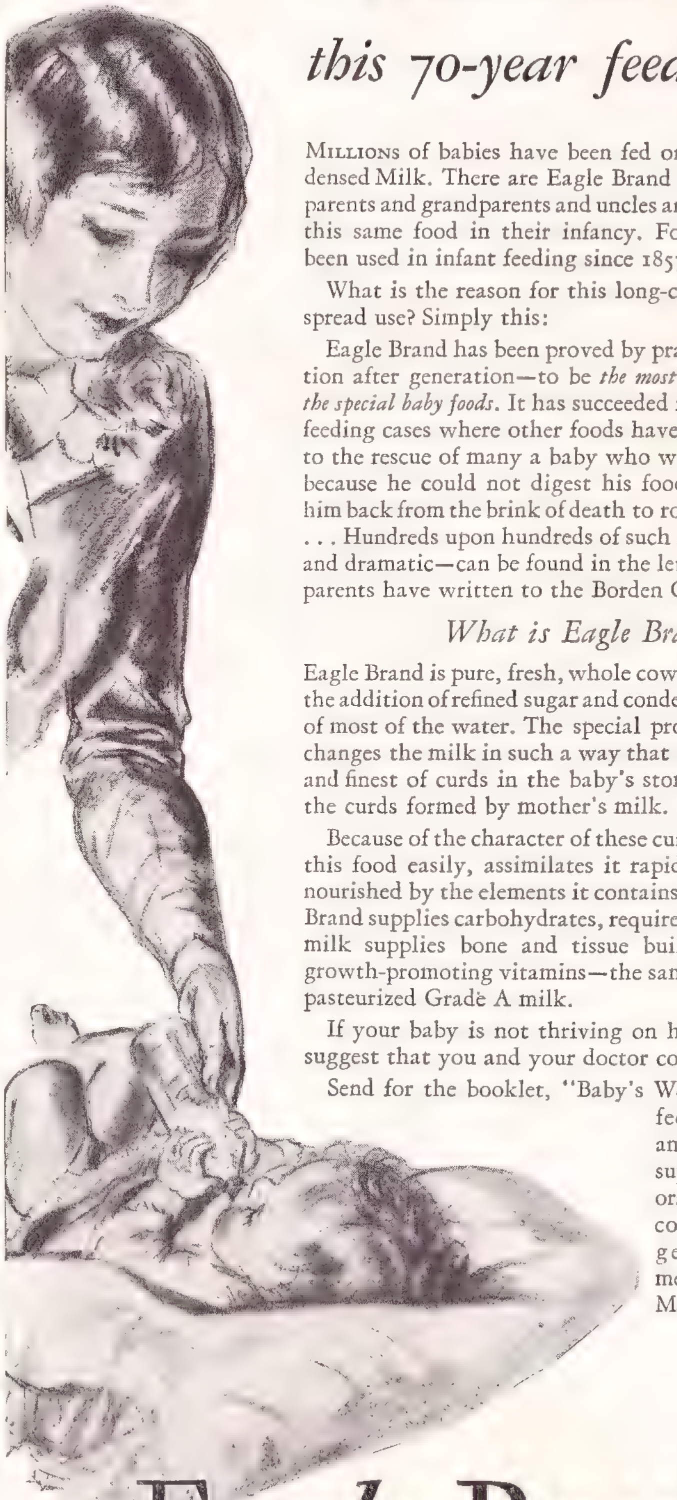
1½ Cupful Cold Cooked Rice
2 Cupfuls Cold Scalded Milk
1 Tablespoonful Flour
3 Eggs, Beaten Separately
⅓ Cupful Shortening, Melted
1 Teaspoonful Baking-powder
½ Teaspoonful Salt

MASH the rice smooth with the milk, and proceed as in the first recipe. Try these waffles if you want the kind that melt in your mouth.

WHEN does one serve waffles? Every one knows that they are perfect for Sunday-night suppers. For a hearty dish they may be served with any kind of meat or poultry gravy. And waffles with sausage and gravy, ham and gravy, creamed dried beef, chicken in gravy or creamed, or any similar dish, make a good luncheon as well as a satisfying supper. Waffles are often served the Southern way with chicken at a main meal, and they are just as delicious with any other meat that has gravy.

Then there are many ways of serving waffles as dessert—always a hearty one—and should be planned for a meal that is not a heavy one otherwise. Often they are eaten with only plenty of butter and maple-sirup. But the dessert that is popular wherever it is known is a slice or ball of ice-cream served on a hot waffle-section. Some prefer the waffle sweet for this purpose, tho flour mixtures eaten with ices are best when they have the least sugar. Chocolate waffles are a pleasing variation to serve this way, and are also delicious with just whipped cream. Add to the regular batter ¼ cupful of cocoa, ¼ teaspoonful of vanilla, ¼ teaspoonful of cinnamon, and as much sugar as you like up to ½ cupful.

The plain waffles sprinkled with maple or brown sugar and heaped with whipped cream are delectable—or sweeten the cream with the sugar. Cooked or preserved fruits or soft fresh fruits like the berries may be spread over them, the juices furnishing the sauce, or cream being added for the fresh fruits. Orange is delicious—just the pulp, freed of all membrane, with an orange sauce or whipped cream. "Waffle shortcakes" take two sections, with fruit between and on top, and this is a very good way to serve if it seems likely that a single section will not satisfy the eater thereof.



Mothers of
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Listen to the story of this 70-year feeding test!

MILLIONS of babies have been fed on Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. There are Eagle Brand babies today whose parents and grandparents and uncles and aunts were fed on this same food in their infancy. For Eagle Brand has been used in infant feeding since 1857.

What is the reason for this long-continued and widespread use? Simply this:

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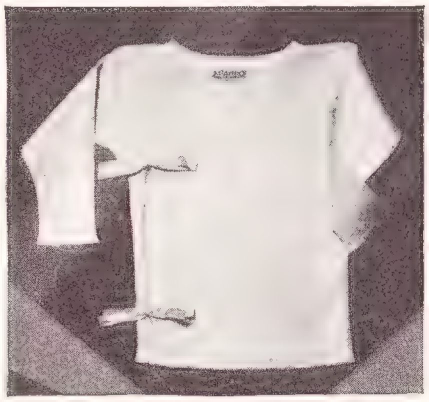

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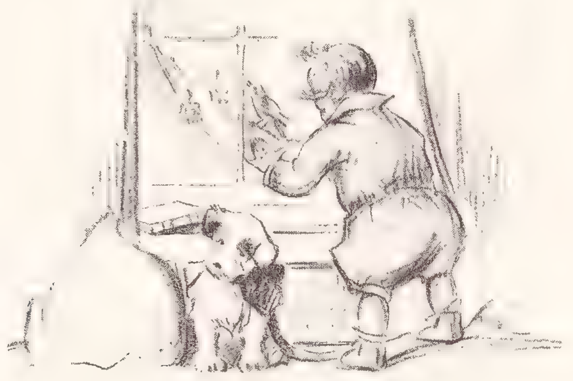

THE BABIES' ALMANAC

The eleven-months-old baby

BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

THE table of heights and weights from the Children's Bureau at Washington, D. C., gives the height of boy babies 11 months old as 29 inches and the weight as 21⅜ pounds. This average is considered a little high by some, so it need cause no alarm to any mother if her baby falls a little short of this standard. The average of girls both in weight and in height is somewhat lower than that of the baby boys.

Some babies 11 months old will take a step or two alone when playing in their exercise-pens; others will not attempt to do this until several months later. They should be given a chance to stand and walk at will, but never urged to do so.

The plain-milk or slightly modified-milk formula, cereal, vegetable soup, chicken broth, beef-juice, coddled egg, and zwieback are continued this month with only slightly larger quantities than advised last month.

March is such a windy month in many parts of the United States that dust and germs of all kinds are scattered about, often being inhaled by babies and young children and resulting in influenza, bronchitis, and many complications. Many of these diseases are highly infectious; hence when one member of a family has any sort of illness the baby should be kept strictly away from the person who is ill.

Earache is very distressing and often difficult to diagnose from a young mother's point of view. Usually a baby will cry out in pain and put his hand up to his ear or in its neighborhood. There will often be quite an elevation of temperature also. When the mother is in doubt about an earache she should always call her doctor as soon as possible, as much needless suffering may be saved poor baby. While waiting for the doctor to arrive the mother should apply a small hot-water bag to the ear that seems to pain. An electric pad, hot flannel, or an electric-light bulb wrapped in a thin flannel and held against the aching ear may give a little relief until the doctor arrives.

It is never a good plan to drop oil or anything else into a baby's ear unless the doctor has first examined it and given his exact orders for doing so. The majority of ear specialists recommend the application of dry heat to the ear and no other treatment until an examination and positive diagnosis can be made.

Often if an abscess is forming behind the drum of the ear, great relief will be obtained by making a small slit or opening in the drum, thereby discharging the fluid or pus, and the baby will often fall into a refreshing sleep. Mothers should not be alarmed nor refuse to allow the doctor to perform this minor operation if he thinks it is needed. Prompt treatment of this kind sometimes prevents a mastoid abscess, which is a much more serious disease.

After the abscess is opened, or if it breaks itself as sometimes happens, the ear will have to be kept very clean by irrigating or syringing it with some slightly antiseptic solution such as warm boric-acid or salt solution. The doctor will usually instruct the mother just how to do this, using a soft rubber bulb ear-syringe. Sometimes a nurse will be needed for the first day or two, as it is important to keep the opening made in the drum free for any discharge to come through it. Great care should be taken to dry the ear thoroughly with a little soft cotton after each treatment; otherwise the discharge and moisture will sometimes cause a skin trouble of the ear, as eczema.

Club mothers often write me at this season of the year, saying the baby has had a "running ear" for weeks and asking if it is necessary to have a doctor see the child. I always say it most assuredly is necessary! An ear that has been discharging for weeks may endanger the child's hearing for life. Never allow this condition to continue.

One of our club leaflets is called "The Most Common Infectious Diseases." It will be sent to any one upon request who will remember to enclose a stamped envelop addressed to oneself.

Free Child Health Service

IF your baby is under 6 months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, by which you will receive monthly help until the baby is 2 years old. Send us the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be sent you.

If you want advice about older children up to the age of 12, ask for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class.

No diseases will be treated by mail nor medicines prescribed.

No blanks will be sent or inquiries answered unless you enclose a United States stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

Address your correspondence to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

Why 47 years ago LISTERINE checked Sore Throat *–and why it still does*

MEN and women of the early 80's no less than those of today, were justified in their faith in Listerine as a first aid in checking sore throat and other simple infections.

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Repeated tests in laboratories of national repute show full strength Listerine to be so powerful that it kills even the virulent B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds. These germs are used by the U. S. Government to test the power of antiseptics.

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Escape colds this way

Millions of colds start when germs, transferred from the hands to food, enter the mouth. Therefore, before every meal, rinse your hands with Listerine. This effectually destroys disease germs. They are killed before they can enter the body. This simple act may save you a nasty siege with a cold. And it is especially important for mothers to remember.

"GREAT!" men say. They're enthusiastic about Listerine Shaving Cream. You will be also when you try it. So cool! So soothing!

The fault, dear lady, lies often with yourself

MANY a woman whose complexion is not what it ought to be shifts from this cream to that—from one method to another and wonders why her complexion does not improve.

But the fault, dear lady, rests nearly always neither with your creams, nor with your methods, but rather in frequent neglect of your own internal cleanliness.—And without internal cleanliness not all the beauty aids in christendom can give your skin real beauty.

Good complexions come from within. And there is nothing quite so successful in keeping your skin fine and clear and smooth as your little bottle of Sal Hepatica.

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Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the European spas. By clearing your blood stream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the trouble by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for headaches, colds, twinges of rheumatism, indigestion, auto-intoxication, etc.

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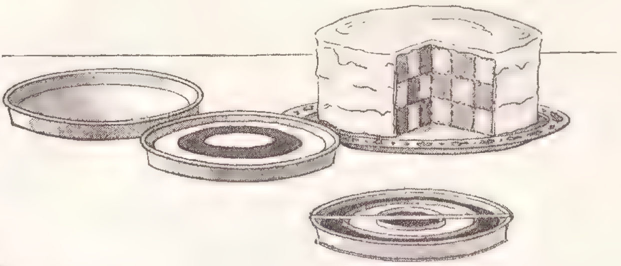
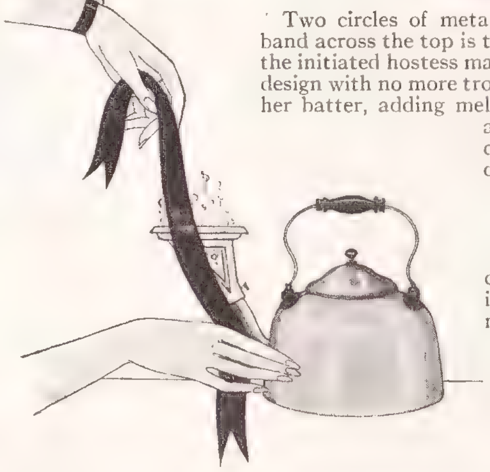
Inexpensive appliances that make quick work of every-day tasks

HERE are a few inexpensive aids to lighten some of the detail jobs which make up your day. Most of them are very practical, and by helping to shorten the time usually spent on routine tasks give you more time to spend upon yourself.—N. H. E.

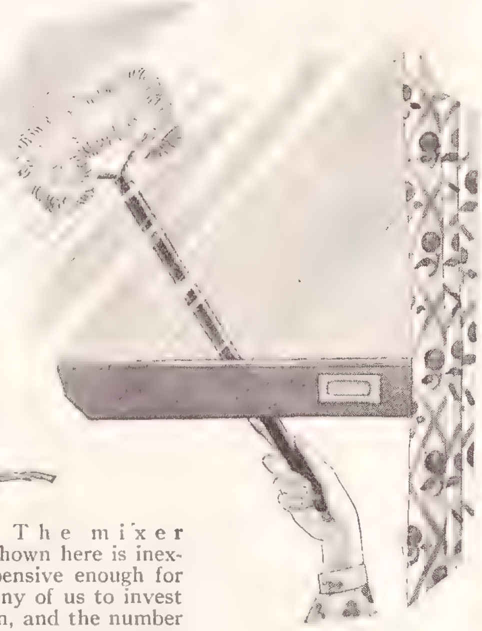


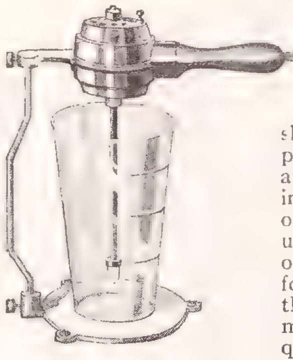
Two circles of metal fastened together by a band across the top is the clever means by which the initiated hostess makes fancy cake of checked design with no more trouble than that of dividing her batter, adding melted chocolate to one-half and alternating the two colors between the metal divisions. Simple, isn't it?



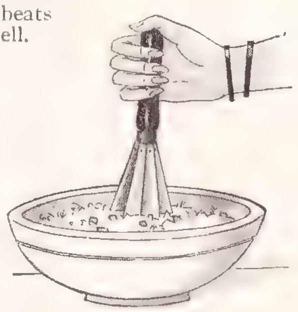
The usual hot flat-iron can not be used for pressing the velvets so popular now, but this little invention, which may be screwed on the spout of any teakettle, will do the trick in no time at all.

Washing windows is supposed to be a job which calls for much "wet" water and large drippy cloths, not to mention the awkward angles the washer must assume. However, some thoughtful person has recently invented a mop just for cleaning windows, the cotton fiber having been treated with chemicals so that no water is required.





The mixer shown here is inexpensive enough for any of us to invest in, and the number of times it can be used in the process of preparing meals for the 365 days in the year is innumerable. It beats quickly and well.



Many foods must be divided into very small pieces before they are ready for your recipe. Chopping or cutting with a sharp knife stains your hands and requires a lot of time. This unusual chopping-knife has several sharp blades ingeniously attached to a heavy handle. It is strong enough to stand a great deal of pressure; in short, it chops accurately.

For further information about any of these articles, send a stamped envelop, self-addressed, to the Home Bureau, Pictorial Review.

This Simple Habit

safeguards natural beauty of teeth and gums

Keeping teeth healthy and lovely is really easier than perhaps you imagine.

"Just keep them clean"—that is the simple rule which dentists urge. For clean teeth are likely to be healthy teeth. And healthy teeth are likely to be pretty teeth.

If you have any reason to feel that your teeth need treatment, see your dentist. Otherwise, do as he would have you do—brush your teeth twice a day with a safe dentifrice *that really cleans!* That, say leading dental authorities,* is the most that *you* can do to guard the natural loveliness of your teeth.

The Cleansing Dentifrice which Dentists urged!

Before we decided upon the Colgate formula, we went to leading dentists and asked this question, "What kind of dentifrice would best safeguard the health and beauty of teeth?" Their answer was simple. "A dentifrice that really cleans. Put in as much cleansing power as possible and leave out drugs, strong antiseptics and harsh abrasives—they are unnecessary and sometimes dangerous."

Upon this authoritative advice we made Colgate's. We produced a toothpaste of maximum cleansing power—yet so mild and pure that it cannot harm even the most delicate teeth.

. . . . . .

—and Only 25c

Colgate made the original 25c tube of dentifrice. It is today the largest selling toothpaste in the world. Due to enormous volume production, and to the resources of a hundred-million-dollar business, Colgate commands the finest materials and the widest scientific research to safeguard quality. Also, Colgate's is more economical. In the famous 25c tube, you get more toothpaste than in any other nationally advertised brand at that price.

Since then, constant research and continuous testing of all new theories have failed to show a way to make a more effective dental cleanser than Colgate's. So scientifically correct is the Colgate formula that more dentists recommend Colgate's than any other dentifrice. Largely on their advice more people today use Colgate's than any other.

Why Colgate's Cleans Better

Colgate's contains the most effective of all cleansing agents—in a special, mild, pure form. As you brush, this cleansing agent bursts into a bubbling, sparkling, delicious foam.

This foaming, searching wave carries a fine calcium carbonate powder which cleans away mucin and food deposits and polishes the enamel to shining smoothness. It penetrates between the teeth; reaches difficult surfaces—purifies and sweetens the entire mouth.

***AUTHORITY—"The dentist of today believes that there is very little curative or medicinal value in the average dentifrice. The chief function of a dentifrice is to clean the teeth . . . "**

From an interview with a leading dentist in Printers' Ink, December 20, 1928.

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Try it—FREE

We have a trial tube of Colgate's for you. Fill out and return the coupon and it will be mailed promptly. We will send also a copy of an interesting new booklet on care of the teeth and mouth.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1679, 595 Fifth Ave., New York.

Gentlemen: Please send me a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream together with the booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name..

Address..

Isn't there a Thrill in being Praised for serving "Something Special"?

Pineapple Ice Box Cake

AND isn't it also true that you are all the prouder if that special dish was easy and not too expensive to make?

Just read these two Knox Gelatine recipes. It does not seem possible that such a tempting salad and dessert could be made with such familiar, wholesome ingredients so easily. But it certainly is true.

The economy and many uses of Knox Sparkling Gelatine are indeed amazing. *One package makes four different salads or desserts of six generous servings each.* The Knox recipe books have a wealth of suggestions for every course in your menus. Best of all, Knox dishes can be prepared in your leisure time and put in your refrigerator. And because Knox Sparkling Gelatine is a pure protein it is a perfect food. When combined with wholesome ingredients of your own selection, Knox dishes promote health, in addition to delighting the taste. Wonderfully good for children.

Ask your grocer for Knox Sparkling Gelatine. Recipes are in every package. The Knox recipe books will be sent you free. When writing please give us the name of your grocer. Address Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., 135 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

FRUIT SALAD SUPREME

(6 *servings*)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine

½ cup cold water
1 cup boiling water
¼ cup lemon juice or mild vinegar
1/3 cup sugar
1½ cups of fresh or canned fruits
½ teaspoonful salt

Soak gelatine in cold water for five minutes and dissolve in boiling water; add sugar and stir in until dissolved. Add vinegar or lemon juice and salt. When jelly begins to thicken add fruit drained of juice—cherries, oranges, grapes, bananas or pineapple—alone or in combination. Turn into wet mold and chill. Remove from mold and serve on lettuce garnished with mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing. Note—If canned fruits are used, ½ cup of fruit juice may be used in place of ½ cup boiling water.

* * *

PINEAPPLE ICE BOX CAKE

(6 *servings*)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine

¼ cup cold water
½ can crushed pineapple
Pinch salt
¼ cup sugar
½ tablespoonful lemon juice
¾ cup cream, whipped
Lady fingers or stale sponge cake

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve over hot water and add pineapple, sugar, salt and lemon juice. Stir until all gelatine and sugar have dissolved. When it begins to thicken, beat and fold in cream or evaporated milk. Line sides and bottom of large square or round mold with lady fingers. Cover with pineapple cream mixture, then alternate cakes and cream until mold is full. Place in ice box and let stand three or four hours. Unmold on a large cake plate and garnish with whipped cream and strawberries in season.

The fresh fruits and vegetables in your market can be deliciously combined with Knox Sparkling Gelatine

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

Continued from Page 36

same as they were in the not far distant past. My experience of the men of twenty years ago is still useful to-day. I know the things men admire, the qualities they hold above other qualities; I understand what they will not do. In consequence I am at ease with them. Their standards are fixed. If they are honest in March they will be honest, probably, in April.

Their dishonesties are simple and can be easily guarded against. Men play a game that, as well as by another name, can be called the game of decency. The men I know and like live by its rules and they will eventually die within them.

It is, like all games, artificial; and women, who are invariably realists, will not be confined to purely imaginary limitations; so, for that reason alone, I feel safer, more comfortable, in the companionship of men. More comfortable. Women complicate even the simplest relationship, the simplest facts. An attractive woman complicates existence more than an unattractive woman; and, in my regrettable antiquity of attitude, I do not like unattractive women. I do not find them companionable. I will go much further—not only do I not know any of the new feminine variety, I do not want to know them. It is too late. If there is a new world, in that sense, I have no part or understanding in it. My books and my intimacies belong to the past—when no man of consequence would offer a charming woman the indignity of a bouquet of sentiments like paper flowers.

THE SILVER SWORD

Continued from Page 19

thing, all of us, and get together with Mr. Lorilard——"

Ring's words broke off and his jaw dropped. It was almost full dark in the leafy tunnel now. When he had blinked his eyes to make sure of the eery evidence, he appealed to Peyton.

"I didn't see your grandmother go, but it looks as tho she were gone, doesn't it? If she didn't understand about to-morrow morning, please explain it to her."

WHAT a night! The old woman wouldn't go to bed. She was frightened.

"One hundred thousand dollars!"

She had meant it as a crusher. She, who in half a century of wilderness and want had almost forgotten what twenty dollars could feel like in the hand, had dealt it as a blow. The only reason she hadn't made it a million was that the other had more syllables.

There's a nightmare in which you try to defend yourself against vermin with a club ten times as big as there's any need. And, lo, as you swing it for murder, it bends like putty; strike again, wildly, and it twists a very rope of water in your hands. Terrified, as soon as you can you wake up.

Kit Lorilard had wakened. Heretofore she had always been able to get back quickly again into the world of her illusion. To-night reality had jostled her too roughly (and too mockingly); her eyes were open too wide.

She had been living here in the lodge for upward of a decade, and not till now had she ever looked about her to see where she and Peyton were. Now that she did look, what had become of Kit Lorilard, high-headed chatelaine of arrogant Vendee? All she saw was an old woman; yes, an old, old woman, wrapped like a crone for warmth in a torn bedquilt, in a wired deal chair, before a rag of fire in a clay chimney, feet on a box to keep them off the ground.

"ONE hundred thousand dollars!" The wind rustled in the trees outside. In a neighboring room Monday Sue was snoring, warm in her own fat. Over and over and over. "One hundred thousand dollars!" The little fire made big shadows, trying its best to furnish the drafty kennel once again with big mahogany and soft hangings, and put a cricket on the hearth. But to-night the shadows were transparent, and the cricket was only a cockroach, three-quarters torpid, writing with its creepers in the wintry dust. "One hundred thousand dollars! In cash!"

Peyton, the boy, was restless. Time after time, when Kit, mistaking the wind in the palmettos for the sigh of a second sleeper, hoped that at last he had settled down, there his feet came, soft as a scout's on the earth, and his shadow, interrogating, across the other shadows on the wall. His eyes were wide with a fever of their own, and his voice sounded troubled.

"Gran', younah wake yet? Pas' middle night; moh bettah younah go bed."

That made her flinch.

"Stop it, sir. You know you can speak proper English if you'll but take the trouble to recollect to whom—" But then, trapped in reality beyond escape this time, she knew he couldn't, no matter what trouble he took. With that, at last, she had to look at him squarely and see him as he was. And seeing him, abruptly, vividly, and pitilessly, she saw his father before him, her son, a weed sprung in a thinning ground, a "gentleman" with the manners of an island cracker, a "scholar" with hardly more than a possum-hunter's words at his command, dying at last with as little apparent reason as he had lived, a dust-colored, soon-forgotten, old-young man.

And now she saw another father and other sons, as she had seen them but hours since standing before her under the oaks of the avenue, the two boys full of meat and laughter, the man formidable, fortunate, and obtuse. That father, whose father had marched with Sherman, laying the hand of patronage on the shoulder of a Peyton Lorilard of Vendee. "What about that prep school *now?* That college? A little something invested in the head——"

SHE saw them all for an instant against a red background black with the advancing towers of northern smoke.

"This is *it!*" they had said. Now she heard them: "This is the house. And here we are, come back for it."

Peyton, the boy, turned the log in the chimney to start a blaze.

"Now, Gran', sukkah late e is, younah go bed."

There was a loving gentleness in it that brought her up in her chair.

"Stop it!" It was her way of crying: "Get thee behind me, Satan!" But then she softened her voice. "You go to bed yourself, poor boy. I'm all right; don't worry about me. Peyton dear, please."

But before he was out of the room she was up looking after him.

"Peyton."

"Suh?"

"Peyton. That—that the Yankee was saying—about school—college—would it mean a very great deal to you? Peyton, say."

The boy was funny. He looked cornered. He grew red and began to scowl.

"Wuh me fuh do wid schoolin', Gran'? Uh knows ebruhting, enty?"

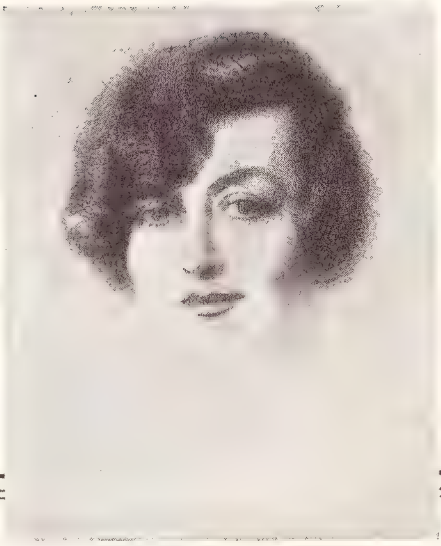
There it was, the full blow, squarely between Kit's opened eyes. And now, between two winks, a thing that would have been incredible for more than fifty years had become inevitable. As surely as Vendee House stood there in the morning, and as surely as that Yankee fool in his folly came back asking-

As soon as the boy was safely gone, panic began to chase the old woman around the room. Shuffling. The place had grown a trap, and she had to escape it. Opening the door with the care of fright, she stood out in the air.

The chill little wind of the Carolina night ran glassy clear, making the stars shiver. In the black mouth of the avenue it made the moss-veils wave, confused,

Continued on Page 58

"Large cups of fragrant coffee," says MRS. DOUGLAS MACARTHUR planning her famous Maryland suppers



FROM THIS GENEROUS COFFEE URN OF SILVER Mrs. MacArthur herself draws the large cups of delicious coffee which are as much a part of her suppers as the broiled chicken, oysters and beaten biscuits . . . Classic dignity and formality of line distinguish the MacArthur residence and are felt also in the stately yet charming elegance of the furnishings. Against this background the guests chatting so genially over the coffee cups present a picture worthy of the finest tradition of Southern hospitality.

"I *think of all the parties I give at my Maryland house, the most popular and informal is my Sunday evening Maryland Supper. I always serve the coffee in large cups for somehow those large cups of fragrant coffee seem unfailingly to knit a group of diverse individuals into a cordial company. For many years the mellow blended flavor of Maxwell House Coffee has been identified with the gayest, most charming aspects of life in the Old South."*

Louise MacArthur

LIKE an oasis in the pressure of busy official and diplomatic life in Washington comes an invitation to Sunday evening supper at Rainbow Hill—Mrs. Douglas MacArthur's beautiful home in the lovely Green Spring Valley outside of Baltimore.

Knowingly provided, from her wide experience in entertaining, are those "large cups of fragrant coffee." Like others of America's most brilliant hostesses, she serves Maxwell House.

No other coffee flavor is like that of Maxwell House. For Maxwell House Coffee is not a single flavor, but a rich, sparkling blend of selected coffees grown in many lands. It appeals to men and women alike, coming to the most critical palate as a different and deeply satisfying experience.

Maxwell House Coffee takes its rightful place in scenes of Southern hospitality. Years ago a fine hotel in the Old South became famous for its superlative coffee . . . . Travelers from all parts of the United States came to taste and remained to praise the rich mellow flavor of Maxwell House Coffee.

Southerners themselves boasted of it. They said no single coffee grown could taste quite so delicious. And they were right.

The flavor of Maxwell House is a blend of many different coffee flavors, each selected for a special excellence. A Southern gentleman—an expert in coffees with a talent for good living—first worked out this choice blend, which ever since has appealed unfailingly to other men and women who know good food.

North, South, East and West,—Maxwell House is accepted today as the fine coffee served in America's foremost homes—preferred by America's most famous hostesses. Let your own family and your friends enjoy this delicious coffee at your table. Your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee.

THE GENIUS OF ONE MAN gave America its ideal coffee. Only after countless, patient experiments was the mellow, full-bodied flavor of Maxwell House Coffee achieved.

MAXWELL HOUSE
COFFEE

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

"Good to the last drop"

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LISTEN IN ON THURSDAYS

Delightful weekly radio programs are broadcast by the famous Maxwell House Coffee Concert Orchestra, from WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, WTMJ, WOC, WHO, WOW, KOA, WCCO, KSD, WDAF, KVOO, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WBT, WJAX, WEBC. Tune in every Thursday evening for the Maxwell House Coffee Program.

You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea

Century
Romance
INLAID
with Solid Silver
back of bowls and
handles of the most used pieces

SHE

Wears the Smartest Clothes
Has the Smartest Things

But—

like everyone else, she is
human and...inconsistent.

HER PROGRESS in clothes from trailing skirts, balloon sleeves, and monstrous hats...has amazed the world.

Her home has been transformed, as by magic, to refined simplicity and ensembled harmony. But in one respect, she has stood stock still.

Watch her when guests are invited. She goes a-borrowing silver from neighbors. She sets table in five, six, seven clashing patterns of silverware. She hastily washes pieces between courses and marshals them into service.

As a bride, she had the wrong start. Well-meaning friends and relatives showered her with gift silver. A set of silverplate from father. An odd set of spoons from her girl friends. A jelly server in still another pattern. A perfect menagerie of patterns!

For the first time a maker of fine silverplate has faced this problem and developed the most inexpensive plan ever presented to acquire a complete service in one beautiful pattern.

If you mail the coupon below, you will receive a remarkable booklet by etiquette authorities. In four steps, at a cost you never notice (starting as low as $34.25), it leads you into the service of your dreams.

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Originated by Holmes & Edwards, genuine Inlaid Silverplate has the endurance of sterling silver back of bowls and handles of the most used pieces,—yet is priced no more than other high grade silverplate.

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Miss Ann Adams, . . Send me your booklet--"Stepping Stones to a Perfect Table Service."
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Continued from Page 56

like weed-streamers on the floor of an ocean upside down. Alive and menacing. In her imagination, as tho they knew her for a renegade so soon, she heard them whispering: "Don't try to go up there, old woman; don't try to go through here." Then Kit knew that that was the thing she must do.

"But I have no light, and the house is pitch-dark," she vacillated.

As simply as that, duplicity began; as shrewdly, mutiny laid its train.

"If you had matches with you, old woman——"

"But there's no lamp up there."

"Ah, but there is. In the serving-pantry. Remember?"

"There's no oil in it."

"The oil-can is under the table in Monday Sue's room, and since you're going back for matches anyway——"

As Kit went along the avenue, where for half a century a spirit in the likeness of a lady in gray had walked, continent and unhurrying, she hurried crabwise, her body askew with the weight of the oil-can, to keep it clear of her skirts.

She tried to pin her mind: "In cash, Peyton. It will be enough, and more than enough."

But if only she could get along faster, to keep ahead of what was at her heels. For now that she had dared break with her stubborn dream and rub her eyes and look, she saw the years of her age catching up with her flesh, one by one, ten by ten.

She kept on trying to pin her mind: "In gold, Peyton. . . . In the bank, my boy, in the morning. . . . A whole roof. . . . Charleston. . . . Decent clothes. . . . School. . . . Books. . . . Music. . . . Gentlemen's sons. . . . Gentlemen's daughters. . . . Lights. . . . Better lights than shanty fires. . . . A pew in St. Michael's. . . . A fair start in a new world, poor Peyton, poor boy. . . . "

BUT when she had come to where she could see the house's pillars dim in the starlight at the tunnel's end, another voice got in, sly as mocking.

"Why hurry so, Kit? Why not catch a moment's breath here? Why so fearful of this gap, just here, in the wall of the trees?"

Kit was winded. When she stopped her joints cracked with aching. When she looked out through that gap she saw, no higher than a rice-dike across the marsh, the wall of the wood that covered the Burying-ground.

Now a pendulum swung. Despite her will her mind ran away into memory.

She lay in childbed. No doctor was there; only Mauma Linda, the plantation midwife. Framed in the east window, London House was burning. Through the north window came a sound of guns from Chapel Wood.

Pain had her. A breath took a minute; minutes had the weight of hours.

"Hark again, Linda. Are they louder now?"

"Oh, muh Gawd, muh Gawd, Missie! dey shuah moh loudah. Yeddy um shoot dey guns. Oh, muh Jedus, who-all duh able stop dey Yankees fum come en dead my Missie en we-all, en bu'n de big house down?"

"Burn *this* house, Linda? Don't be insane! Burn *Vendee?*"

Sweat pouring down from the eyebrows into the eyes, big cold rivers.

A cry out of an open throat. "I must stop them. Quick, Linda! Help! Can't you see you must help me, you fool? *Bear my baby quickly, and let me go!*"

Blackness—and Kit was let go.

Blackness striped with fire, vein on vein, rank after crackling musket-rank, Sherman's batteries wheel to wheel along the sylvan parapet of the Burying-ground, reaping the low country with a metal wind. And Kit and her husband, who had come white-bodied from somewhere, stood side by side in that wind; stood with their arms spread out against it. It blew on through them. It tore their flesh to ribbons, and the ribbons to threads, ten thousand irons of pain. Ten more thousands. Ten more. With a rushing and a whistling, all the murdering weight of the invaders' wonder and spleen.

And still they stood, mistress and master, their riddled arms spread out across the way of an army in the night of hell. Till nothing was left unriddled but her lips, Kit's lips kept on saying: "We'll not fall, Peyton." And still Peyton answered: "We'll not fall."

So, little by little, the weight began to lessen. One by one the veins of flame were emptied. The wind died. All was still.

"We've stood and we've broken them, Peyton. They're gone, and they'll never come back again."

No answer.

"Peyton!"

Her arms still out across the house, Kit turned her head to look for him. Light struck slowly into her eyes. A weak flare of candles in a room where she lay on a bed. Two negroes were bending over her. One was Mauma Linda, with a bundle in her arms. The other was Julius, Peyton's body-servant, whom she had not seen for months. His clothes were muddy, his eyes white with a scared triumph; in his fists he gripped his master's sword.

THE old woman found herself shaking with the cold like so many bones tied loosely together. Like rattling bones words echoed through her brain:

". . . . My father was down through here with Sherman. . . . It came to us: 'This is *it!*' . . . ."

The bones of her knuckles Kit rubbed in her eyes. What was she thinking?

". . . . So, naturally, we can't get in too soon for *us*. . . . "

"In where? Into Vendee? You Yankees?"

". . . go up in the morning . . . get together with Mr. Lorilard. . . . "

"Never!"

"Ah, but you will, you know. There's Peyton, poor boy. In daylight it will look different again. You know, yourself, as surely as that house——"

"No, no, no, no!"

Where could she look for help, if she couldn't look to her own two hands? One of them she discovered full of matches, the other numb with the weight of a gallon of kerosene. Now they began to mock her with voices.

"You know it's true. An iron wind is one thing to stand against; a wind of gold is quite another. As surely as that Yank comes back with his hundred thousand——"

"You lie!" She tried to throw the matches away, but they stuck between her fingers.

"And as surely as ever that house is standing there when he comes——"

She shook the oil-can, but that only filled it with a clucking mirth.

"What did you bring me for? To fill a lamp? *To fill a lamp?*"

THE most monstrous part of it was that for what seemed hours nobody saw it, nobody knew, nobody came. Towering bright in a hundred miles of blackness; roaring skyward in the center of silence. Nobody shouted; nobody came.

Even when it did begin, the awakening seemed intolerably gradual. Down-river a cabin bed creaking. "Wuh dat light sukkah red lukkah fiah?" Up-river a cabin door flung back. "Jedus! *Fiah!*" A telephone shrilling, half a parish away. On the hard roads, the slap-slap of bare feet, wooden ringing of hoofs. Presently, as the east lightened toward day, sirens of engines.

It was nearly sunup when Perry Ring put his head out of the companionway of the sixty-footer, where she lay at anchor across the river.

"What's all the smoke about?" Realizing then: "Hey, you, below— Dad, wake up—see what's happened to your ruin. Gone up in smoke."

When the three got ashore they found half the population of the parish around the black foundations, from which strings of smudge still arose. On one side only, the front, toward the heat-shriveled mound of the avenue, did they keep a distance and leave a space. Kit Lorilard sat there, not on rock or stump, but on

Continued on Page 63

There *are* 7 delicious ways to serve your Easter "STAR" HAM

Here are the 7 ways

For 8 or more persons

1. Baked in cider
2. Spiced and baked
3. Ham roast stuffed

For 4 to 6 persons

4. Ham butt baked with cloves
5. Half-ham braised

For "you two"

6. Savory baked ham slice
7. Ham slice baked with apples

JUST consider these Easter dinner suggestions. Select the one that fits your family. Then send for the recipe book prepared by the Armour Kitchen, "60 Ways to Serve Ham," which tells you exactly how to cook it.

But to make the Armour recipe a complete success, be sure to use Star Ham. Then you will have ham that is juicy and tender—firm, fine-grained meat that carves easily and is unsurpassed in mild, savory flavor. Just the kind of ham that you and your family will like!

To the Armour Kitchen belongs the credit of discovering how American homes like their ham. Equipped with this information the Kitchen constantly demands this home standard of goodness from every Armour department of preparation.

Retail meat dealers everywhere will gladly fill your order for Star Ham. It is good economy to buy a whole ham and have it cut according to the recipe you plan to use. Even if you only cook a slice for Easter, the rest will keep perfectly until you are ready to use it. Send the coupon for your free copy of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."

ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago
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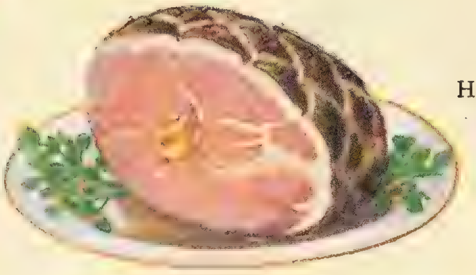
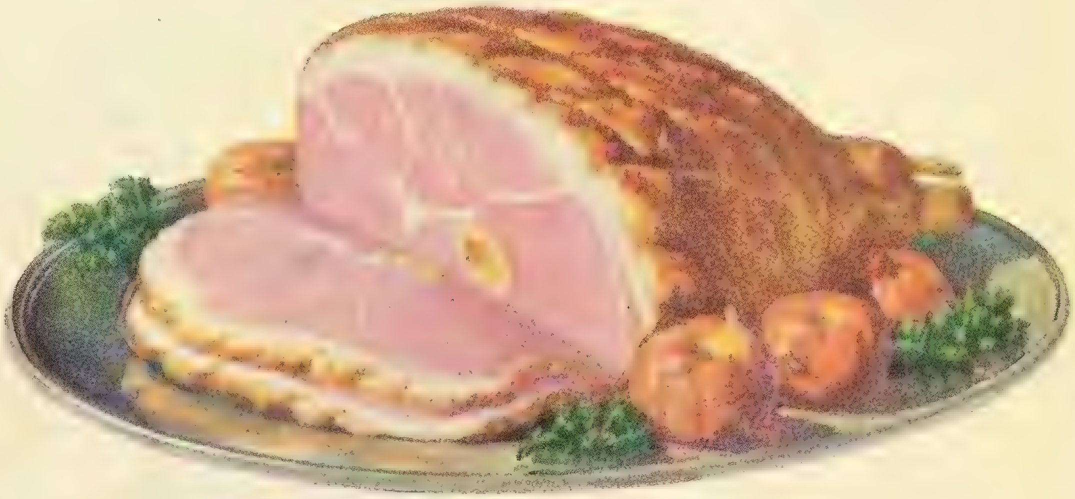
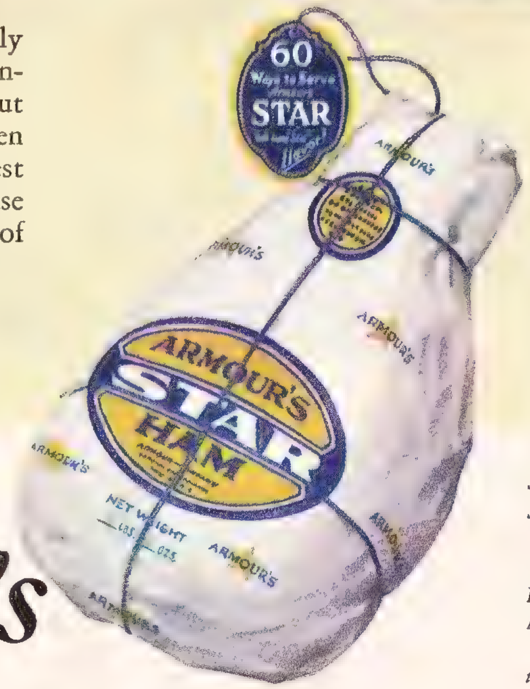
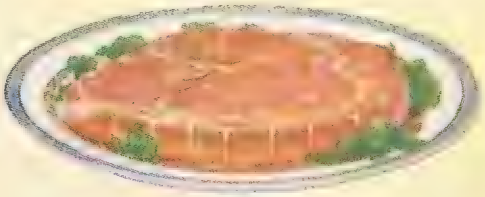


HAM BUTT BAKED WITH CLOVES—*See page 7 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."*

BAKED HAM—*See page 15 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."*







BAKED SLICE OF HAM—*See page 8 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."*

Armour's Star Ham

Send the coupon for a free copy of "60 Ways to Serve Ham," the famous recipe book prepared by the Armour Kitchen.

60
Ways to serve
HAM

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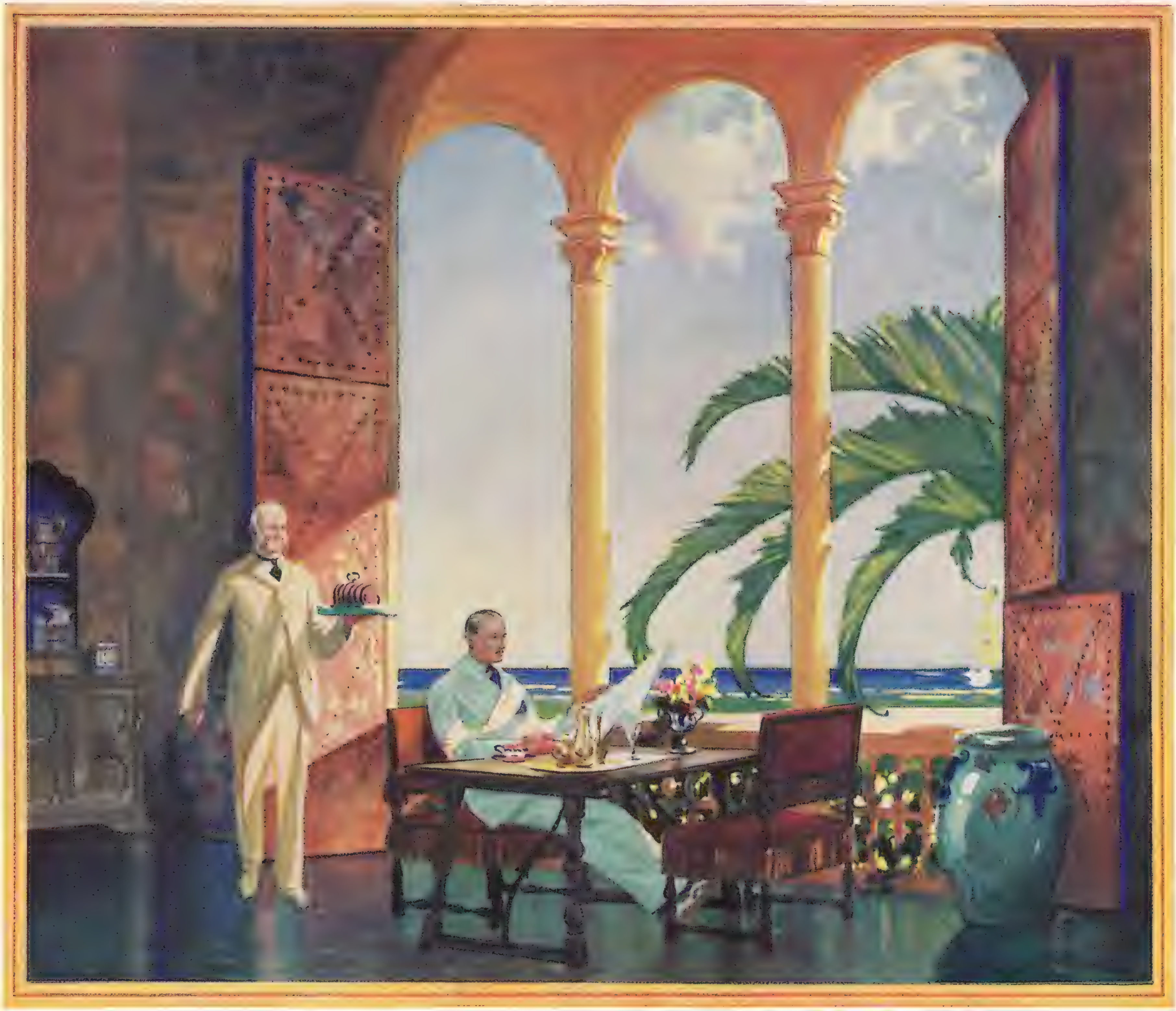
STAR BACON ★ CLOVERBLOOM EGGS AND BUTTER ★ STAR LARD



STEWARDS OF EXCLUSIVE CLUBS, WHOSE JOB IT IS TO STUDY THE FOOD WHIMS OF MEN AND CATER TO THEM, COULD TELL YOU IF YOU ASKED THEM, THAT COFFEE CAKE IS UNFAILINGLY POPULAR FOR BREAKFAST

Tune in Every Tuesday

Miss Harriet Wilson, Fleischmann Food Expert, gives you new ideas and suggestions every week. She broadcasts every Tuesday, 10:45 A.M., Eastern Time: WEAF, WEEI, WTIC, WJAR, WTAG, WCSH, WLIT, WRC, WGY, WGR, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WBT. 9:45 A.M., Central Time: KYW, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, KSTP, WTMJ, WHAS, WSM, WMC, WSB, KVOO, WFAA, KPRC, WOAI. 11:45 A.M., Pacific Time: KPO, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

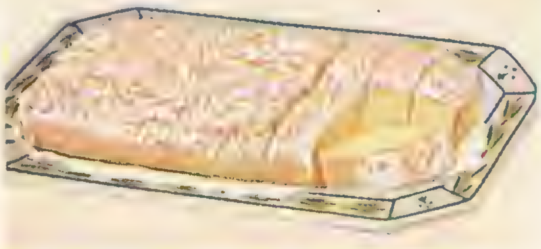
* * *

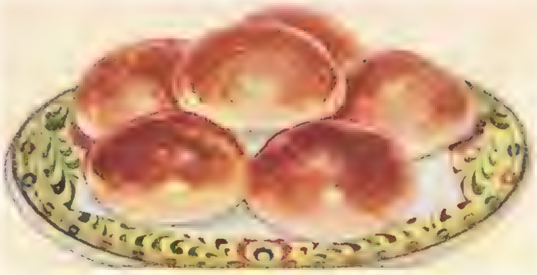
1 (RIGHT) *Streusel Coffee Cake* with its sprinkling of butter, sugar, and spices in luscious crumbly lumps is delicious with the breakfast fruit.

2 (RIGHT) *Sandwich Rolls* are so convenient for late suppers! Just cut them open and spread with filling. A toasted cheese roll makes a delicious light luncheon.

* * *

All you have to do is ask your baker or your grocer for their "specials."





YOUR OWN BAKER MAKES EVERY

These fascinating new Breads will enliven Every Meal . .

AT BREAKFAST because of its very simplicity, monotony is unforgivable. And how needless! Just by varying your breads you can work dozens of interesting changes.

You will find, for instance, that milk toast is a pleasant relief from cereal, now and then.

Sandwich Rolls, split and toasted and piled with crisp curls of bacon are another welcome variation. Toasted Rye Bread with orange marmalade or Raisin Bread toasted and buttered and heavily sprinkled with powdered sugar are sure to be greeted with applause.

Apple Cake, because the proportion of fruit is so high is especially appropriate to serve with eggs or ham or sausage, while Stollen, Form Cake, Pecan Rolls and Butter Horns are so delightfully rich themselves, they make a satisfying breakfast with coffee and fruit.

Ask your baker or grocer for their "specials"

Your baker's breads are always successful, always beautifully baked, for his daily experience and his scientific methods assure perfect baking. Choosing breads in his up-to-date shop of shining cleanliness is a real pleasure. Thirty thousand bakers use Fleischmann's Yeast. The Fleischmann Company. *Offices in all principal cities of the United States and Canada.*

3 Tender citron, candied orange or lemon peel and juicy raisins make *Stollen* an enticing luncheon dessert. Men like it for breakfast, too.

4 *Braided Coffee Ring* is equally appropriate for breakfast, for luncheon, tea or informal dinner. Children love it with custard or gelatine desserts.

5 *Filled Buns* have centers of delicious jam or jelly. Children like them with milk or with fruit.

6 Spicy! Fragrant! Delicately Frosted. *Cinnamon Buns* are delicious with the morning egge or with afternoon tea.

7 Even-grained and tender, your baker's rich creamy *White Bread* slices smoothly without crumbling. And it makes perfect toast!

8 *Pecan Rolls* are spread with caramelized sugar and thickly sprinkled with tender nut-meats. A delicious dessert!

9 Their fanciful shape makes *Butterfly Buns* particularly appealing to children. They lend new glamour to apple sauce or prunes.

10 *Hot Cross Buns* are made with sugar and spice and luscious fruit. You can get them every day during Lent.

11 *Apple Cake* with its dainty slices of fruit sprinkled with raisins needs only coffee to make it a complete breakfast.

12 Plump, juicy, luscious raisins are selected for *Raisin Buns*. Try cutting them in two and toasting.

13 The *Dinner Roll* has a crisp tender crust. It is especially delicious with unsalted butter.

14 With the simplest of lettuce salads or with the most elaborate of aspics, *Parker House Rolls* are appropriate to serve.

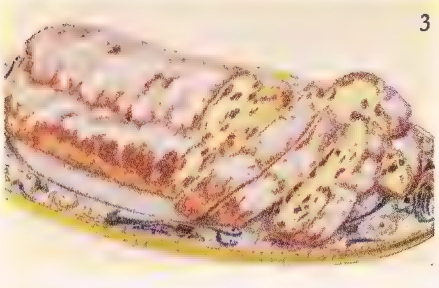
15 A mixture of choicest pineapple, lemon and orange peel, citron and juicy raisins make *Filled Coffee Ring* a most delightful dessert.

16 *Honey Coffee Cake* is spread with honey and butter. Give it to the children after school with milk or lemonade.

17 Flavored with citron, ground almonds, lemon and mace, *Form Cake* is often served as a luncheon or dinner dessert.

18 *Butter Horns* fairly melt in your mouth they are so rich with "rolled-in" butter. They go nicely with a fluffy omelet.

19 *Raisin Bread* is made with plump, juicy, luscious raisins, with and without icing. Delicious toasted!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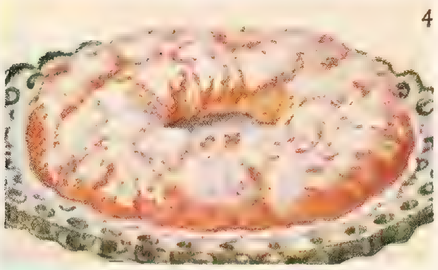
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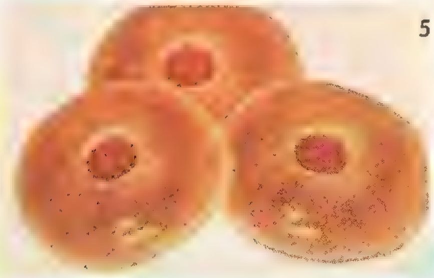
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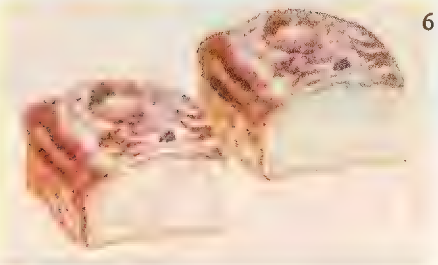
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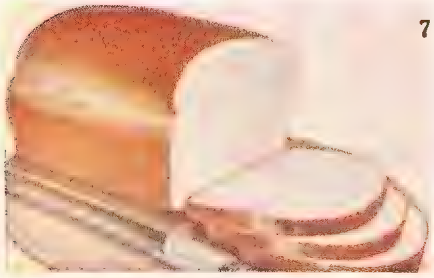
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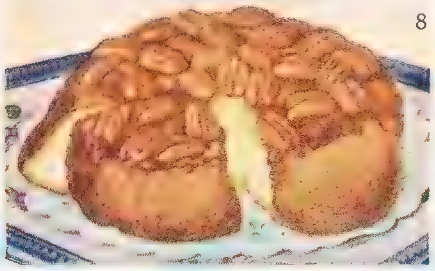
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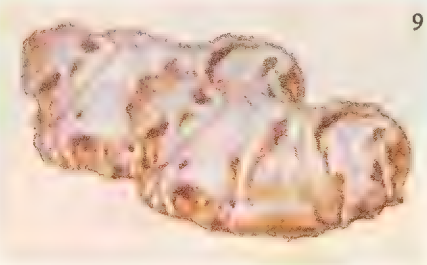
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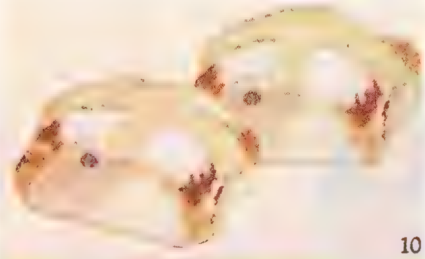
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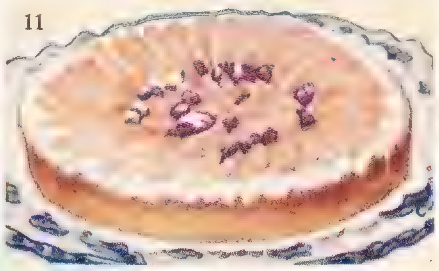
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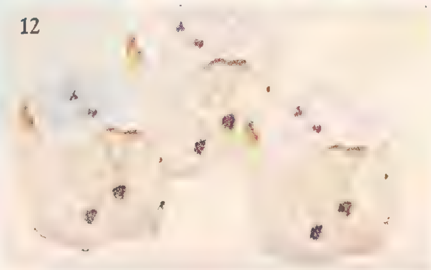
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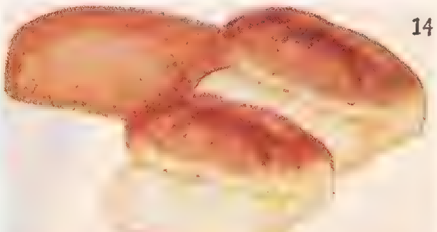
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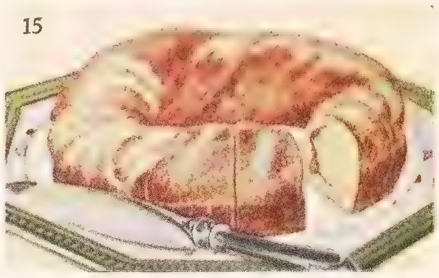
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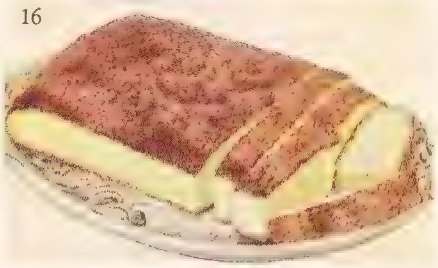
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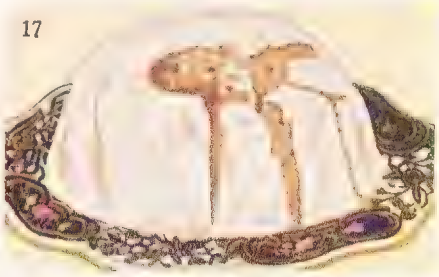
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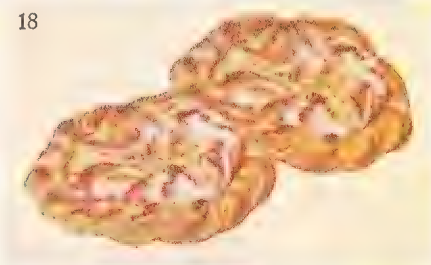
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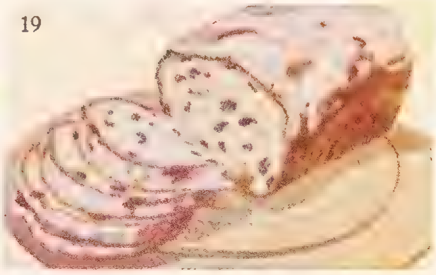
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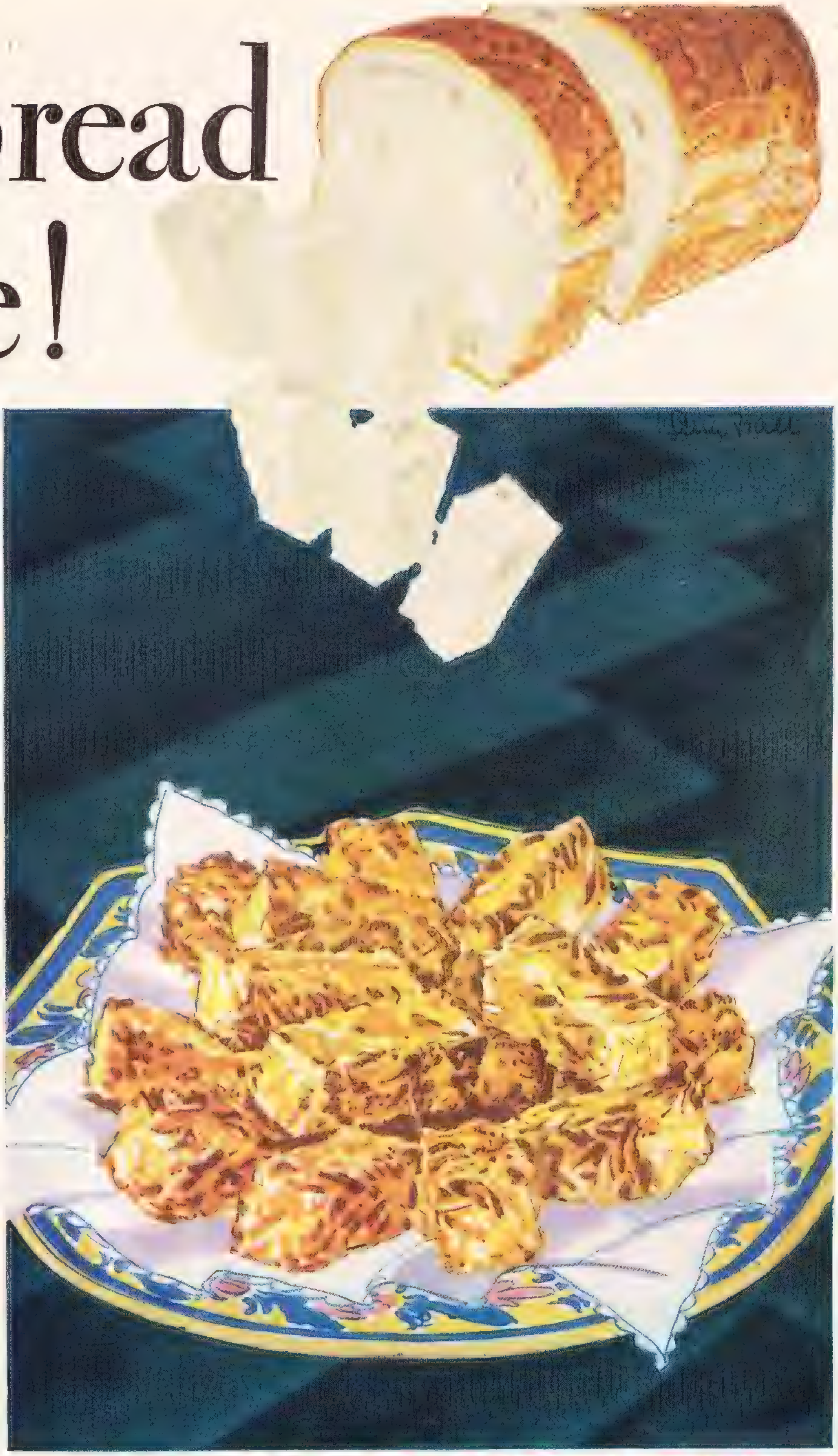
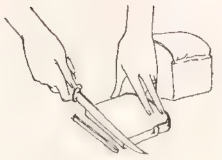
ONE OF THESE DELICIOUS BREADS

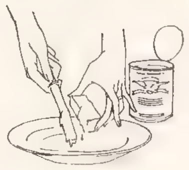
Change bread to cake!



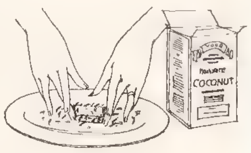
Here's the magic recipe:



① Cut slices of day-old white bread ¾ inch thick. Trim off crusts. Cut each slice into strips ¾ inch wide by 2 inches long.



② Spread these strips on all sides with Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, covering bread well.



③ Roll strips in dry shredded coconut, broken very fine. Place in pan and brown delicately on all sides under low gas flame, or toast on a fork over coals.

(Eagle Brand is a delicious blend of pure, fresh full-cream milk and finest sugar—velvet smooth and double rich—like heavy cream.)

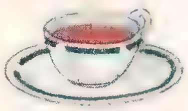
Delicious little coconut cakes—made from bread! You don't believe they taste like cake? . . . *They do!* Like Angel Food Cake—creamily frosted—topped with the enticing crispness of delicately browned coconut. Try them! You can make them in less than ten minutes. They cost next to nothing . . . This is the kind of recipe that comes along once in a blue moon!

And we have dozens of other magic recipes. Desserts of many kinds. Frostings and fillings. Salad dressings. Candies. Sauces. Frozen dishes . . . Delicious—economical—quick and easy—because Eagle Brand makes such wonderful new cooking methods possible.

Send for the recipes. The coupon below will bring you the free booklet—"New Magic in the Kitchen". Mail the coupon today!

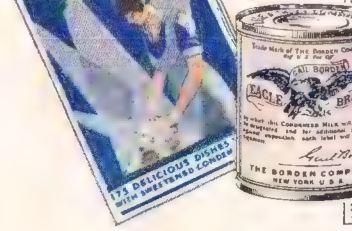
Eagle Brand will cream-and-sugar your coffee deliciously—at half the usual cost!

Try Eagle Brand in your coffee. It costs only half as much as separate cream and sugar—and what rich creaminess, golden color and mellow flavor it gives! Remember, too, that coffee creamed with Eagle Brand is more digestible. It has been proved that Eagle Brand is easier to digest than any other form of milk or cream. Also, its food value is very great. It is rich in butter fat, in vitamins, in energy-producing carbohydrates. An important food!



EAGLE BRAND

SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK



The Borden Company, C.—P. R. 3-29
Borden Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please send me the free recipe booklet "New Magic in the Kitchen."
*Name*________________
*Address*________________
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Continued from Page 58

the ground. Tho her grandson, long-chinned and saucer-eyed, tried from time to time to arouse her, she continued in a kind of catalepsy, her eyes fastened stupidly on the emptiness where Vendee House had been, her tight arms pressing against her breast a silver-mounted sword.

The millman's first thought was a logical one. It was more than logical; in a man who had spent a lifetime in making a business pay, it was instinctive. "How much will this knock off the price?" It is by so much more to his credit then, that, moved by the tragic import of that figure of the watcher quiet in the dawn, his second thought should be: "What the devil! Poor old thing! Play it square."

Leaving his sons in the crowd, he walked out to her.

"Mrs. Lorilard, this is terrible I'm very sorry." He bent slightly and took pains with his words, as if to a deaf person. "I realize what this disaster must mean to you in a sentimental way. Not only your old home gone, but all the things, with all their associations, that must have been in it—for I see that you could save practically nothing—only one sword."

As yesterday, again to-day he had to wait. Again he had to carry on.

"I hope you will forgive me, Madam. I realize it's hardly the moment for an outsider to be intruding with his own affairs. So you have only to say the word; if you'd rather wait till to-morrow or another day—or if Mr. Augustus Lorilard might have the authority to act for you in arranging the transfer and banking the hundred thousand——"

That reached Kit.

"What?"

The head lopped back on a neck that had grown of a sudden an Adam's apple.

Reading the bewilderment in the watery eyes, Ring made to withdraw.

"I see. After all, it's hardly the moment——"

"I should have thought even a Yankee would have known it was hardly the moment for mockery, sir."

"For—*mockery!*"

Poor Kit, broken by terror and remorse, hopeless, helpless, distracted, his sincerity left her nothing to believe. She stared back at the ruin.

"But—but it's gone. Isn't it?"

"What's gone? Nothing but that one old shell. It's just as well; saves us the cost of clearing. We're planning the pier here, and this is the logical place for the camp. A log one, with ten-foot fireplaces."

"I don't—understand. Vendee is a waste place now."

"Why, of course. That's why we like it. I'm not buying antiques, Madam; I'm buying a preserve to shoot over, for me and my boys and their friends from the North. The less there is on it, the wilder to waste it runs, the more it's worth to us——"

"To you Yankees."

Kit was on her feet. Ring laughed, a hint ill at his ease. "Pshaw, Mrs. Lorilard!"

EYES hard, the sword of the Burying-ground across her breast, Kit faced him to defy him. But then, beyond him, her gaze encountered the boy, Peyton, who hovered and watched and listened and held his breath.

"Oh!" she muttered. "You!"

It was then that she began to laugh. Bending suddenly and deeply before the spindle-master, "For pity's sake, take it, then," she said, "and give us peace."

"What's all this?" Ribbing his brow, Ring studied down at the burden left in his two hands, the black-scabbarded, silver-mounted sword. "Does this go with the place?" But Kit Lorilard was looking the other way, to the north, her shoulders quivering to the cackle of her clear and bitter mirth.

DO THE STARS RULE OUR DESTINY?

Continued from Page 4

sincerity expressed the wish to have his "horoscope read," and said that he thought there "was a good deal in it." No one said a word, but the shock was so great that those who heard him have not yet recovered, at least not yet forgotten. Just recently one of my colleagues asked me if I remembered the professor who did not know the difference between astronomy and astrology.

WHEN the Arctic explorer Stefansson discovered Eskimos who had never come in contact with civilized men, he endeavored to tell them of the wonders of the modern, civilized world, but he found himself unable to impress them. He told them of our great cannon that shoot a distance of thirty miles; but one of the Eskimos replied: "We have a man who can shoot an arrow around that mountain and kill the game on the other side. Can you do that?" Stefansson had to admit that we could not.

Then Stefansson described the wonders of modern surgery and anesthetics, but the Eskimo was unmoved. He replied: "We have a man who can take out the entire spinal column of a sick man while he is asleep and put in a new one. Can you do that?" And Stefansson had to admit neither he nor any of our surgeons could do that. The distinction between Stefansson and the Eskimo is the same as that between astronomer and astrologer, between reality and dream-world.

The reader may laugh at the poor stupid Eskimo who believes in the claims of his medicine-man. But there are many millions of Americans who have no right to laugh, since they pay good money and suffer pain while they watch their medicine-man remove pressure from spinal nerves, thus curing disease, altho every anatomical laboratory in the universities of the world can furnish the simple demonstration that no such pressure on spinal nerves can exist, and the science of the world is in agreement that, if such pressure were produced by an accident, the disease ascribed to it would not follow.

Let us contrast with this the answer of science to the apparently simple question, "Is cancer a germ disease or not?" I can not say how many institutes there are, scattered throughout the world, devoted to the study of cancer; I can not tell how many millions of endowment have been put at their disposal, but every one knows that thousands of the world's most capable men are working to find out the truth with regard to cancer. But in spite of the vast accumulation of knowledge on cancer the answer is still: "We do not know whether or not it is a germ disease." Why is this? For the simple reason that they can not manipulate cancer at will by laboratory procedures as they do other germ diseases. The "test of experiment" is not absolutely and completely satisfied.

I wonder how many of the readers of this article grasp the fact and grasp its significance that they themselves with proper preliminary training could repeat all the experiments that make up what we call "modern science" and that they would get exactly the same results without regard to youth or age, religion or race, temperament or conviction. So important is this fact that the great French mathematician Poincaré said: "Experiment is the only source of truth."

It is strange that mankind has made so much progress in the face of all man's errors in thinking. Instead of being generally right, man's thinking has been

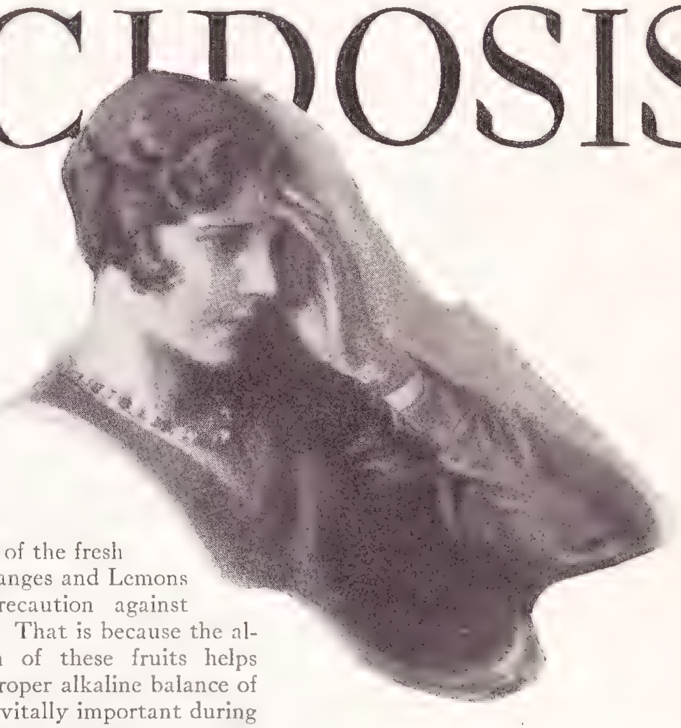
---

..help prevent and correct

colds and flu

by avoiding

ACIDOSIS



LIBERAL use of the fresh juice of Oranges and Lemons means extra-precaution against Colds and Flu! That is because the alkaline reaction of these fruits helps maintain the proper alkaline balance of the body . . . vitally important during epidemics or unhealthy weather periods. Body resistance to infection thus becomes greater.

Oranges and Lemons not only supply alkaline balance but furnish fluid to aid in ridding the body of toxic substances in the correction of colds. These juices will also aid in the control of body temperature.

Acidosis is almost always present with a common cold; decreased vitality, due in certain measure to Acidosis, lowers resistance to the infection. It secures a foothold before one realizes what is happening. Thus, it is apparent that for protection against colds and flu alone, the juice of Oranges and Lemons should be consistently used by every member of the family.

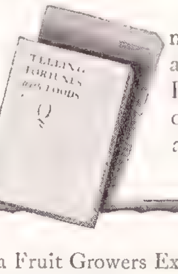
Simple measures such as Hot Lemonade (taken immediately after a hot bath and after getting into bed) will give effective relief in the first stages of a cold. Profuse perspiration opens the pores and poisons are expelled. This should be followed on awakening next morning by putting fresh juice of one Lemon in half a glass of water. Stir in half a teaspoonful of ordinary baking soda and drink while it effervesces. Lemons and baking soda both contribute to the body's alkaline reserve.

This widely used formula is also often prescribed as a preventive. *And before we forget, always see a doctor before cold or flu conditions become serious.*

In correcting a cold too much stress cannot be laid upon the real necessity of drinking ample fresh Orange or Lemon Juice on arising and frequently during the day. Many specialists prescribe liberal use of these fruit juices . . . often recommending the use of a strictly alkaline diet (fruit, vegetables and milk) until the cold is entirely cured. Such procedure speeds recovery and shortens convalescence.

So, if you wish to guard against colds and flu, *watch your diet!* Prevent Acidosis with plenty of Oranges, Lemons and other alkaline foods and thus maintain greater resistance to all disease. Acidosis causes lowered vitality, lack of endurance and many common ailments such as headaches, sleeplessness, sour stomach, nausea . . . all warnings of more dangerous diseases.

"Telling Fortunes with Foods," endorsed by an eminent diet authority . . . and free to you if you mail the coupon . . . discusses Acidosis in layman-language. It contains normal anti-acidosis and Safe-Reducing diets and lists acid and alkaline foods. You should read it and know how to avoid Acidosis and thus help prevent colds and flu.



California Oranges are trade marked "Sunkist" on the skin and on the wrapper. California Lemons carry the name "Sunkist" on the wrapper. "Sunkist" is assurance of uniform quality.

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DIETETIC RESEARCH DEPT., California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Div. 403, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, Calif.

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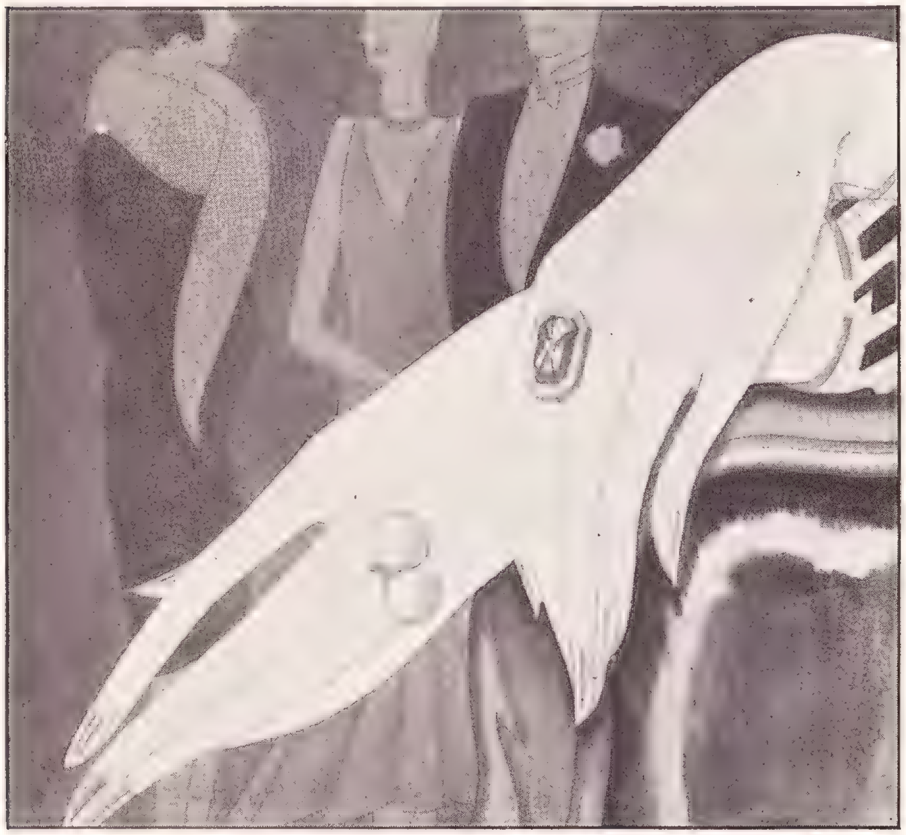
NOW
NATURAL GLEAM
is the NEW *nail fashion*



Smart women have abandoned artificial looking nail tints. Instead, an entirely new type of nail loveliness is now the fashion—*natural gleam*, given in an instant by Glazo.

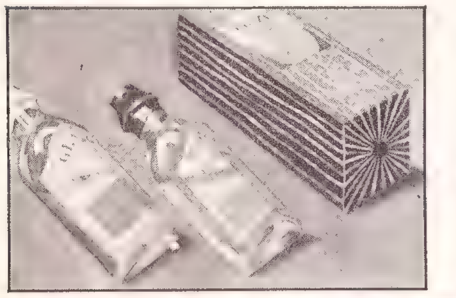
The soft shimmer of Glazo Liquid Polish is neither too deep nor too pale—just a natural, soft brilliance! So adorning to any woman's nails and hands! So new and correct!

This exquisite polish was created for women by Edna Albert, one of America's foremost business women. She searched the exclusive toilet goods shops of Paris for a truly distinguished nail polish—brought back a secret formula and then perfected it in her own laboratories. That is Glazo—the loveliest, most sophisticated, and now most popular, of all liquid polishes.

A "nail sheath" thin as silk

A brush flick, and Glazo gives a lustrous "nail sheath" which is mirror-smooth, glinting with the light.

And this dainty nail sheath lasts a week. Glazo never peels, shreds, turns brown. Its delicate lustre does not dull in spots. It spreads on evenly and instantly, without that thick, gummy look. See for yourself how much prettier your hands look when your nails have the *natural gleam* of Glazo. At all toilet goods counters, in clever twin bottles—Glazo Polish and Remover—50c. Or send ten cents for generous triple sample set, including the new cuticle oil—use the coupon below!



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I enclose 10 cents. Please send me Glazo Samples (polish, remover and cuticle oil). Shade checked above. Also booklet of complete manicuring instructions.

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803

GLAZO

generally wrong. Stefansson says that it is surprizing how much the Eskimo knows—that is not so. Last Summer my wife and I crawled for hundreds of yards into the caves of southern France, on the walls of which the Magdalenian reindeer-hunters fifteen thousand years ago drew with consummate skill pictures of the mammoth, the musk-ox, and the reindeer.

FROM the study of primitive man to-day we can say that we know with some certainty why these dawn-men drew the pictures: they thought, by having in their possession a picture of the animal they hunted hidden away safe down in the bowels of the earth, that they would have power over the animal, that they would be able to capture it. Even to-day primitive men, such as Indians, fear to have their pictures in the possession of others. It is hard for us to grasp that the mind of man has ever worked this way. Yet we know that all such thinking has been wrong. This method of thinking and interpreting is now forgotten among us.

There is another way of thinking which has almost disappeared among us, but which for thousands of years controlled many of the daily activities of men. It is the belief that good and bad spirits are at the bottom of everything that happens. When the moon begins to move between us and the sun, it looks as if something were eating a piece out of the side of the sun, and the Chinese are said to have had officials whose duty it was to strike loud gongs to frighten the dragon away; and it always worked. If the dragon had completely eaten up the sun the noise frightened him so that he disgorged it. This type of explanation of an eclipse satisfied mankind for thousands of years.

Thunder and lightning was the most awful of terrors. The explanation was that a spirit or god hurled the fearful bolts. For centuries it was customary in Europe to frighten the thunder and lightning away by ringing the church bells. Just before the time of Franklin and his kite the new scientific spirit sought a realistic explanation.

I love to picture the learned professor dictating in Latin to his pupils how one cloud contains the carboniferous vapors, another the sulfur and saltpeter; how the clouds come together, friction ignites the mixture, and we have the flash of the gunpowder and later the report of the explosion. It was a beautiful and satisfying explanation. The only thing wrong with it was that it is all false. This primitive belief in good and bad spirits has also disappeared among us, except, in its modern form, in those who still believe in good and bad luck.

NOT only have man's methods of interpreting his surroundings been, in general, false, but also his estimate of himself has been in three fundamental aspects likewise false. First, in his colossal vanity, he thought himself the center of the universe, the center about which turned sun, planets, and stars. Copernicus and Galileo came and showed that nothing revolves about us but the poor dead moon. It took three hundred years after Copernicus to make instruments delicate enough to measure the distance of the nearest star. Instead of being the center of things we now know that the sun with its little family of eight planets is an insignificant speck surrounded by a perfectly enormous emptiness of space. To Copernicus more than to any other man we owe the disappearance among enlightened men of the astrological superstition.

The most recent discovery of the astronomers is that our sun with its little family of eight planets belongs to the Milky Way universe of stars, and that there are tens of thousands of such universes of stars at measurable distances, visible in their telescopes, off there in space. And yet there are people who turn away from science to astrology.

Second, in his colossal vanity, man has always called himself a god, or claimed close relationship to a god, as compared with all other living creatures. Darwin and the students of the rocks came and read for us step by step the slow and painful progress of man's development in body and in intelligence.

Third, in his colossal vanity, man has always claimed to be the master of his mind. The new psychology came and demonstrated that the mind of man is the slave of his feelings, of his emotions, and that the pattern of his feelings lies hidden, in general, far below and beyond his conscious control.

What is the lesson of this for us all? It is still the need for more modesty with regard to our judgments. Almost every man feels that he can take a bottle of medicine or a "treatment" and judge correctly whether it "did him any good." One points to a book and says: "I read that book and it cured me." Another points to a bottle and says: "I drank that and it cured me." Another points to a doctor and says: "He pulled me through."

Not one of these men has a right to a judgment. The matter is too complicated. If the doctor represents through training and experience the science of the world's universities concerning health and disease, our trust should be in that science, not in the doctor himself, nor in our judgment of results.

THIS much is certain: There are no reputable "schools of healing"; there is only one science. If any one distrusts the universities of America, he may turn to the universities of high-grade small nations like Holland, Switzerland, Japan, Finland, Denmark. He will find everywhere only one science, that based on "experiment"; but he will find no astrology, no mention even of any of the "healing" cults that flourish under the "freedom" of America.

Yet we all sin in this regard. One of the trustees of our university (he was a judge of one of our courts and a graduate of the university) felt himself justified in laughing frequently at the predictions of the weather bureau; at the university club he openly ridiculed the science of the weather. We all wish it were better, but it is all we have. There is no other knowledge.

After all it is not so bad, since the predictions of twenty-four-hour temperature change and "weather" are between eighty and ninety per cent. correct, varying with the locality. Ridicule should not be the tribute we offer to blind Galileo's secretary, Torricelli, who gave us the barometer, or to Brandes, who just a hundred years ago, all alone, traced for the first time a storm area in its movement across Europe. We should be grateful and more modest.

This is a strange land of contrasts. With one of the finest weather bureaus in the world we have organizations of hard-headed business men who, when it rains, pay a magician called a "rain-maker" for having made it rain. America should not boast of its superiority without first finding out if that is done, say, in Switzerland.

In the land of Johns Hopkins and the Rockefeller Institute we have great States which actually license men to diagnose and treat disease who have had no general education and have never studied the science of health and disease. Before we claim world leadership let us ascertain if that is done, say, in Holland.

With a justly celebrated national Department of Agriculture and numerous excellent agricultural schools we also have hundreds of thousands of astrological farmers, who go by the astrological calendar and plant by the moon. I wonder if that land of farmers, Denmark, should feel itself inferior to us in enlightenment.

I leave it to the reader whether or not America should not be ashamed of its lack of control over its inferior citizens. We were successful in controlling expressions of belief in Bolshevism. Can not the women's clubs of America exert a like control over expressions of belief in Eskimo-like marvels?

It should be made very bad form to expose to the public the primitive man, the Eskimo, within us. A woman should learn to fear social ostracism who tells what "this healer" did for her after "all the doctors had given her up." Many women would be ashamed to betray their

Continued on Page 66

Film on Teeth—*Don't let it rob you of a fascinating smile*

The Film

that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders

How to remove film—the question millions are asking. Now a special film-removing dentifrice is urged by dentists. Please accept a free 10-day supply

"ISN'T there something I can do?" wrote a young woman recently. "I am so sensitive about my 'yellow' cloudy teeth. I brush them for hours only to meet with failure."

Today, three months later, she writes, "My teeth are as sparkling white and lovely as those I used to envy. . . . How awfully near I came to never knowing it. Everyone should accept the free test you offer."

Millions do not know

A tragic story with a happy ending. . . . There are thousands like this charming girl whose winning personalities are shadowed by one fault too many—unattractive teeth. So many never find it out.

Now science has discovered, 9 times in 10, the cause of "discolored" teeth is a dingy film that coats them. It is your greatest enemy to loveliness. It is a dangerous enemy to health, too, for film is held responsible for decay, pyorrhea, bleeding gums and other troubles. Your dentist knows how true this is.

You must fight film

Feel for film with your tongue—a slippery, sticky coating. Food and smoking stain that film. Germs by the millions breed in it . . . germs of many different kinds.

Film hardens into tartar. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Film is also the basis of decay.

The special way to remove it

Ordinary brushing ways are not successful. You must employ the scientific method that first curdles film. Light brushing then can easily remove it in safety to enamel. Old ways may be discarded.

As children's teeth appear you marvel at their whiteness. Yours may once again regain that color. May take on a brilliance that is actually amazing. Lustreless, dull teeth are known to be unnatural. The danger of decay and pyorrhea is combated scientifically. In hundreds of thousands of cases under observation this way succeeds where ordinary brushing ways have failed.

Test FREE for 10 days

Perhaps unattractive teeth have cost you too much in society and business. You must not delay another day in testing this method.

Get a full-size tube wherever dentifrices are sold, or send coupon below to nearest address for free 10-day tube to try.

Pepsodent

The Special Film-Removing Dentifrice

FREE 10-DAY TUBE

Mail coupon to
The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 133, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name..

Address..

City..

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co., 191 George St., **Toronto** 2, Ont., Can.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., **London,** S. E. 1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., **Sydney,** N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family 8089

She still *looked* exquisite ~ *but. . . !*

You never know when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect you . . .

NEVER had she taken more pains with her toilette—the evening promised many things.

But before it was half over Peter's interest in her seemed to wane. Other people's, too! It had happened before and she could never understand why.

The truth is that there is never any way of telling when a temporary deodorant may go back on you. Unless you have used Odorono, which a physician developed to check perspiration, you can never be sure of not being guilty of offending by unpleasant perspiration odor.

Why Odorono gives you continuous protection

Used regularly, Odorono keeps the underarm always dry and fresh by checking perspiration in a safe way.

Odorono Regular Strength (ruby colored) keeps the underarm dry and smooth with two applications a week, used the last thing at night. Pat on freely after bathing. Do not rub in. Allow time to dry thoroughly before putting on night garments.

Odorono No. 3 Mild (colorless), for especially sensitive skins and for hurried use. Use daily or every other day, night or morning. Pat on freely after skin is bathed. Allow plenty of time to dry completely before any clothing touches the skin.

Medical science has found that perspiration is 99% water. Its chief function is to regulate body temperature. It does not rid the body of poison. *Checking perspiration in small areas has no effect on health.* Doctors recommend it where perspiration is annoying.

A physician's prescription

A physician made Odorono 19 years ago for his own use. That is why you always feel safe in using Odorono.

The regular use of Odorono gives you absolute, safe protection from the possibility of unpleasant odor and damp sticky discomfort. No longer need you worry about ruining your frocks with perspiration odor or ugly spreading stains.

Odorono regular strength, Odorono No. 3 Mild for sensitive skins, and the delightful Creme Odorono are on sale at toilet goods counters everywhere. Odorono 35¢ and 60¢. Creme Odorono in tubes 25¢.

Send 10¢ and the coupon below for the Odorono sample kit.

NEW 10¢ OFFER: **Mail coupon and 10¢ for the complete underarm toilette; samples of Odorono regular strength, Odorono No. 3 Mild and Creme Odorono.**
Dept. B3, The Odorono Company, 947 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, O.

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ignorance by saying: "Gimme them papers," or "He went with John and I," and yet they betray without a blush their maltreatment of their children in acting on astrological superstition.

Whatever the subject matter be, if it is avoided in the universities of the world it is certainly a matter to be avoided by the average man. No lifetime can exhaust the beauties and the wonders that are sure. Why associate with the outcasts of the intellectual world?

MARTHA EVANS MARTIN, who died recently in New York, took the right attitude toward the stars in her book, "The Friendly Stars." She must have been one of the loveliest women who have ever come to be widely known in America. Her book reflects an attitude of mind toward the heavens and toward the beauties of nature about her which should be a model for imitation by every woman of America.

Mrs. Martin loved her garden as do most women; certain flowers marked for her the changing seasons. But she went one step farther than most women. When the evening settled down over her home and garden she learned to look for the beautiful star Arcturus rising in the east as the first primroses opened in the dusky garden; or she associated the asters in the Autumn with the ruddy star Antares setting in the southwest. Most flowers look like our pictures of stars; the very word "aster" means a "star," as in the first part of the word "astr-onomy."

To Mrs. Martin the heavens became an intimate part of the surroundings of her home. But it did not end with sentiment and mysticism; she was interested to find out what we really know about the stars, and when her book was finished she had a Columbia University professor verify every statement. In an introduction he commended the work highly. I wish the women of America might take Martha Evans Martin as their guide in their attitude toward the stars.

WHY I ALWAYS FLY SOLO

Continued from Page 6

flying for adventure's sake. My first trip in an airplane was entered upon solely as a matter of convenience. It was in 1925, and I had to go to Prague to represent Great Britain in an Olympic conference. The easiest way to get there seemed to be by air, so I flew. And I have been finding it easier ever since to do my traveling by plane.

Of course in England we have been taking our flying casually for some time. And this undoubtedly has been due to the twin facts that the light sport plane was developed very early in our country and that our Air Ministry has been giving a substantial subsidy for some years to private flying clubs. Wherever a group of people guaranteed their interest in learning to fly and agreed to qualify a certain number of pilots per year, the Government gave them two light planes and a sum of money for their maintenance.

A plane that requires an engine of but eighty-five to a hundred horse-power and whose wings will fold neatly back like a rabbit's ears when it is taxied into its hangar has obvious advantages for the individual's use. Such a plane requires no extensive landing-field and only a moderate-sized garage. Its upkeep is no more than that of a motor-car, nor is its initial cost prohibitive. The introduction of these light planes in the United States, with their capabilities of being managed as easily by a woman as by a man, will undoubtedly mean a rapid increase during this year in private flying in this country.

There were five women, besides myself, among the hundred-odd persons who joined the first aero club in England. It was opened by Sir Philip Sassoon at Stag-lane Aerodrome, Edgeware, just three years ago last August. At the time I remember the Under-Secretary of State for Air remarked that he hoped the inauguration of this first of our now numerous flying clubs would mark the weaning of the airplane away from its association with war and fix its establishment as a powerful agent for civilization and peace. But even Sir Philip did not foresee at that time, I believe, just how peaceful, not to say casual, our aeronautical activities were so soon to become. At a recent flying tea-party which my husband and I gave, practically all of our friends came, and over two hundred of them went up for the first time in our machines.

After my flight to Prague in 1925 as a passenger, I determined to learn to fly. In November of that same year I qualified as a pilot, taking my commercial license the next year. This latter was won only after I had exerted considerable energy in getting the international law changed which barred women from holding commercial licenses. Mine is therefore the first international commercial woman's license on record, and I still hold it as something of a trophy.

The following year, 1927, I created the first world's record for altitude for light airplanes, a record which I have since twice increased. In August of that year I made a four-thousand-mile air tour of Europe, ending up at Zurich, where I had the good fortune to place first in all technical divisions of the International Light Airplane Competition.

I recount these facts in my aeronautical history simply by way of indicating how quickly proficiency in flying can be attained. Certainly I do not consider that I have any unusual ability in this respect. Any other woman who was interested might have done the same thing.

OF THE twelve hundred hours which I have spent during the last three years in flying, over a thousand hours have been in solo flights, when, whether I carried a passenger or not, I managed the ship entirely myself. Solo flying does not, as people sometimes think, mean solitary flying. It means operating an airplane alone.

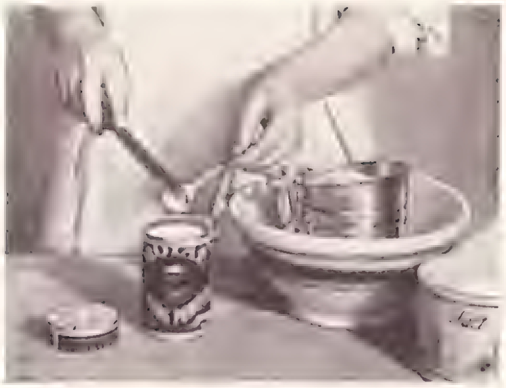
I always take up a passenger whenever I can, for every passenger is a convert, and no missionary was ever more ardent about preaching than I am about carrying the message of aviation around the world. And that message is just this, that aviation is both safe and sane. The very fact that women have come into aviation is indication enough that it is all this. When women enter into a thing you may be sure it is conservative and above all permanent.

It was very soon after my own baptism of the air that I ventured to offer some suggestions for popularizing civil aviation before the four hundred delegates who gathered in Brussels in 1925 for the Third International Congress on Aerial Navigation. Since that time and before I came to America last November I had given over two hundred lectures on aviation in Great Britain and the colonies, in each one of which I reiterated my faith in the practicability of flying and my confidence in the ability of women to pilot their own planes. As a matter of fact, I have found piloting a plane even easier than driving a motor-car.

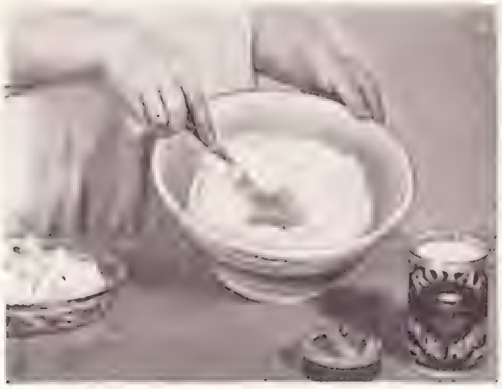
Here in America, where such countless numbers of women take driving their own cars as a matter of course, and where with the extensive use of electrical contrivances in the household, women are already mechanically minded, so to speak, there should be more and better women fliers than in almost any other country. And their inspiration may be found in that bit of history where it is written that the first woman to fly the Atlantic was an American.

Yes, you can actually taste the difference!

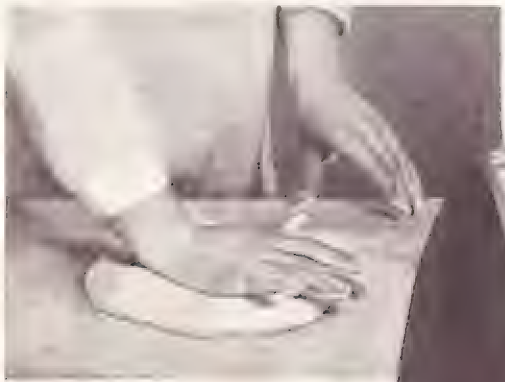
It's the Cream of Tartar in Royal that does it



Measure sifted flour, Royal Baking Powder and salt into sifter. Sift into mixing bowl.



Using steel fork, mix shortening lightly and thoroughly with sifted dry ingredients. Add milk slowly to make soft dough. Mix lightly with fork. Toss dough onto slightly floured board.



Pat dough out lightly with hands to about one-half inch thick. Cut out with biscuit cutter dipped in flour. Place on greased pan, far apart if a crusty biscuit is desired, close together if you prefer a thicker and softer biscuit. Bake in hot oven at 475° F. about 12 minutes. Makes 14 biscuits.

WITH the first taste you notice the difference! Royal biscuits have the quality that has made "Cream of Tartar Biscuits" famous—an unmistakable delicacy that satisfies your critical taste . . . It's the Cream of Tartar in Royal that makes the difference between "just biscuits" and biscuits that are marvels of lightness . . . of flaky texture . . . of delicious flavor.

That's why Royal Baking Powder keeps its place in the homes of "taste-sensitive" people—people who appreciate fine quality in food. They want the best baking powder—just as they are particular about getting finest grade butter, eggs, milk.

After all, the cost of your baking powder amounts to very little, compared to the cost of other ingredients. It's false economy to risk failure by not using the best when less than 2¢ worth of Royal insures a successful batch of biscuits.

Use Royal to make your biscuits next time—on this page we show you just how to do it. Watch the smiles flash round the table. Smiles that tell you your biscuits are pleasing the most critical. That they're light as a feather . . . perfect in texture . . . delicious!

Royal Baking Powder Biscuits

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons **Royal** Baking Powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons shortening
¾ cup milk or half milk and half water

If a shorter biscuit is desired, use 3 or 4 tablespoons shortening. For mixing and baking directions see "motion pictures" above. Royal Biscuits can be baked immediately or they can be covered and set aside in a cool place for baking several hours later or even next day. If kept in ice box, allow to stand in kitchen a few minutes before baking.

FREE—*booklet of master biscuit and muffin recipes, with many variations*

Making Biscuits

ROYAL *The Cream of Tartar Baking Powder*

The Royal Baking Powder Co.
Dept. C, 104 East 42nd Street, New York City
Please send me free copy of "Making Biscuits," containing recipes for unusually delicious quick breads.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________________ *State* ____________

Even when teeth are white

NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

*4 out of 5 Neglect the Health to Pyorrhea Gums and Surrender

DANGER seems so remote when teeth are white. But, as your dentist will tell you, teeth are only as healthy as the gums. And diseases that attack the gums seldom reveal their presence until too late.

So start taking proper care of the gums to preserve teeth and safeguard health from dread Pyorrhea—the disease of neglect that ravages 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.

Every morning and every night, when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously with the dentifrice specifically made for this purpose—Forhan's for the Gums.

Within a few days you'll notice an improvement in the way your gums look and feel. In addition, your teeth will look cleaner and whiter. For while this dentifrice helps to firm gums and keep them youthful (the surest safeguard against Pyorrhea) it also cleans teeth and protects the crevices where decay so often begins.

Get This Good Habit

Remember, nobody's *immune*. And the safeguard against disease is proper daily care and a semi-annual visit to your dentist.

Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist today. Two sizes — 35c and 60c. Start using it, morning and night. Teach your children this good habit. It will protect their health. Forhan Company, New York.

Forhan's for the Gums is far more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

New . . . Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant

It's The Perfect Mouthwash. It sweetens breath and taste and refreshes mouth. It is good for sore throat. It is a safe, pleasant antiseptic mouthwash, that has no telltale odor. Try it.

Forhan's
TRADE MARK
FOR THE GUMS
BRUSH TEETH

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF MARY YOUNG

Continued from Page 27

myself, I'm not sure, at least, not since yesterday's developments."

"I see," the superintendent nodded. "And what is your next move to be?"

"The girl's funeral is being held this morning, and I think it would be a wise thing to attend."

"Perhaps it would; but as to the other matter, I think it would be best to wait. Bond has no idea of your suspicions, so it is not likely that he will run away. If necessary, I shall put some one on his trail."

Rankin agreed, and left. He drove to the morgue, where the funeral was to be. He had no particular motive in attending the obsequies; nevertheless it would be interesting to discuss the matter with those in attendance. Rankin had little faith in the adage that a criminal always returns to the scene of his crime; like most generalities, it was untrue. Nevertheless it was best to be there.

THE services were a tragic affair. Beyond a few casual and curious spectators the only attendants were the friends from Mrs. Schmidt's boarding-house.

Rankin spoke with them all, but only from Miss Ruth Graham did he gain anything. The girl, her red hair flaming in the sun, greeted him with a dazzling smile. But her friendliness made him wary. He did not wish to be added to the list of victims to her charms.

"Mr. Rankin," she murmured, "I almost thought you had forgotten me."

He made an attempt to be gallant.

"That would be impossible, Miss Graham."

"Flatterer," she laughed. "I don't know about that. You remember you said I could expect a call from you. And then you sent around this Mr. Gordon, a nice enough man, you understand, but——"

"But I've been busy on other lines of the case——"

"That's right." She smiled coyly. "I hope you're making headway. I've been busy myself. You know, I work in a department store, and, would you believe it, I could hardly get away for the funeral. A working girl has no freedom nowadays, has she?"

"No, I dare say she hasn't."

"Take Mary, for instance, what she had to put up with from that boss of hers. She was a very fine-toned girl, if you get what I mean. It's really disgusting the way you can't trust some men!"

Rankin pricked up his ears. Here was something in definite proof of his suspicions of Charles Bond. The girl might be a valuable witness.

"How do you know that?" he asked.

"Oh, Mary told me about that, too."

"Exactly what did she tell you?"

"Not really very much. Just that she wasn't sure she liked her place at all because her employer wasn't a very nice man. He had her come to his house one day for private work, and she couldn't refuse to go, but she didn't want to. He hadn't annoyed her yet, but there were tones in his voice that she didn't like."

"Was that why she was leaving her position?"

Miss Graham hesitated. "Now, that I couldn't say, but it might very well have been so, don't you think?"

Rankin replied cautiously, "I must admit I have some suspicions of Mr. Bond. But why didn't you tell me this before?"

"Why, it never entered my mind that it might have anything to do with the case."

When the services were over, Rankin bade Miss Graham good-by. It was long after noon when he reached headquarters again. Officer Simpson greeted him with a telegram and some news.

"One of the prisoners that was brought in last night insists on seeing you. Claims he can tell you something about the case that's very important. What do you want done about it?"

"Something about the case?" Rankin asked. "The one I'm working on? Who is it?"

"Porter, sir. He says you'd better see him, too, or you'll be very sorry you didn't."

Rankin gave orders to bring the prisoner to him. What could Porter know of the murder of Mary Young? Was there a connection between Norris's bootlegging activities and the crime? If so, what? He turned to the telegram. It was, as he expected, the reply from Gary. It read:

> Nothing known here of a girl named Mary Young, answering your description. No such girl missing, as far as we can learn.
>
> FRANK LOWRY,
> Gary Chief of Police.

Exactly what he had expected, Rankin himself could not have told; but he had hoped to unearth some clue to Mary Young's identity. It might be the answer to his major problem of the murder.

Simpson ushered Porter into the office. They would have the room to themselves. The prisoner entered debonairly, but his eyes swept every corner. He sat down.

"All alone, are we, Rankin?" he queried. "No dictophones, no stenographers taking notes, no witnesses listening in? That's right. This is to be a private talk. You'd better tell this cop that we don't want any interruptions."

When the officer had withdrawn, Rankin waited for Porter to speak. The prisoner hesitated for a moment, then he said:

"I can tell you something about that crime at Woodlawn. It has to do with your arresting Jimmy Norris."

Rankin did not show his surprize. "How do you know anything about that?"

"It was in the papers yesterday evening; yes, we all saw it—the entire gang knows about it. After that we were sure he wouldn't be with us. You see, Norris is sort of a friend of ours."

"A friend——?"

Porter's eyes glinted dangerously.

"I said a friend, Rankin. Oh, I know what Alvin suspects, but he'll never be able to prove it, because none of the gang will ever squeal. And that's not your business anyway. You're interested in clearing up this crime, and I'm interested in getting Norris out of here. Because friends are more useful out of prison than in. So if we co-operate we may each get our way."

"Are you trying to bargain with me, Porter?"

"You may call it that, but I think it is a compromise. You always keep your word, once you've promised a thing. I know you'll do it this time."

"And suppose I refuse to compromise, as you call it?"

FOR an instant Porter's face was convulsed with fury.

"If you don't you'll make the biggest error of your life. You'll be the laughing-stock of the Central Bureau within two weeks, I promise you."

Rankin realized that Porter must know something of vital import.

"I'll make no specific agreement," the detective replied, "but if you prove your claims to my satisfaction, I'll do the right thing."

"You'll have no choice, I'm afraid. You can't very well hold an innocent man, and Alvin has nothing on him."

"An innocent man? What do you mean?"

"I mean that Norris could never have committed the crime of which you accuse him, because he wasn't anywhere near Woodlawn Park at the time!"

If Porter expected the detective to register astonishment he was disappointed. Yet to Rankin it was a welcome relief to have one phase of the tangle on the verge of being cleared. However, it would never do to capitulate too quickly.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"Just what I say. Jimmy Norris was with me on Sunday night, more than a hundred miles from Woodlawn. So you see it wouldn't be possible that he had a hand in the murder."

Continued on Page 73

"Flatters with its dashing gleam . ." says LADY HEATH

England's Foremost Woman Aviator

Famous flyer and hunter of big game . . . Lady Heath is renowned for her beauty and great daring.

Lady Heath keeps her capable hands lovely with the new Cutex Liquid Polish . . .

LADY HEATH, now touring America to recount for us some experiences of her very enthralling life, is that delightful English combination of sportswoman and society woman everywhere admired—fearless, charming, beautiful.

Rivaling the daring of the world's most courageous men, she has flown from Cape Town to London and hunted big game all over the globe.

All of which might be very hard on her hands if it were not for Cutex. As Lady Heath said to us, "One learns ways to clean up the hands in a jiffy.

"I put Cutex Nail White under my nails to keep out the grease. I use Cutex Cuticle Remover to shape the cuticle, and the Cuticle Oil to feed it, and once a week I apply the new Cutex Liquid Polish—which doesn't stain, you know.

"After a hard day, I simply wash my hands with soap and water, and immediately they look quite spiffy. Really I'm quite devoted to that new Cutex Liquid Polish. It gives a dashing gleam that is very flattering to my conception of myself."

Although Lady Heath takes entire care of her own De Haviland Moth Plane her hands excite admiration and envy! A Cutex Kit keeps her nails particularly lovely.

"My work never spoils my manicure," *says famous silhouette artist*

Busily at work in her light flooded studio Martha Bensley Bruere said, "All day I work with bright papers and instruments. Some of the paper must be dipped in dye, some in gold and silver, which means that my hands must be washed again and again. In spite of that, I manage to keep my nails looking well manicured by using Cutex Liquid Polish once a week."

"Tending flowers . . Potting Plants . . . Cutex protects my nails," *says prominent woman florist*

Miss Bond loves flowers and caring for them, so she does everything herself in this charming corner shop on Madison Avenue.

"All day," Miss Bond said to us, "my hands are wet. My fingers are constantly digging in the soil. No occupation could be harder on the hands.

"So each evening I spend a few minutes with my Cutex Set—the Cuticle Remover, the Nail White to whiten the tips, and the Cuticle Oil to soften the cuticle. And I never fail once a week to apply the new Cutex Liquid Polish. It gives the delicate lustre that flatters the tiredest hands."

Do these 3 simple things

You can make your hands look prettier than most people's . . . this way.

First—the Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle, to whiten the nail tips, soften and shape the cuticle, bringing out half moons.

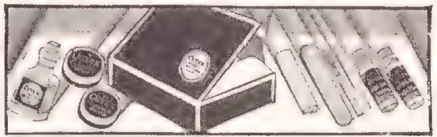
Second—the Polish Remover to remove the old polish, followed by the flattering Cutex Liquid Polish that sparkles undimmed for a week.

Third—apply Cutex Cuticle Cream or Cuticle Oil around the cuticle and under the tip to keep the cuticle soft . . . Cutex preparations 35c each. Polish and Remover together 50c. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.

CUTEX
LIQUID POLISH
POLISH REMOVER
CUTEX POLISH REMOVER
CUTEX LIQUID POLISH

The new Cutex Liquid Polish flatters your nails.

Special Introductory Offer—12¢



I enclose 12c for the Cutex Midget Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (If you live in Canada address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal, Canada.)

Northam Warren, Dept. 9 P 3
114 West 17th Street, New York.

Conducted by Marion Lambert

JUST AMONG OURSELVES

Dear Marion Lambert: When I read the whining letters of women who live in cities and towns and have everything to amuse them and to get along with I want to spank them all. To my way of thinking I have the most beautiful place on earth to live in. The ocean is near; a dense forest all around us; wild flowers and animal life. I work fifteen hours a day just for the love of work. And I glory in life and living.

Should I whine? We live thirty-eight miles from the nearest town and eight from the post-office. We have been to the movies once in three years and to church once in eighteen months. This is an isolated light-station. It's a big island. Am I happy here? I am.

Here is how we pass our time away: The light-tower is one hundred and fifty feet high, and with the dwellings and boats there is lots of painting to be done, inside and out. The men-folk (my husband and his brother) look after that, and the light.

I raise chickens, flowers, prepare three meals a day. I play cards and I read twenty-three different magazines. We have a radio, and that is lots of company. I sew, embroider, crochet, and make all of my own dresses. I keep up in style, even if it is only a calico dress. I never let myself go sloppy, even if I don't see one soul for three months at a time.

We had very little household furniture, so I saved boxes until I got enough to make me a dining-room table. After that I made a dresser from a large packing-box, and a wash-stand and a flower-stand from the scraps left over. My hubby thinks I am wonderful.

Now, doesn't this sound just a wee bit different from your usual letters? After twenty-four years of married life and seeing my hubby three hundred and sixty-five days a year I still believe I have a heaven on earth. Don't think I don't know what trouble is, for I supported myself from nine to seventeen years of age. I had no one to fight my life battle for me; I fought it with my own two hands. Did I have pretty garments? I did, because I learned to sew before I was eight years old.

I must hush as it is late; but I only hope one ray of happiness reaches your weary heart. Mrs. G.

I have read this letter over and over. It has done me a world of good. There is something about it which is so wholesome, so inspiring, so satisfying—like a breath from the forests and the sea. Wouldn't it be wonderful to spend a month on that island with Mrs. G.! There are a lot of us who would come away with a truer sense of life's values than we ever had before.

Dear Miss Lambert: I have been married a little over a year. I should be very happy, but——

I had intended to continue working two years, and my husband was enthusiastic about that. The constant hurrying both in the office and at home was very hard for me, but my husband never urged me to stop it, altho he did help me with the housework and was very lovable.

Then, after I had worked eleven months, I had a beautiful secret to tell him. And his first words were, "Well, that cuts down our weekly income!" And now, since I have to stay at home, he never helps me or encourages me, but acts as if I had committed a crime. Because he is now supporting me he expects to be waited on and to have everything absolutely perfect. I try my best, but I am sick and worried, and oh, so disappointed with life!

I always thought husbands wanted children. But now I don't know whether to be proud or angry at my condition. I adore babies. Our furniture is all paid for. We have no debts. It seems to me we should have a baby now instead of waiting too long. Can you give me any comfort? Alice.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Do you ever have a problem or a trouble which you long to talk over with some one who will listen, understand, and never tell? Marion Lambert is that some one. Have you gained from life some bit of experience or wisdom which you would be glad to pass on to those who need it? Send it to Marion Lambert. It will be used to help those who will deeply appreciate it.

This page is for all our readers. We want you to use it. Every letter is considered confidential. The writer's real name is never printed.

If you need immediate advice enclose a stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

Address Marion Lambert, Pictorial Review, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

No, dear readers, this letter is not unique. You would be amazed at the number of similar ones which come to me. Three recently from women whose husbands have actually deserted them when they learned that a little one was coming. It makes one wonder whether this is the real disadvantage to the young wife continuing in business.

There are many arguments in favor of her keeping her job for a while. They can marry younger; they can have a better apartment; they can sooner pay for the furniture; she is more companionable than the wife who stays home all day. But does it mean that the husband learns to take life too easily and to shirk his responsibilities?

We read a great deal about women who refuse to rear families. Because women are prone to cover the faults of their husbands, there is less said about the men who are aghast and angry at the idea of having their easy, comfortable scheme of living upset by the advent of a child.

But there is one thing you can almost certainly count on, Alice dear. When your husband holds his small son or daughter in his arms all this resentment of his will disappear. He will be so puffed up with love and joy and pride that no one, looking on, would suspect that you had anything at all to do with having that baby! The fact that there ever was a day when he didn't want his baby will be wiped from his memory, and it would be a dangerous piece of business to mention it to him.

Human beings are such queer, blundering, inarticulate things. It may be that down beneath your husband's outside manner he is really afraid, terrified at the ordeal you must go through, fearful that he can not make good with this tremendous new responsibility. So hold tight to your courage, your faith, and your love.

A LONG letter has come from a girl who signs herself "Twenty-odd at Sea." She says that for some time she refused to be "modern." The result was that she was left out of everything, and her parents, well-bred people of good social standing, were bitterly disappointed. She went to church, and the minister preached a sermon saying that the youth of to-day were as good as their elders had been—that the world was growing better. There seemed to be nothing to cling to. So she began to do as the others did. Now she is popular and her parents are pleased. I will go on in her own words:

So I snapped out of it. I smoke, I drink, I play cards for money, I pet. I haven't gone the limit, but only God knows whether I will. My family do not seem to think that I am bad. Of course they don't know, or at least they do not appear to know, that I do all these things. But are parents deaf and blind? I can't let myself be in church affairs any more. Maybe I am a good girl, but I feel bad. I can't pray. Sometimes after an exceedingly wild party I drop on my knees and say, "O God, forgive us all." You understand I am not out with a tough crowd. Just the boys and girls from the best families that I was brought up with.

The thing that puzzles and troubles me is the older people all having faith in us. These preachers standing around telling how fine and good we are! Some time I'll kidnap one and take him on a party. I'll bet his next sermon would be about sin. And that's what we need.

Here are some of the questions in my mind: Did my mother do the things I am doing? Did my older sisters? Am I wrong in thinking I am a bad girl? Is it the way of the world? Shall we go to heaven or to hell following such acts? Does God care? Do the preachers and teachers know we young people do these things? Is it the way the world always has been and always shall be?

Please, Marion Lambert, write something to quiet my mind or I shall certainly go mad.

It is not possible for me to quiet your mind, because only you yourself can do that. You believe in your heart that these things you mention are wrong. Then as long as you do them you will be restless, miserable, at war with yourself. It is not a question of what the others do, or what your mother did before you. Each human life is an individual problem. At your age you must use your own brain and make your own decisions.

Parents, teachers, or preachers must stand aside when your own reason and your own conscience speak. You admit that you are unhappy, that you are going against your own impulses, defying the "still, small voice." You have tried following the crowd and you don't like it. Then *follow your own light.* It is the one pathway to peace.

I am earnestly hoping to hear from a great many girls on this topic. There must be girls who have worked this problem through and found the answer. As for the elders—have we found an answer? Are we giving our children stones for bread? Are we prating about adapting ourselves to their view-points when all the time they are hungering for firm standards and a stabilizing authority? Are we letting them grow up with nothing to cling to? Have we torn down the old religious beliefs, or allowed them to be torn down, without putting new and better ones in their places? I wonder! It is a vital problem, and whoever can throw real light on it will be very welcome.

Why Ordinary Beauty Treatments Fail

—*you must wash your face, too*

The olive oil content of this complexion soap guards against modern dangers to skin beauty

THE secret of a successful beauty treatment lies in protecting the natural loveliness underneath rouge and powder. Cosmetics can enhance beauty but they cannot create it. And many women, unaware of the importance of washing for beauty, are unconsciously endangering complexion loveliness every day.

Your pores must breathe

Face creams, rouge, powder, form a surface layer between your skin and the air. Unless they are thoroughly removed, they sink further into the pores and accumulate with dirt, dust, and oil secretions, into tiny, stubborn masses. Soon these masses become blackheads, pimples, blemishes. And all surface beauty treatments fail to get at the true cause.

Olive oil—natural beautifier

The right way to care for your skin is to wash with this olive oil facial soap twice every day. The rich lather of Palmolive Soap searches out all impurities in the pores, softens and gently eliminates them. It stimulates as it cleanses, bringing out lovely natural color. You run your hand over cool, velvety cheeks after this treatment and the touch is sheer delight. A glance into the mirror is an added joy. You are learning to appreciate your natural loveliness!

Because it costs only 10c a bar, millions enjoy the advantages of Palmolive for the bath as well. Why don't you begin to use it this very day? Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

At night: make a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands, apply it to the face and throat. Rinse thoroughly with warm water graduated to cold, until you actually feel all impurities carried away. Then dry the skin tenderly with a soft towel.

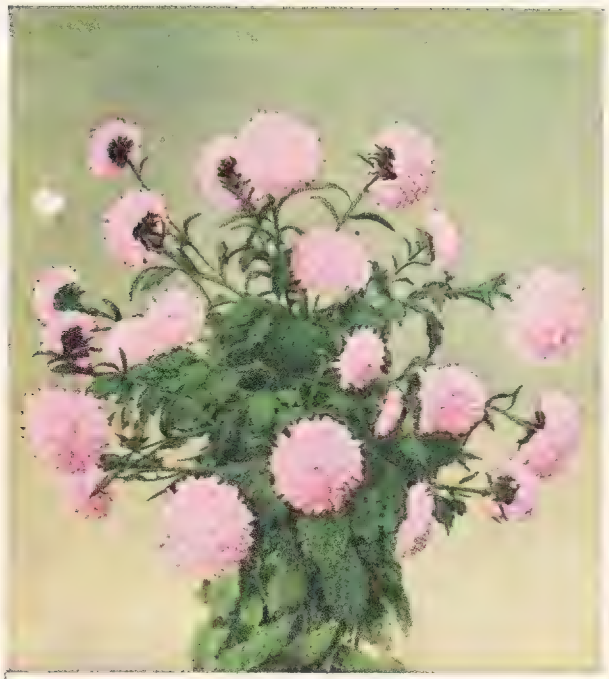
In the morning: repeat this treatment and add a touch of finishing cream before putting on rouge and powder. That's all! A simple treatment, but it must be observed twice every day to keep the skin lovely. At 10c Palmolive is the world's least expensive beauty formula.

Retail Price
10c

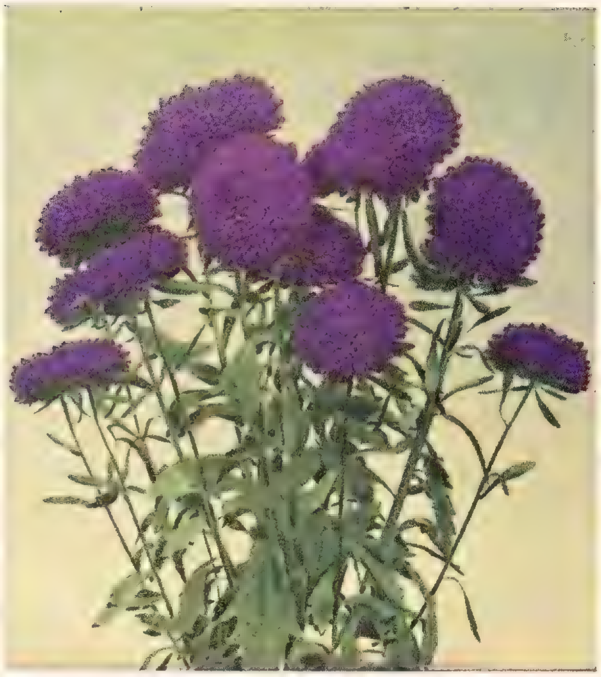
PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9.30 to 10:30 p, m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

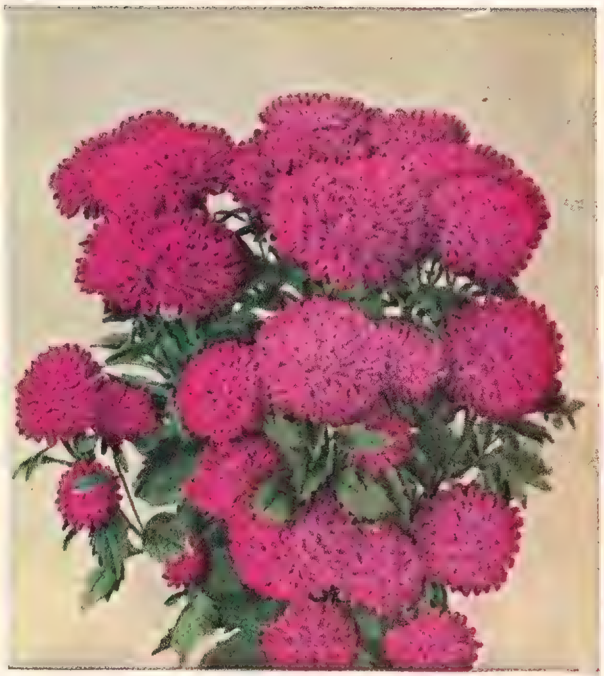
4231



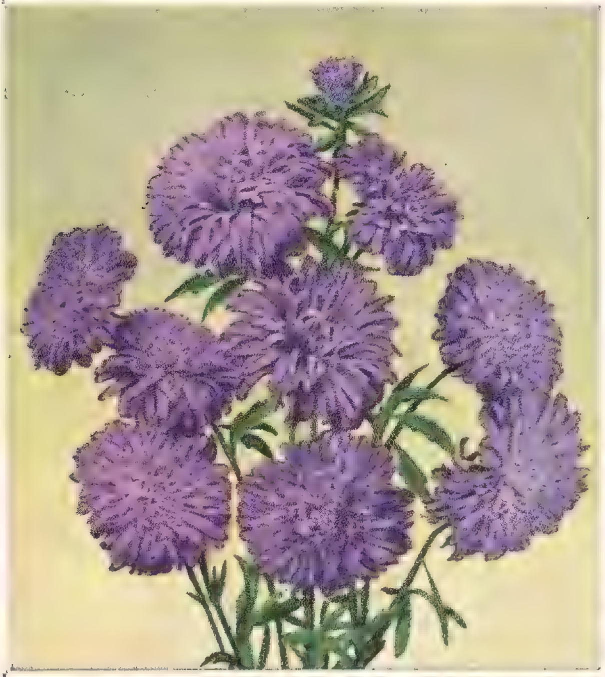
Peerless Pink A very beautiful sort with immense, well formed flowers of a delightful peach-blossom-pink color and very double; a profuse bloomer and its charming color makes it most desirable for house decoration.
Pkt. (over 50 seeds), 10c; 3 pkts., 25c.



Black Prince A new color in Asters; very fascinating, best described as a rich dark velvety purple-maroon, and needless to say, is attracting much attention. Flowers are large and double and are produced on long stems.
Pkt. (over 50 seeds), 15c; 3 pkts., 30c.



Red Sensation The reddest of all Asters, a very rich garnet-red that is most attractive for beds and borders, as the plants are always loaded with bloom and produce a very showy effect. Cut flowers keep well for decoration.
Pkt. (over 50 seeds), 10c; 3 pkts., 25c.



Purple Giant This is the monster among Asters, an unusually strong grower with immense purple flowers produced on long stems. The very large flowers have petals curved and twisted like Japanese Chrysanthemums. A beautiful flower.
Pkt. (over 50 seeds), 10c; 3 pkts., 25c.

Grow These Beautiful Asters

8 Gorgeous Colors

Asters are very popular and acknowledged to be the **Queen of Autumn Annuals.** These eight varieties reproduced from photographs are the latest colors and the most beautiful in **Asters,** and I do not believe the readers of this magazine have ever had an opportunity to grow such a fine collection of beautiful colors.

Asters are easily raised from seed—plant seed in the house or hotbed in March or April for early flowers, or later sow seed in the garden up to June 1st, and they will make a most brilliant show, furnishing a constant supply of cut flowers until killed by frost.

The varieties shown were made from photographs of the plants, their true color reproduced by the artist, and represent the most beautiful, artistic and robust types of the wonderful Aster family. You can order any variety on this page at prices named, or have the entire lot of 8 varieties at a bargain price under my **Special Offer.**

Special Offer **I will mail to any address 1 packet of each variety in color as described, 8 packets in all, for only 50c; 3 packets of each color (24 packets in all), $1.00, postpaid.**

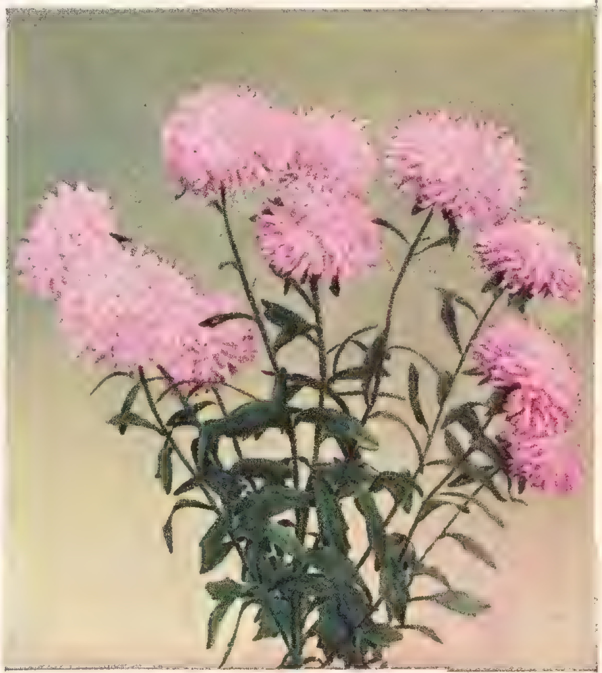
1929 Seed, Plant and Bulb Book is sent with every order, or **free** on request. It contains a big list of **Seeds, Plants** and **Bulbs.** 150 varieties of Vegetables, Flowers and Shrubs are shown in natural colors.

Leaflet "How to Grow Beautiful Asters" free with every order.

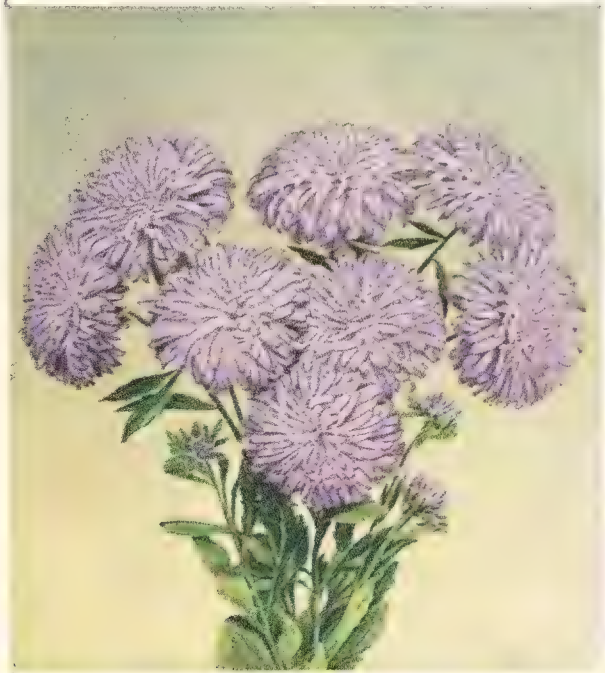
Order today, and grow a wonderful **Aster** display this Summer. You will be more than pleased.

This offer will not appear again.

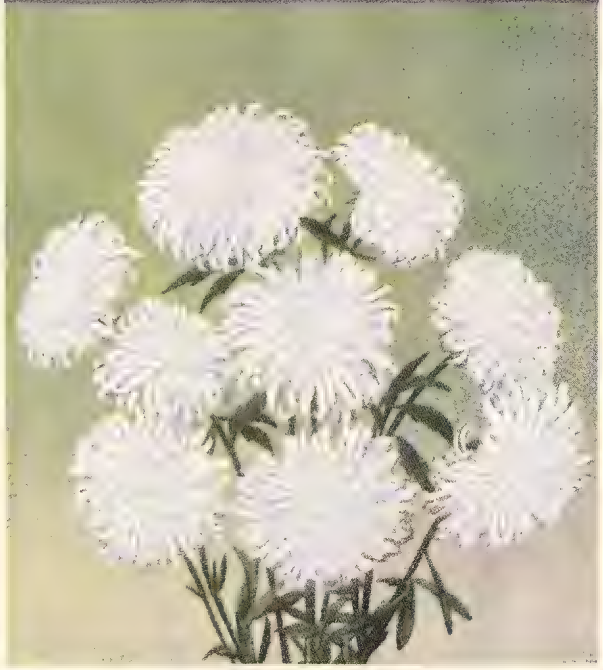
F. B. MILLS, Seed Grower, Box 27 Rose Hill, N.Y.
(42 Years of Seed Growing)



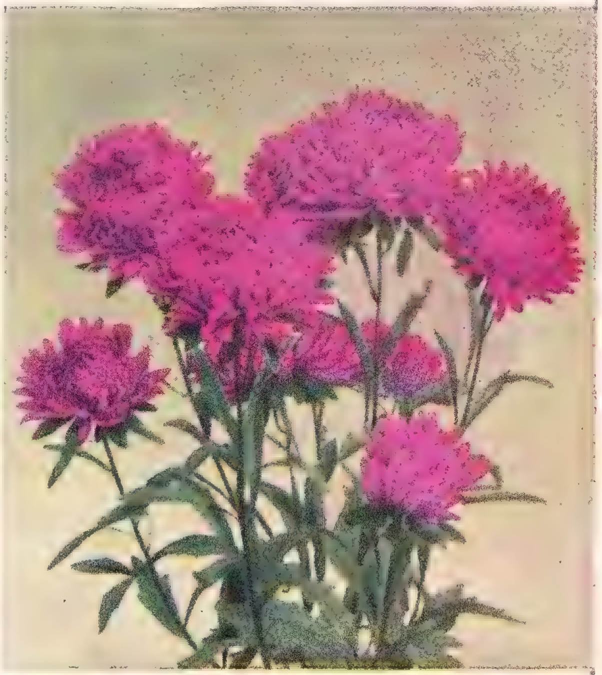
Admiration A new and very beautiful shade in Asters—a delightful shade of rose—impossible to describe and the effect made more exquisite by the petals of the large flowers being gracefully curled and twisted.
Pkt. (over 50 seeds), 15c; 3 pkts., 30c.



Pacific Beauty A most pleasing shade, best described as a silvery lavender, which is very unusual and has attracted much attention. The large, double flowers have curled and twisted petals and they are fine for cutting.
Pkt. (over 50 seeds), 10c; 3 pkts., 25c.



Oregon Giant The most beautiful of the large, white-flowering Asters and greatly prized for cutting. The mammoth flowers on long stems resemble Japanese Chrysanthemums as they are borne on long stems with petals long and curled.
Pkt. (over 50 seeds), 10c; 3 pkts., 25c.



American Beauty An early-flowering sort and the gorgeous flowers have a rich American Beauty rose color, which is always greatly admired, especially as they are produced on long stems—fine for cutting. Plants tall and strong.
Pkt. (over 50 seeds), 10c; 3 pkts., 25c.

Continued from Page 68

"Have you real proof of this, Porter?"

"As near as one could come to proof. I can swear to it, and if I do you won't stand a chance in the world of convicting him."

"All right, then, let's have it."

"Norris and I have what we may call, for want of a better name, business dealings together, which necessitate our making trips to the shore about once every three weeks or so."

"And the object?" Rankin interrupted.

"As I've already told you, I'm making no admissions. My object is to get Norris out—to make it quite impossible for you to hold him. As far as you're concerned, they were either pleasure jaunts or trips to take care of some pending real-estate deals. You had better let me tell the story in my own way. It became necessary to make a trip on Sunday night, this time to Asbury Park. I have a red roadster, and we had arranged to meet just below Norris's apartments a little after seven o'clock. He was a bit late, and I became quite impatient. We hoped to make the journey in four hours at the most."

"You were to meet him outside the Enderley Apartments? At what time did you start?"

"He came out finally at quarter after seven——"

THIS coincided with the testimony of the telephone-girl at the apartments. She had said that he arrived a little after seven and left almost at once.

"My car makes wonderful time on the road, and there were only two of us. With luck we would have made it in minimum time. But after a while we developed engine trouble and had to limp along. Outside of Toms River, which we came to after dark, there's an atrocious stretch of road; and then we had to stop at a garage for repairs."

"Exactly where was this?"

"Simon's, just about three miles after you pass through the town. A small wooden shack on your left. The fellow that did the job was an elderly man with glasses. I suppose you can locate him without difficulty."

"Did he see Norris?"

Porter hesitated. "Well, he might have, but, as I say, it was getting dark, and since I was driving, there was no need of his getting out of the car."

"And this was about nine or so?"

"Yes, just about nine. The repairs delayed us, however, about three-quarters of an hour, and the machine had been dragging along for some time. Tho I didn't look at my watch, I don't suppose it was till ten-forty-five that we got started again. It was verging on twelve-thirty when we reached Asbury Park."

"So that from seven-fifteen till twelve-thirty Norris was with you all the time?"

"Yes, and I'm willing to go into the witness-box to swear to it. I don't suppose I'd have said anything about it if it hadn't been for last night's raid; but now that we're in bad, we can use a man on the outside." He smiled. "After all, self-preservation is the first law of life. If Norris owes his freedom to us he'll repay us for it. I expect you to tell him that."

RANKIN saw his case against James Norris melt away. Not all of it; there remained still a number of things which the prisoner would have to explain. But his bootlegging proclivities were not within the scope of Rankin's investigation. Of course he would send some one to investigate Porter's tale. All the places where the inhabitants would have been likely to see a red roadster would be canvassed. Meanwhile he raised a legitimate objection.

"But Asbury is only a two-hours' ride by train," he said. "So that if there happened to be a train leaving for the Jersey coast at ten-thirty, Norris could still reach your destination at twelve-thirty."

Porter was undisturbed. "That's very true, but is it likely? Do you think such a series of coincidences could occur?"

"Certainly it is possible. The crime occurred at ten."

"But I could do far better than this if I wanted to invent something to free Norris—an air-tight alibi. But this isn't air-tight; it's much more likely to be true. Why should I tell you this if it has no basis in fact? I expect you to investigate the whole story."

"Who can tell what your motive is? Since you were the only person with him from two hours before the murder to two hours afterward——"

"What difference does it make," argued Porter, "if I'm the only one or if there were a dozen? It's all the same; he can't possibly be guilty."

Further discussion followed. Rankin had Porter cover every detail of the trip to Asbury Park, bit by bit. Rankin made notes of the time involved, the route taken, the mileage. At the end of the interview he was fairly convinced of the truth of the narrative. He summoned Simpson.

"Return Porter to his cell," he instructed, "and bring Norris up with you. Don't let them see each other."

He didn't want Norris to know of the raid and the capture of the gang the preceding night. It might make a difference in what his prisoner would be willing to admit.

"Yes, sir," Simpson replied. "Gordon's been in, these last twenty minutes, and waiting to see you. I told him you couldn't be disturbed now, and that he'd have to wait."

"Gordon? Send him in, and hold Norris off till we're finished. Then bring him along."

The officer obeyed. At the threshold of the room, as he was being led out, Porter paused and said with a smile:

"Remember our bargain, Rankin. You can't hold an innocent man."

The door shut behind them both, and a moment later Gordon entered the room.

The Missing Lodger

GORDON sat down, helped himself to a cigaret, offered one to his colleague, and then sat back for a moment, puffing in silence. Rankin waited patiently. Presently Gordon began.

"You certainly sent me on a chase, Tommy. For the last two days I've been running around, quizzing innumerable people, trying to pick up Rogers's trail."

"With what success, Lester? Nothing's come in from other cities, so I've been hoping for something from you. So far I haven't been able to tackle Rogers myself."

"I had one or two streaks of luck," Gordon replied, "but the rest of it has been disheartening work. For the longest time I couldn't pick up any sort of a trail. That cop on the corner near the boarding-house didn't know a thing about Rogers and hadn't seen him."

"Yes, I know that. I tried him myself."

"First I went to the bank. They were pretty cold about it for some reason, and didn't have anything to tell me."

"What did they have to say?" Rankin asked.

"They knew nothing about him because he gave them notice he was leaving, and did so last Saturday. I saw there was nothing to be got there, so I tried the boarding-house. Nice lady, Mrs. Schmidt. Both she and Mrs. Edgecomb were quite willing to answer my questions. Mrs. Schmidt hadn't gotten over the fact that Rogers had ruined her furniture."

Rankin smiled. "I know how she feels about it."

"Well, they couldn't tell me anything. There hadn't been any mail since Rogers had left; as a matter of fact, he never got much mail, anyway. I had the whole story out of Mrs. Edgecomb—of how she saw him in the hallway with that big black suitcase of his, and how he told her about that sick mother. But she hadn't seen whether he had gone by taxi or by trolley. She didn't look out the window after him. I made particularly sure about that suitcase. It was big enough to put in things for a two-weeks' stay, so it must have been very heavy. He wouldn't have wanted to carry that very far."

"Describe it for me."

"It was a patent-leather bag, more than a yard in length, black, of course, and held together by thick, heavy straps. Rather conspicuous, so I had hopes of

...but *was* it love?

SUDDENLY she went limp in his arms. But in that fleeting instant while memory lingered, she lived again their glorious night in Paris—before mankind went mad and the world was drenched in blood.

Ah! That was love—a love that glowed in her heart and warmed her whole being with an ecstasy of happiness such as she had never known.

And then—catastrophe. Without a moment's warning, she saw her Temple of Love topple and crash into ruin. Frantic with fear and despair she clung to him—her man—begging him not to leave her. But the dream was ended. Her arms were suddenly empty. The one to whom she had gladly given heart, soul, everything—was gone.

Love? But—*was* it love! The terrible aftermath, the awful Deluge that followed, was to teach this girl many things. More than all, she was to find the answer to the question that tortured her soul—as *you* will find it—in that stupendous modern motion-picture drama of life and love—

"NOAH'S ARK"

A Modern Story of the Age-old Lust for Power, Riches—and Love

Dolores Costello's Latest and Greatest Screen Hit

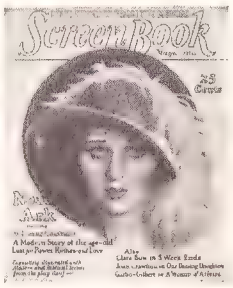
This is the picture that took 2½ years to make, at a cost of $2,000,000. By all means see it. But you will enjoy the picture more—you will understand the powerful significance of its peculiar title—if you first read the story, *in complete $2.00 Book-Length form, in* SCREEN BOOK *Magazine for March.*

Other Thrilling Features in This Issue

"Three Week Ends"—starring Clara Bow. Driven by hard luck into the ranks of a cabaret chorus, she quickly becomes entangled in the riotous doings of three millionaires—in which a smart insurance salesman plays an unexpected part. The fastest, funniest story in Clara Bow's whole screen career.

"Our Dancing Daughters"—featuring Joan Crawford. The "shocking" conduct of the younger set seems to reach the limit of reckless misbehavior in this startling story of a beautiful girl who wanted to make an old-fashioned boy believe she was as bad as she pretended to be. Just one thrill after another. Don't miss it.

"A Woman of Affairs"—starring Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. The romantic mystery of a beautiful and cultured girl who overnight becomes the most notorious and shameless creature in all Europe. The swift, grim quality of this amazing story will make you gasp.


Screen Book
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A Modern Story of the Age-old Lust for Power Riches and Love
Also
Clara Bow in 3 Week Ends
Joan Crawford in Our Dancing Daughters
Garbo-Gilbert in A Woman of Affairs

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I enclose 25c. Please send me Screen Book for March, which contains the complete ($2.00) book-length novel "Noah's Ark" and other features as described above.

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☐ Check here and enclose $1.00 and receive five issues of Screen Book at this bargain price!

Some of the things our friends write us

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some one having noticed him. But later, when I tried the trolleys, the nearest of which was three long blocks away from the boarding-house, I had no luck. That was last night. I wasted more car-fare, riding up and down the lines and quizzing conductors and late travelers, than I've ever done before. The department will have quite a bill to pay me. But it didn't do any good. No one had seen him. That didn't prove, however, he hadn't taken a car. It made it less likely, tho.

"Incidentally, Tommy, I met Miss Graham. Let me tell you she's a corking good looker. And you seem to have made some impression upon her, too, because she asked about you and hoped I would remember her to you. I think she'd like to have a date. And we never took you for a ladies' man!"

RANKIN was annoyed. Miss Graham kept turning up on all sides and she still puzzled him. He preferred not to think about her.

"All right, Gordon," he said. "Get along with your story."

"Well, since I couldn't find him on the street-cars, I decided to try the taxis. I knew that if he called up for a taxi he'd get a central station and they'd put the local stand on the call. So I went around to all the Germantown taxi-stands, inquiring whether any of them got a call on Sunday night at eleven-thirty. I thought that was going to draw a blank, too, but luck turned, and on the fourth attempt I hit pay-dirt."

"Good work," Rankin commended. "Which company was it?"

"The ——— Cab. It seems Rogers called up the main office from somewhere —I don't think it was Mrs. Schmidt's, or she would have heard him—at eleven o'clock Sunday night, asking them to send a cab to 2538 Morton Street at eleven-thirty. And the central office forwarded the call to Germantown, and cab 238, driven by Gerald Smithers, took the call. His companion at the stand remembered the order because it was a slow Sunday, and he had an argument with Smithers as to which of them should go.

"Smithers was off duty then, being only on the night-shift, which came on at six o'clock; so I had to hurry down to the cab office and get his address. Of course it had to be way out in Frankford—967 Parton Street, I think it was—and I hustled out there. Had to drag the poor chap out of bed, but it was worth it. As soon as I described the passenger and the black bag he remembered him. The call, he said, sounded like a hurry-call, so he thought it rather peculiar that he was to wait for a half-hour before making it, especially since it was in the neighborhood."

"Where did he take him?" asked Rankin. Here was the crux of the matter.

"Rogers ordered him to go straight to Broad Street station, and that's where they went. You were quite right, Rankin, in saying that he was in a deuce of a hurry to get out of town."

"Did he take Rogers directly there?"

"Yes, straight as a die—through the parkway and down-town. It was just a half-hour's ride, making good time, and they reached the station just as the clock in City Hall tower pointed to midnight."

"Are you sure he didn't have to go out to West Philadelphia first?"

Gordon extinguished his cigaret and stared at Rankin. "No, of course he didn't, or Smithers would have told me. Was there any reason that he should have?"

Rankin shook his head. Gordon knew nothing of his later discovery of the knife in Norris's room, which must have been planted there if Norris were innocent. If placed there by the fugitive, however, when had the deed been done? Certainly not before eleven o'clock, and now it would appear, not after eleven-thirty, unless it were possible that Joseph Rogers had checked his bag after his arrival at Broad Street station, gone by trolley to the Enderley Apartments, and returned in time to make his train. That, of course, was what had occurred. Rankin upbraided himself for not having thought of it sooner. No doubt there was sufficient time between midnight and the train's departure to permit the accomplishment of this errand. After all, it would not take more than half an hour by the elevated.

"Go on with your story," he instructed.

"I'm afraid there isn't much more to tell," Gordon resumed, "because the trail ends right there. Smithers left him off at the station, was paid a very small tip, and then Rogers dropped out of sight."

"Did a porter take his bag?"

"Smithers says not. You may be sure I asked every porter in the station. I figured that Rogers must have taken an early train, one that left within the next hour, because there is no point in his rushing away and then loafing about the terminal for hours. He'd be anxious to get out fast. So I got a list of the trains going out between twelve and one in the morning. There are six trains, two of them only being expresses. They were a train for Boston at twelve-fifteen, and one for Montreal at twelve-thirty. The rest were all locals, and I didn't think he'd be likely to go to near-by towns. So I concentrated on the two through trains.

"But I didn't turn up anything this time. I inquired of the ticket agents. I made the rounds of porters, conductors, guards, to discover if they could recall him. No one seemed to have noticed him. Yet I'm positive that he bought his ticket after he got to the station."

"I agree with you there." Rankin nodded. "There was no premeditation in regard to the flight. It was sudden and unexpected."

"Yet none of the agents remembered selling him a ticket," Gordon complained. "The earth might have swallowed him up. Anyhow, I'm at the end of the track. I thought I'd better come back and report it to you."

"I think you did as well as could be expected under the circumstances. Let me see your train-list."

Gordon complied, and Rankin studied the slip. Where the former had failed in his search was in limiting his trains to the hour between midnight and one o'clock. He had made a correct assumption in that the fugitive would be most anxious to escape the city, but he was ignorant of Rankin's belief that Rogers had first visited the Enderley Apartments. He could not have returned until half past twelve. It was impossible, then, that he could have taken either the Boston or the Montreal train. Here, then, was the error in Gordon's calculations, for which, however, he could not be held responsible. Had he made inquiry as to the time between twelve-thirty and two o'clock the results might have been different.

Rankin imparted none of this to his colleague. He intended to resume the trail himself as soon as the Norris affair was off his hands. Accordingly, he commended Gordon for his work, and retained the train-list. As soon as he was alone he sent Simpson for his prisoner.

A Prison Interlude

WITH nothing to do but ponder upon the irony of his predicament, time passed slowly enough for James Norris. His past he could consider; his future was doubtful, tho the drab, gray cell and the prison-bars reminded him of what it would probably be.

He had just come from a hectic battle of wits that consumed more than three hours, and he was exhausted from the long strain. In an upper office, detectives had interrogated and cross-questioned him to draw from him the truth of the murder of Mary Young. They had hurled queries at him with the rapidity of a bombardment; they had bullied and threatened. But he had maintained his own with success. Without variation he clung to his original tale—that he had spent Sunday evening in his room, that he knew nothing of the silver lighter or the knife, that he had not seen Mary Young that night. All lies, yet they could not beat down his stubborn insistence and constant denials. He remained the only collected and calm man among them.

All his life he had been heading toward prison. Everything that had ever occurred to him pointed in that direction.

Continued on Page 76

In her Beautifully Appointed Town House *Mrs.* ROBERT R. McCORMICK

Mrs. Robert R. McCormick

from a portrait by an eminent painter. Mrs. McCormick treasures pictures, owning one of the finest Cezannes in the world, an exquisite Matisse, and many other splendid moderns. Extremely versatile, she is, as well as a distinguished Chicago hostess, a painter of some note, and the breeder of a prize Guernsey herd on her place at Wheaton.

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ELEGANCE and luxury characterize the Chicago home of Mrs. Robert R. McCormick. Each smallest detail has been exquisitely thought out, from the Chinese brocades that hang in the entrance hall to the marvelous Aubusson rugs richly carpeting the floors. There is an entire Adam room which came intact from England; the garden was done by Vitale, who makes those charming Chinese shadow trees of iron.

And for this house of treasures Mrs. McCormick chose these most luxurious mattresses and springs—Simmons Beautyrest Mattresses and Ace Box Springs! In this bedroom, done in the French and Venetian manner, their rose damask covers blend beautifully with the rose and apricot hangings. Mrs. McCormick, delighted with them, says:

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THIS EXQUISITE BEDROOM in Mrs. McCormick's home, has soft green walls, light rose organdy glass curtains and deep peach taffeta hangings. The rug is a handsome Aubusson;—a white fireplace, a little desk, chairs and sofa upholstered in soft gray green, and a priceless old poudreuse, add to the charm of the room. In this setting of elegance, blue-green Simmons Beds No. 1581 fit perfectly, with their apricot trim, and rose damask covered Beautyrests and Springs. This bed also comes in peach, walnut, and mahogany finish.

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Continued from Page 74

His father had been a capable but unsuccessful doctor of good family, who was compelled to practise medicine in the poorer sections of the city, where his clientele were the needy. The physician struggled along, doing what he could for the growing boy. His mother had succumbed to privations very soon. He did not remember her. So in the midst of poverty and squalor he had grown to manhood.

There was no choice of playmates—only the gangs who infested the district. Kenney had been a school-chum of his, and he had played with "Slim" in the streets. In their company he had fled policemen and carried on deviltries.

It was only his superior breeding and better education that prevented him from falling to the level of those about him. His high-school education gave him an advantage. And he always possessed a consciousness of right and wrong which kept him above the average of his companions and prevented him from acquiring the viciousness that makes criminals. But he did acquire a peculiar contempt for the forces of law. And he felt the urge to outwit them, which was not particularly unusual in the face of his early environment. Participation in the War gave him also a lust for adventure.

When he returned from it he found himself restless and discontented. He sought something that would fill his needs, and was still searching for excitement when the eighteenth Amendment was passed. It was a challenge to him, and he was among the first to organize for the purpose of defying the law. He met "Spark" Porter then. Together they joined forces in building up a powerful system which produced ships for smuggling, trucks for land shipping, and warehouses for storing liquor. Norris did not trust his partner, but they worked together successfully.

One thing he shortly discovered. It was not so simple a matter to defy the law as he had at first supposed, and he began to weary of the struggle which kept him in constant jeopardy. The more he worked with criminals the more he realized they were not of his caliber. So he had come to the point where he considered discarding this mode of living. He did not permit Porter to become aware of his change of heart. But he had made up his mind to break away after one last coup. It was in this frame of mind that he met Mary Young.

As he had informed Rankin upon his arrest, it had been an accidental meeting. They squeezed into the same compartment of a turnstile during an evening rush-hour in the subway. He apologized to her. They both got out at the same station, and he spoke to her. Her words meant nothing, but her voice sent through him a thrill such as he had never before experienced. What followed amounted to love at first sight with both of them.

Theirs was a peculiar courtship, for they remained strangers in many matters. He never questioned her as to her past or her people, but he knew she came of a good family despite the poverty of her life. And he, on his side, told her little about himself. They took each other on trust.

Norris knew that he had betrayed that trust. His secrecy as to his occupation was actuated by the fear that she would never approve of it. This factor had finally influenced him to cease his bootlegging activities. He foresaw that after marriage such a mode of existence could not continue. But meanwhile he kept his operations under cover. So matters stood when the quarrel occurred on Saturday and the fatal Sunday rolled around.

THE trend of Norris's reflections was interrupted by the clanging of keys against the lock of his prison door. Without curiosity he looked up to see Simpson standing before him.

"Come along up-stairs," the officer commanded. "Rankin wants to see you."

Norris obeyed in silence. More quizzing, probably. He had refused to talk because he did not wish to call the attention of the authorities to his activities. He knew from previous experience that they suspected him; but they had no proof, and whatever alibi he might produce would, perforce, connect him with the escapade which had occurred Sunday. Later, with the booty of that final coup completely hidden away, he could tell his story. There was a vast gulf between suspicion and proof. He believed Porter would, in some way, inform him as to when he would be free to talk. Until then he would hold out, no matter how tragic the circumstances.

Rankin greeted him in his office, and bade him be seated.

"I SENT for you, Norris," he began, "to find out what you have to say about the crime. Thus far you've refused to speak. But Porter has been here to see about you."

Norris's features lighted up. It meant that he could talk.

"What did he have to say?"

"He told me a peculiar story about something that occurred on Sunday. It was quite interesting, but I haven't made up my mind whether to believe it or not."

"And you want me to——?"

"To repeat the same story for purposes of comparison. If they coincide it will show me that there is some truth in it."

Norris complied. He knew that Porter would never have told the truth unless the situation permitted it. Nor would he have made any damaging admissions as to the object of their trip, even tho Rankin might well suspect what it was for. Accordingly, Norris took care not to implicate himself. Rankin, with notebook open, followed him closely. Even in the minor points the two narratives resembled each other. The facts dovetailed without error. Cross-examination failed to shake any part of it. There was no indication that the alibi was a hoax, and at the end of an hour Rankin was convinced.

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" he asked.

"I think the reason is rather obvious, don't you? What I would like to know is how long are you going to keep me here? You can't hold an innocent man, you know; and there's no harm in an auto-trip to Asbury Park."

"Very true," Rankin replied, "but I've still some investigations to make. I'm not altogether satisfied. You must realize your story far from answers everything. And I know there is more you could tell me if you cared to."

"What, for instance?" Norris studied the detective.

"I want the truth about who Miss Young is and how you met her."

Norris was wary of a trap.

"I told you that already. It was purely accidental, and our courtship was just such as I have related to you. That's one thing I wouldn't lie to you about; I loved her too much."

There was a quality of deep sincerity in his words. Rankin was surprized to find that his ideas of his prisoner were changing, and that he was gradually coming into sympathy with him. It was difficult to analyze the change, but there was no doubt that it had occurred.

"Ours was a delightful engagement while it lasted," Norris went on. "Romantic and beautiful. But it was all too short. And then there was that awful—" He paused.

"The quarrel? Exactly. What was the cause of that?"

"Yes, the quarrel. It hurts to speak about it, for it was the last time I saw her, and I left her unhappy. It was last Saturday night. Just think of it—four short days ago. We arranged to go to a dance at that big café in West Philadelphia—Shapiro's. I called for her at eight forty-five, and then——"

Rankin recalled Miss Minsey's tale of the man who left Mary Young's chamber at approximately that time, tho she had insisted it was on Sunday night.

"Did you go to her room for her?" he interrupted.

"No, of course not; I waited in the parlor, but I didn't see any one at that time. Mary didn't keep me waiting long, and we took a taxi to the café. But as soon as we climbed in, Mary asked me

Continued on Page 78

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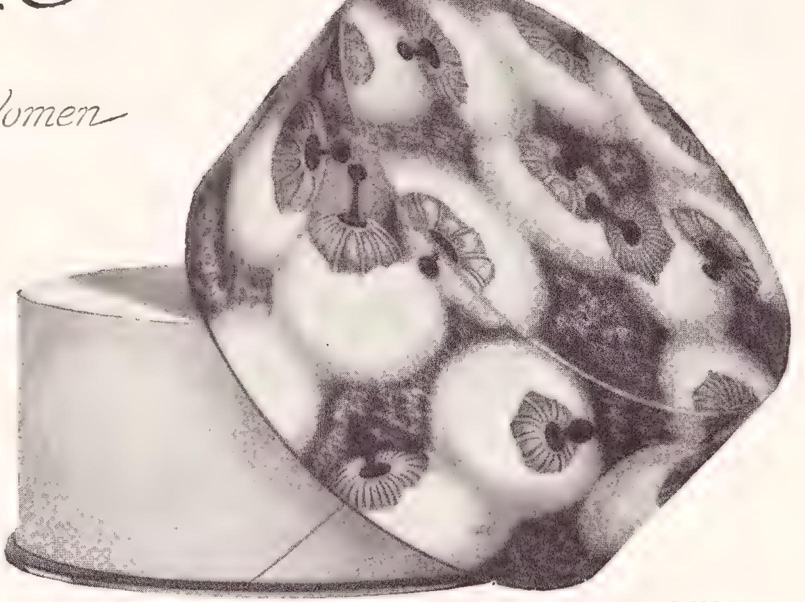

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Continued from Page 76

what I did for a living. We never talked about my occupation, and the question took me unawares. I had no idea how much she might know about it and I didn't know how to answer, so I lied about it."

"Why should she ask such a question?"

"I haven't any idea." Norris shook his head slowly. "Nor can I tell you where she learned the truth. But she knew, there was no doubt of that, and it was a weak thing to try to evade the issue. She pulled me up short at once. I made matters worse by trying to explain the unexplainable. Finally she broke into tears and, in a fit of anger, returned the ring. That was all there was to it. I had to turn about and bring her directly back."

"But what about the silver lighter?"

"I think I must have dropped it in the cab during our discussion. I was so distressed I was hardly aware of what happened about me. I knew that if Mary were calm she'd think things over, so I believed the best thing to do was to take her home and see her the next day. Unfortunately, Sunday I was too occupied with this other affair, and I put off my reconciliation. I was a fool, but believe me, Rankin, I had to postpone it."

His voice trailed into sorrowful silence.

"Then you believe that Miss Young picked the lighter up when you dropped it, and kept it?"

"It's the only way I can account for her having it with her in the park. She must have dropped it out of her bag during that awful ride."

Rankin hesitated a moment in thought. "That seems likely; but, then, how do you explain the knife? I'd like to believe all this, but how in the world did the weapon with which she was killed come into the drawer of your bureau?"

"I realize that's the most incriminating thing against me; but I can not explain it. I can only repeat that I'll take my oath that I never saw that weapon before in all my life."

"Have you any enemies?" Rankin asked. "Any one who would desire to kill Miss Young and incriminate you to revenge himself? Some one who would go to any lengths to be rid of you?"

NORRIS weighed the suggestion. "I have enemies, I suppose, but none that would do a thing like that. They are not aware of my interests in other spheres. They wouldn't even know of my engagement to Mary."

"They could find them out, don't you think?"

"I'm afraid not." The reply was stubborn, and Rankin shifted the subject.

"There is only one thing I can not understand in regard to what occurred on Sunday evening. The telephone-girl at your apartment says that Miss Young tried to locate you at six o'clock, and, failing that, left a message for you, asking you to meet her."

"As I've told you before, I didn't know anything about it. I spent the afternoon in town on some private business, and started back about six-thirty to keep my appointment with Porter. I arrived a bit after seven, went up-stairs for a few minutes, and came down. Miss Victhers never said a word to me or mentioned that Mary had been there."

"But she insists that she gave you the note when you arrived."

"Then she's simply lying," Norris replied in a tone that would admit of no doubt. "I don't know why she should, but I wish to God that I had gotten that message. Perhaps this terrible tragedy might have been avoided."

"Have you any idea what she wanted with you?"

"No, none at all, unless she wanted to forgive me for the folly of the night before. And if that was it, I'll never forgive myself for failing her as I did."

"I believe you, Norris," he said, rising, "in everything you've told me. As soon as I can get proof that will satisfy my superiors you'll be released. Whatever else you've been doing doesn't come within my province."

James Norris regarded Rankin with an earnest gaze of deep understanding.

"Thanks, Rankin; that's white of you. I appreciate it more than I can tell you."

"But I warn you that you'll be kept under surveillance for some time. Duty compels me to report my suspicions to the Narcotic Squad. Captain Alvin, of whom you must already have heard, will be hot after you for proof of what we both believe."

Norris smiled faintly. "I suppose that is the best I can expect. But you needn't worry. I've had a terrible punishment and learned my lesson."

Tommy Rankin shook hands with the man whom, twenty-four hours before, he would never have dreamed of thus greeting or leaving. The clasp was a sincere one.

Jerry—A Comedy of Errors

A HALF-HOUR afterward the detective was re-entering the doors of the Enderley Apartments. The porter was off duty, but the telephone-girl, whose name was Miss Victhers, had just arrived for work. This time Rankin came straight to the point, giving her to understand he was a detective.

His queries regarding a stranger who might have entered Norris's apartment and planted the incriminating weapon between twelve and twelve-thirty produced no results. The only person the girl recalled was a man who inquired for Norris at eleven o'clock and took his departure at once. Tho disappointed, Rankin was not convinced. It was possible that Rogers had entered unseen, or, being mistaken for a tenant, had walked by without attracting attention.

"You told me a story two days ago," he informed her, "about a girl who had left a message for you to give Mr. Norris. I want you to repeat it now, so I can get all the facts correctly."

Miss Victhers flushed.

"Why, there isn't anything to tell! At six o'clock on Sunday evening this young lady came in and asked for Mr. Norris, and when I informed her he wasn't in she gave me a note for him. Then when Mr. Norris arrived at seven o'clock I gave it to him ——"

"Just a moment," the detective interrupted. "That's the point. Did you or did you not give Mr. Norris that message?"

Miss Victhers's agitation increased.

"Certainly I did," she replied. "When I make a promise I ——"

"So you said before. But I want the truth now. And if you lie it will be much worse for you. You are trifling with a crime as serious as murder. If you gave that message to Mr. Norris you automatically convict him of it!"

Miss Victhers turned pale.

"No! No! I didn't give it to him—I swear it! I forgot all about it. I lied to you. You must believe me, sir—I did forget."

"There, that's better," he said. "Now, what really did happen?"

"I didn't give it to him," she repeated. "I forgot it. When Mr. Norris came in at seven o'clock he went up-stairs so quickly that I had no chance to tell him. And when he came down I was busy with a call, and it slipped my mind till just after he was outside the door. I ran out to give it to him, but it was too late. He was just getting into a little red roadster with another man, and the sound of the motor drowned my calls, and he was off before I could reach him."

"Then why did you lie to me about it?"

The girl shook her head. "It's hard to say. I was so worried about having forgotten it that I didn't know what to do. The girl who brought it said it was so important that I was afraid serious trouble might come from my forgetfulness. That might bring me into difficulties, and I didn't want that."

"My dear girl," Rankin commented, "you've gotten yourself into more trouble this way than you ever would have done had you told the truth in the beginning."

Wondering at the perversity of human nature, Rankin left her staring after him. She had a fright she would not soon forget. He was now satisfied, since Norris was clear of all suspicion, that Rogers had planted the weapon, but he was

Continued on Page 80

Her tooth paste bought her galoshes

You'll be delighted to find how many little things you can buy with that $3 that Listerine Tooth Paste saves you every year as compared to dentifrices costing 50c and up. Galoshes, for example. Handkerchiefs. Hosiery. Perfume. Gloves.

A remarkable dentifrice

—*yet but 25¢*

IT takes a great deal of money to prepare and introduce a new tooth paste. Unless the product is of exceptional merit and priced right, its chance of success is slight.

Four years ago Listerine Tooth Paste was produced by the makers of Listerine. It was the final expression of years of study. Today, sweeping toward leadership, it has reached and passed some of the excellent dentifrices that sell for 50¢ or more.

Millions are delighted by that refreshing sensation of mouth invigoration you associate with Listerine. They're enthusiastic about the quick, safe way Listerine Tooth Paste attacks deposits and leaves teeth white and gleaming.

We can offer no more convincing proof of its merit than this eagerness on the part of the public to buy—and keep on buying.

And think of paying but 25¢ instead of 50¢. That's a saving of $3 per year per person. Worth while isn't it? Particularly when a family is large. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Common Sense Way to
BEAT COLDS

INHALATION: In a teacup of boiling water, float about half a teaspoonful of Mentholatum. Breathe the gentle, healing vapor by cupping your hands, or by using a small funnel. Repeat frequently with fresh Mentholatum, and a fresh cup of boiling water.

CHEST RUBBING: Before going to bed, massage the whole chest and throat thoroughly with Mentholatum. Use about half a tube. Remember rubbing is half the treatment. Cover the chest with a piece of hot flannel.

NOSE APPLICATION: With your finger, apply Mentholatum to the inside of your nose, and to the outer edges. Rubbing Mentholatum over the entire outside of the nose is very helpful. Notice the cool, soothing effect—**and how easy it makes your breathing.**

EVERY COLD runs a course of 3 stages. Know these stages and you know how to get rid of your cold. Apply the common sense Mentholatum treatment to each stage. Do it tonight, and your cold will feel better tomorrow.

In the FIRST STAGE your nose lining is dry, irritated and sneezy. Give yourself the easy Mentholatum inhalation (described above), and apply Mentholatum direct to the inside of your nose. These gentle, healing treatments relieve the scratchy dryness. They also help to stop the sneezing that throws countless germs into the air.

In the SECOND STAGE your nose is inflamed and swollen, and "running" with a watery discharge. Breathing is stuffy and difficult. Continue the inhalation and the direct treatment to check this running condition, and to make breathing easy.

At this stage, the chest rubbing (described above) is very important to relieve congestion. Mentholatum, unlike harsh ointments, is safe on the most tender skin. Clean and pure, it will not stain clothing or bed linen.

In the THIRD STAGE the heavy, pus-like discharge, containing dead germs, is very irritating to the nose lining and the outer edges of the nose. Apply Mentholatum frequently to prevent chapping, and disagreeable sores. Chest rubbing also is a needed protection at this stage.

(This important story is more completely told in the booklet, *"How to Get Rid of Colds."* Send the coupon below for a *free* copy.)

Give your cold the proper Mentholatum treatment tonight. Get a handy tube or jar of Mentholatum at any drug store.

MENTHOLATUM
HOW TO GET RID OF COLDS
written by a physician

FREE BOOK ON COLDS

"How to Get Rid of Colds" is an interesting little book written by a physician. Send this coupon. The book is *free.*

Dept. C-92, Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Name..

Address..

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Continued from Page 78

unable to calculate how he had done it. For a moment discouragement overwhelmed him. The entire problem presented no thread at which he could grasp. So he decided to go back to his own apartment and think over the situation before going out for dinner.

He had just bathed and was dressing preparatory to leaving his rooms, when there came a sharp knock at his door.

"Come in," he called.

AT THE command the door flew open, hurling a girl headlong into the room. She was flushed and breathless. Her little red hat sat rakishly on her head, and her Summer furs trailed after her on the floor. Her features were pleasing, but a dazzling red-silk dress and the jewels she wore belied her placid expression.

Rankin could not resist a gasp of amazement. He recognized her tho he had seen her but once before. It was evident, however, that she did not recall him. She was the girl in the Enderley Apartments who but two nights before had opened her window to let him in to her rooms from the precarious balcony! She was Miss Cora Blakely!

"You're Mr. Rankin, aren't you?" she burst forth. "Thank goodness I found you in! I rushed up here to get a word with you before Jerry comes up. He didn't want me to, but I ran while he was getting out of the machine, and now I've got to talk fast. Jerry is furious and he won't know what he's saying; so you mustn't mind him. You must listen to me instead. And I want to make things all right before he starts." She broke off abruptly. "Mr. Rankin, you have no grudge against Jerry, have you?"

Rankin stared at her.

"But haven't you made some mistake——?"

"No, no, not if you're Mr. Rankin, the detective. You have no grudge against Jerry, have you?"

"No, of course not," he assured her.

"Thank goodness for that. I was so worried. Now I'm sure everything will be all right if you just don't pay any attention to him and remember what I've been telling you." She broke off tremulously. "That's Jerry now——!"

The girl's companion stood in the doorway. It appeared to the detective that he was to have trouble on his hands. For Jerry was a large, heavy person. Jerry was, in fact, Charles Bond, electrical financier!

His bloated face was an apoplectic red, and his lips displayed his teeth in a half snarl. He carried a cane.

"You shouldn't have come up here, Cora. I told you to stay below. I can tend to this young reprobate myself, and it won't be pleasant——"

"I'm going to stay, darling," Miss Blakely replied. "So please be quiet and don't carry on. I'm sure everything will be all right."

Mr. Bond went on as tho she had not spoken. "I say you had best go downstairs. It's not for you to——"

Rankin thought it high time to interfere.

"May I ask you, Mr. Bond, what is the meaning of this intrusion?"

Immediately the financier shifted his attention. He shook his cane at Rankin.

"You'll learn soon enough what's the matter, young man. You'll learn you can't pull off any such game as you did yesterday upon Charles M. Bond. That was a fine story you told me then, I must say!"

"But I haven't the slightest idea about what you are talking."

The calm tone infuriated the financier. "Oh, you haven't—haven't you? I suppose you don't remember coming into my office with a cock-and-bull story about a case you are working on, and then going away and inquiring all over town into my private affairs. I suppose you did nothing of the sort."

Rankin was not the sort to be heckled into any admissions. "I'd advise you to put that cane down, Mr. Bond."

"Jerry!" cried the girl. "Please be calm."

"Calm? I am calm—I'm like ice. I suppose this fellow didn't ask me a lot of questions in the office, and then try to trace my movements by going to the Marlton Club and inquiring of the porters there. And then he had the nerve to go to my very home and speak to my chauffeur—I know all about it—they all told me. My chauffeur mentioned it this morning. You used the same line on him as you did to me. And I demand an explanation at once."

The implications of the financier's charge were bewildering.

"There isn't anything on my part to explain," replied Rankin wonderingly.

"Oh, there isn't, eh? Well, I'll have you understand that you can't interfere with my private affairs like this. I'll have you arrested; that's what I'll do!"

When the detective merely smiled at the threat, the financier was taken aback. Rankin's undisturbed stand threw him off his balance.

"So you don't deny it, eh?" His voice held the least trace of uncertainty, and Rankin took the initiative.

"Certainly not. Not only do I admit everything you say, but I'll tell you even more. And when I get finished, Mr. Bond, I expect to hear you reply frankly and completely. I questioned people, it is true, and I learned some interesting facts."

"What did you learn?" The financier looked uncomfortable.

"I found out that you were not at the Marlton Club on Sunday night, and when you said you were you lied to me. In a case like this it is no light thing, perjury. You must have had an important reason for that lie—and for that alibi you so carefully prepared there. I also discovered where you were, Mr. Bond. You were at Woodlawn Park in company with a young lady——!"

The final words, enunciated with clear gravity, were like an accusation. The financier's face blanched. He gave his companion an appealing look.

"Mr. Rankin," Miss Blakely stepped forward, "I thought you said that——"

"I promised nothing, Miss Blakely, and matters have got to that stage where I'm left no choice. Now, sir——"

THE financier appeared suddenly to shrink into insignificance. "Mr. Rankin," he said, "how much will you take to drop your investigations? I'm a wealthy man, and anything within reason I'd be willing——"

"I couldn't consider it, Mr. Bond. You should know better than to conceive of such a thing."

"But I'll give you a great deal, and she'll never be the wiser. Tell me, Mr. Rankin, how much does she pay you, and I'll double that amount; I'll triple it. I don't care what it is."

"How much does who pay me?"

Rankin knew the answer, however. For in that question lay the reason for Miss Blakely's presence and the meaning of this visit. The case which Rankin had laboriously built against Mr. Bond and his wife toppled to the ground like a house of cards. It was a catastrophe.

"My goodness, sir!" the financier exclaimed, "at least do not try to pretend that my wife hasn't hired you to watch my movements. I've always suspected she had some one on my trail, but she does it so carefully that I never could prove it. But come now—how much does she pay you? I'll make it four times as much if you'll not report to her that I was at Woodlawn."

Recalling what he had witnessed in the home of the Bonds, the detective realized that Mrs. Bond knew that fact already. His own conclusions of those suspicious circumstances had been incredibly stupid in the light of these revelations.

"So that is why you bribed those servants at the club to lie for you." Rankin said.

"Of course. I have to have some protection against her infernal inquisitiveness. For years she has been hounding me. So I arranged this scheme for an alibi. And if you've been working for her—wouldn't you now rather work for me?"

"I assure you, Mr. Bond, that I told the truth when I said that I came from

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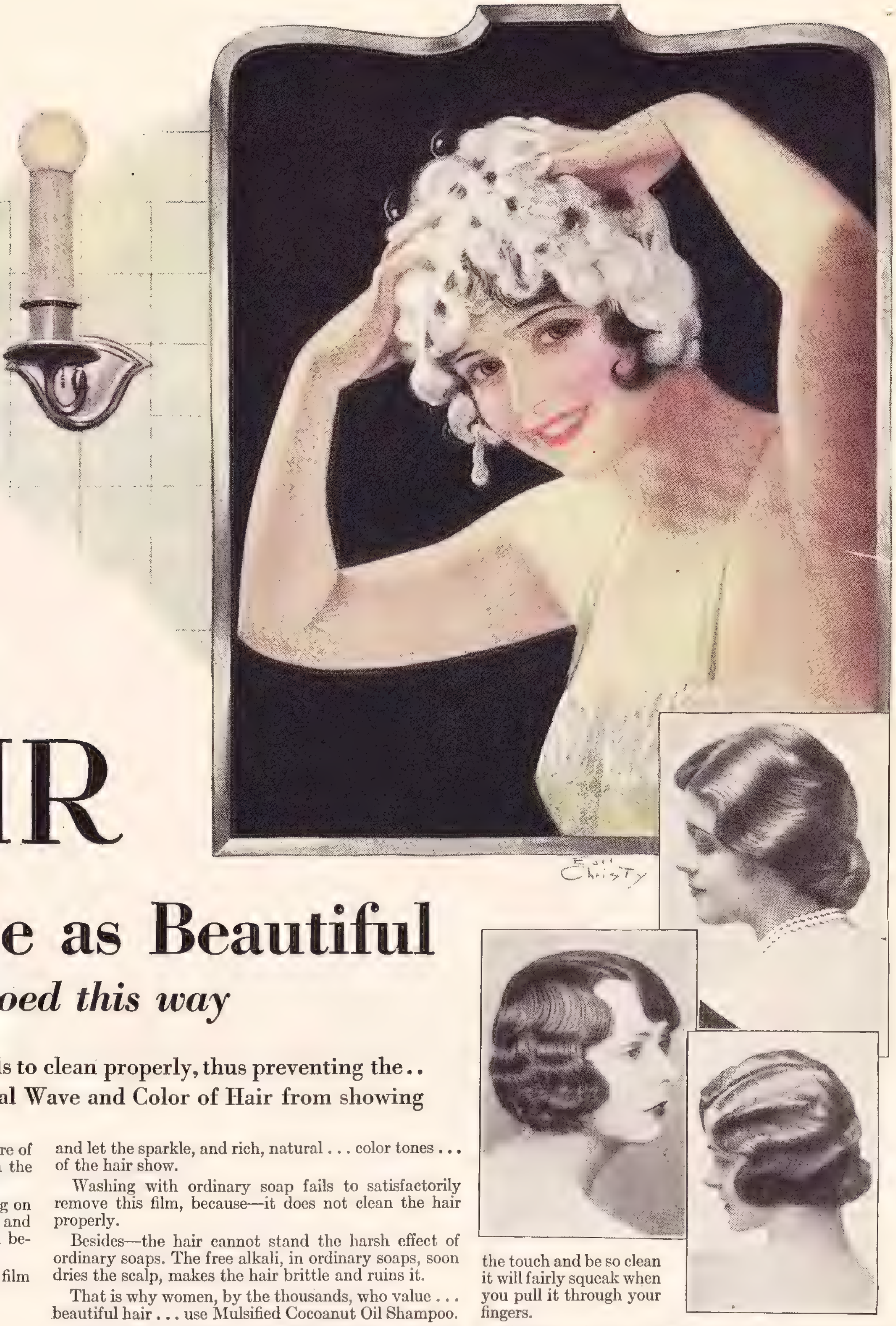

Your HAIR

Looks Twice as Beautiful

—when Shampooed this way

Why Ordinary Washing . . fails to clean properly, thus preventing the . . Real Beauty . . Lustre, Natural Wave and Color of Hair from showing

THE beauty, the sparkle . . . the gloss and lustre of your hair . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this film and let the sparkle, and rich, natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value . . . beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear and entirely greaseless product, not only cleans the hair thoroughly, but is so mild, and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified make an abundance of . . . rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Just Notice the Difference

You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will be so delightfully soft and silky.

Even while wet, the hair will feel fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

The next time you wash your hair, try Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo and just see how . . . really beautiful . . . your hair will look. It will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking, wavy and easy to manage and it will—fairly sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter, . . . anywhere in the world. A 4 oz. bottle should last for months.

For Your Protection

Ordinary Cocoanut Oil Shampoos are not—"MULSIFIED." Ask for, and be sure you get—"MULSIFIED."

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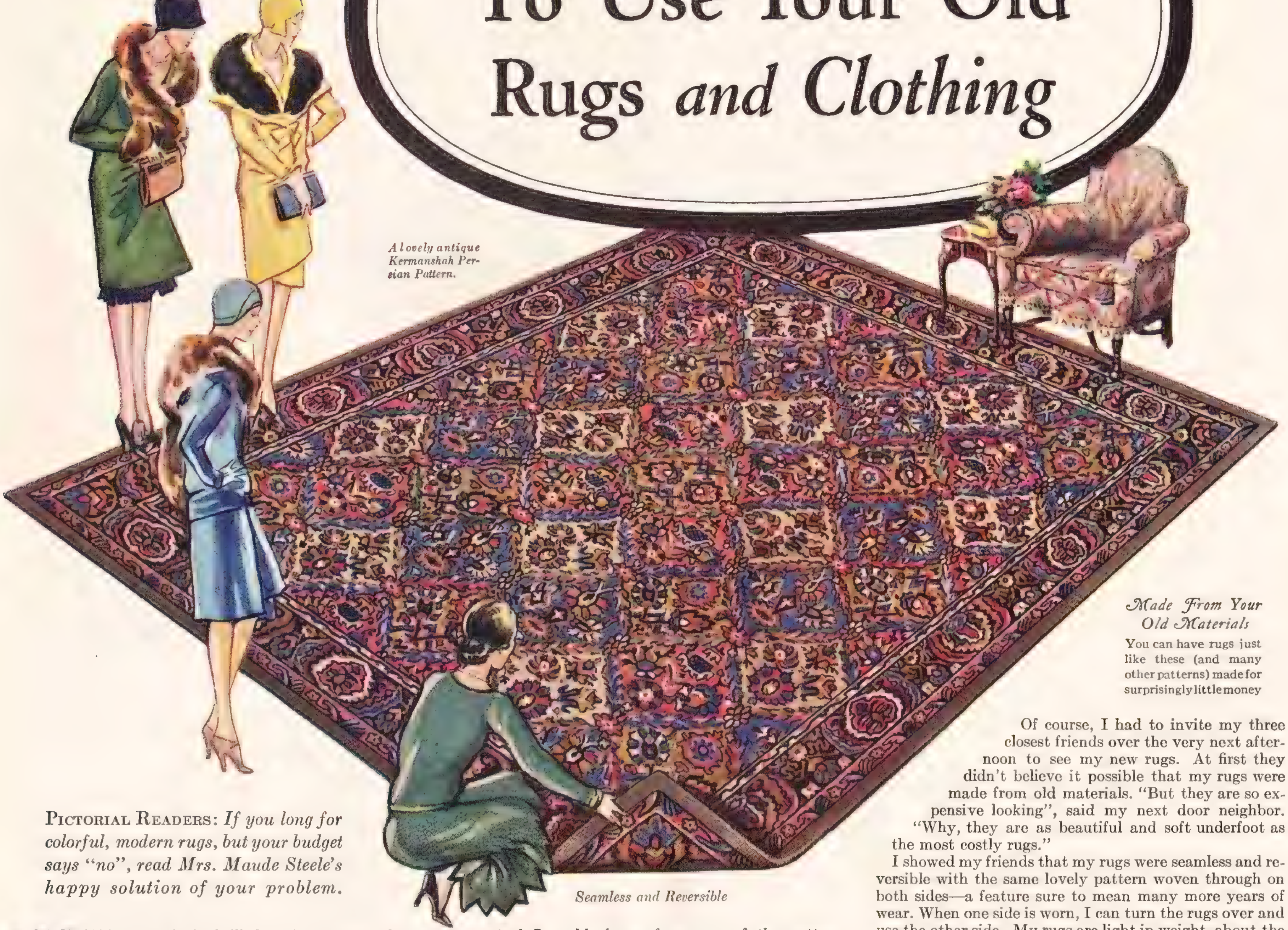
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

A Splendid Way To Use Your Old Rugs *and* Clothing



A lovely antique Kermanshah Persian Pattern.

Made From Your Old Materials

You can have rugs just like these (and many other patterns) made for surprisingly little money

Seamless and Reversible

Pictorial Readers: *If you long for colorful, modern rugs, but your budget says "no", read Mrs. Maude Steele's happy solution of your problem.*

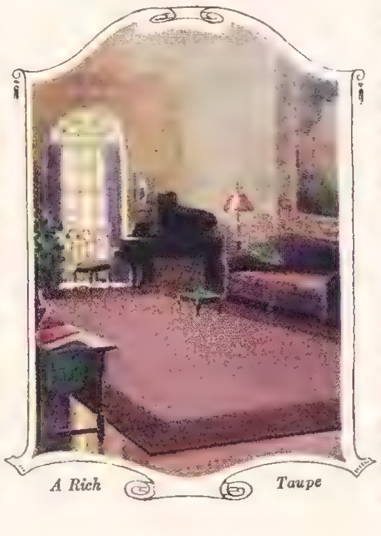
WHAT woman isn't thrilled at the prospect of replacing rugs, worn and dulled by time, with the luxurious, colorful, *new* rugs of today? No other single item in a room will transform its appearance so completely. All the other furnishings—furniture, curtains, drapes—take on bright new beauty and charm when the background is rich, colorful and harmonious.

Like so many of you, I had my heart set on a new rug for the living-room, and some bright, attractive small rugs for my bedroom. For months I had been planning and saving. And then, just when I thought I had enough money, along came a flock of those unlooked-for family emergencies, and—*half* of my nest egg disappeared. I can't tell you how unhappy I was.

Remarkable New Process

But one day, I heard of the wonderful *weaving* done by one of the largest rug manufacturers, who take all kinds of old carpets, rugs and clothing that you send them and *reclaim* the wool like new, *bleach* out the old colors, *redye* and *weave* new *seamless, reversible* rugs for surprisingly little money.

I wrote for this manufacturer's catalogue. Two days later the book arrived—page after page of cozy, charming rooms in actual colors, illustrating the loveliest rugs imaginable. The new patterns fascinated me with their soft, rich, colors.



A Rich Taupe

And I could choose from any of the patterns shown, regardless of the colors in my old materials. There were reproductions of beautiful Persian, Chinese and Japanese designs, harmonious Two-toned rugs that give a room such an air of rich simplicity, attractive Modernistic rugs, quaint Hooked patterns and the cutest Oval rugs.

So I rolled up the old living-room rug and a few pieces of old rug we had in the attic, also some old wool clothing—and sent the bundle over to the freight depot where it was shipped to the Olson Rug Company. I didn't even have to pay transportation charges, as that was paid by the factory.

You can imagine my excitement when a week later they notified me my rugs were on the way back. I could hardly wait to see them. I had many misgivings. It seemed almost too much to expect to get the kind of rugs I wanted from that hodge-podge of material I had sent away.

A Happy Surprise

And then the new rugs arrived! I couldn't believe my eyes. They were lovelier than I had ever imagined they could be. They were nothing at all like the remade rugs I had seen in past years. That evening a surprised and happy family gathered around the new rugs. I felt proud of myself, for the saving in money was considerable, and the rugs were really as nice as anyone could possibly wish for.

Of course, I had to invite my three closest friends over the very next afternoon to see my new rugs. At first they didn't believe it possible that my rugs were made from old materials. "But they are so expensive looking", said my next door neighbor. "Why, they are as beautiful and soft underfoot as the most costly rugs."

I showed my friends that my rugs were seamless and reversible with the same lovely pattern woven through on both sides—a feature sure to mean many more years of wear. When one side is worn, I can turn the rugs over and use the other side. My rugs are light in weight, about the same as a good Wilton rug, and they are easy to clean. They lay flat on the floor without curling at the corners as so many one-sided rugs do.

So by simply using my own good seasoned materials, instead of paying for expensive new rugs, I actually got all these rugs at about half the money they would have cost me in the stores.

Write for This Unusual Book

I am attaching a handy coupon with the manufacturer's address so that other Pictorial Readers who are interested in saving money on new rugs (and I am sure there are many of you) can write for catalogue and complete information. Write to the Olson Rug Company, Dept. C-25, Laflin St., Chicago.

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Beauty and Harmony in the Home

Book on Home Decorating

OLSON RUG CO., Dept. C-25, Laflin St., Chicago

Gentlemen: At Mrs. Maude H. Steele's suggestion, I should like to receive a complimentary copy of "Home Decorating—Inexpensively," illustrated in actual colors, also your low prices.

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Continued from Page 80

headquarters. I am investigating the death of your secretary, and that alone is my interest in you. I have never met your wife, and I am not hired by her to spy upon you."

"But all those questions?"

"Purely as a matter of routine. I traced the movements of all parties concerned on the night of the crime. You must realize that murder is serious and that nothing must be done which will hinder the investigation."

Cora Blakely broke in eagerly with a grateful glance at the detective. "There, I told you everything would be all right, Jerry. I'm sure we can go now. Can't we, Mr. Rankin? You see, Jerry and I really were at the park on Sunday night. But of course we couldn't let Mrs. Bond find out, for she has such a jealous disposition and thinks such unfair things of my Jerry."

"I understand," Rankin said. "What time did you go to the park?"

"Oh, it was perhaps nine-thirty—or maybe a bit later. Jerry called for me in his car and we came out afterward. We stayed in the park till about eleven-thirty, and then we took a cozy ride in the country." She smiled at him. "And it's all settled now. We can go, can't we?"

"Just a moment. There are one or two questions that Mr. Bond must either answer here or speak in court. He refused the last time I asked him, and did not tell me the truth, and this time it must be the truth."

The financier flushed at the tone.

"Why, I've already told you that I know absolutely nothing about it."

"At least you know," the detective went on, "why Miss Young left you."

"But I did tell you that. She had an offer of a better position."

"I said, Mr. Bond, that I wanted the truth."

The financier tried to appear unconcerned. "Don't you think, Cora, dear, that you had better go down-stairs? I'll join you in just a moment."

"No, I'm going to stay here with you. You know you mustn't have any secrets from me, dear." He cleared his throat nervously.

"No, of course not. Do just as you please, my child. I suppose, Mr. Rankin, that she left me because she wasn't satisfied with her position."

"Ah, that's better. And why was she not satisfied?"

"Because—because——"

"I'll help you, Mr. Bond, with the reasons. Wasn't it because you were forcing your unwelcome attentions upon her, and because she refused to permit you to become familiar with her? And you persisted, like most of your kind, believing every girl your prey. And what about this note you wrote her, asking her to meet you on Sunday night?"

"Jerry!" Cora Blakely's voice rang with indignation. "And you said that you never looked at another girl."

THE harassed financier started toward her with arms outstretched.

"Listen, Cora. I swear——"

"Don't you dare touch me! You can't explain that note, can you? It's in your writing. I recognize it, all right." She shrank away from him. "You've been deceiving me—a poor innocent girl—with your riches and money."

"Listen, Cora——"

"I won't listen. I don't want you to ever speak to me again. I'll sue you, Jerry, for ruining my life; that's what I'll do!"

In a fit of petulance and anger Miss Blakely dashed to the door, and was gone before either of the two men could prevent her. In desperation Bond started to follow, but he was brought up short by the command of the detective.

"A moment, Mr. Bond! You haven't explained away this note. And if you don't you will before a jury. Such publicity is hardly desirable."

"Great Heavens, Rankin, haven't you made enough trouble for me already? Of course it is my note. I wrote it on Friday to make a date for that night, while Miss Cochrane was in the office. On Thursday she had been at my home for some work, and something I said must have offended her, for she refused to speak to me the next day. But I didn't believe it was serious, so I tried that. But that's what caused her to leave!"

The last words were flung over his shoulder. Before they were barely out of his mouth he was out of the door, slamming it behind him. Rankin heard his steps banging down the stairs. And he could only stare at the closed portal in disgust. From the very beginning he had assumed that the note discovered in Mary Young's bag applied to a meeting on Sunday evening. And yet there was no basis for the assumption. The note was undated; it could have applied to Friday or any other day of the week as well. He realized the enormity of his error. The note had complicated the trail wherever he turned. And it had nothing at all to do with the problem!

Yet, according to the patrolman on the Reed Street-Morton Street intersection, Mary Young had waited for some one at nine o'clock on Sunday evening. Tommy Rankin cursed his own stupidity.

Giant Oaks from Tiny Acorns

WITH all his suspects eliminated but one, Rankin set resolutely to work on the Rogers trail where Gordon had left off. At ten-thirty he was in Broad Street station. The terminal, at that hour on a week-day night, is fairly crowded with travelers waiting for their trains. Either they are seated in the large waiting-room to the rear of the wide staircase that leads to the train-levels or they stroll in the concourse beyond. Both the ticket offices and the information bureau are on the ground floor.

To the latter Rankin first directed his steps. The list of outgoing trains from midnight to one o'clock that Gordon had given him included only two that departed between twelve-thirty and one. A Trenton theatergoers' special left at twelve forty-one, and the last train for Paoli went out at twelve forty-five. Both were locals, and he agreed with his colleague that it was altogether unlikely that the fugitive had taken either one. Accordingly he eliminated them.

He began to work upon his own theory. Giving Rogers sufficient time to journey to West Philadelphia and return to the station, it must have taken till twelve-thirty at the earliest. Still, granting the Gordon premise that he would not have cared to wait more than an hour about the station, that hour would now extend from twelve-thirty to one-thirty. What were the outgoing trains between one and one-thirty?

The employee at the information counter supplied him with the necessary knowledge. There were three trains—the Chicago-Western Flier through Cleveland and Toledo left at one-fifteen; the Louisville-Hot Springs Special went at one twenty-four; to be followed, at one-thirty, by the Bar Harbor Express, through New York and New Haven, into Maine. One of these must have borne the fugitive away; the next train did not leave till two-thirty. But which one was another question. It was endless work to inquire of every employee in the station whether he recalled the fugitive. Gordon had covered that ground fairly exhaustively. Yet, at twelve-thirty on a Sunday night, the terminal is comparatively deserted, and one of the porters or ticket agents might have observed a man with an exceptionally large black bag.

Rankin made a beginning at the baggage-room.

As luck would have it, his first effort was successful. The checker did recall some such man. He had come at a bit after midnight to check his bag. It was a particularly heavy piece. The bag had attracted his attention more than its owner.

"I don't suppose I'd know him again if I saw him," he said.

"But can you remember when the bag was called for?" Rankin questioned. "I suppose it was the same man."

"Oh, yes, it was the same He came just one hour later. You see, we close the checking-office at one o'clock, and when he turned in the bag he asked me about it. I told him, and he said he'd be back

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FAMOUS FEET

how they're kept free from corns

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Famous Feet

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Ending a corn with Blue-jay is gentle and sure. No danger of infection, as with self-paring. No guessing how much to use. Each Blue-jay has just the right amount of the soothing medicant to remove the corn. Relief is instant . . . for the cushiony pad stops shoe-pressure and pain at once. And shortly, the corn makes its adieu. Standard for 29 years; improved and finer than ever today. At all drug stores. *For calluses and bunions, ask for the larger size Blue-jay.*

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Makes Life Sweeter

Because of the way we live today, the things we eat, few are entirely free from acidosis. To help the system keep sound and sweet, take Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

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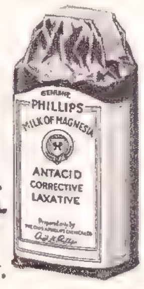

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in time for it. Sure enough, he came just as I was about to shut the window, and took it with him."

The checker had failed to observe any identification marks upon the bag, so Rankin was not much wiser than before. Still Rogers could have taken any one of the three night fliers. They all left after one o'clock. It merely served to indicate that he was on the right track.

He made the rounds of the ticket windows next. Only four sold long-distance fares and Pullman tickets after midnight. Rankin was thankful for the limit to his field of inquiry. His questions were, of a necessity, vague, tho he set the time in which Rogers might have purchased his fare as between midnight and one-thirty. The result was a complete blank. Even within these certain bounds he could gain no information. The officials would have been only too glad to aid him; but their recollections were unproductive. Rogers's bag was worthless as a means of identification, since every traveler carried one. All three trains were popular and crowded. All the agents felt that if Rankin's quarry had left his ticket till the last moment, he would have been unable to procure a berth.

He tried the gatemen. Here Rankin was laughed at for his pains. The gateman at track No. 2, from which the Louisville Special had left on Sunday, felt it was ridiculous that he should be expected to recall a man with a black bag when crowds of people all carrying black bags rushed through the gate the instant it was opened. Rebuked, Rankin passed on to canvass the guards.

IT WAS not until he tried the last one that he had any success. The guard, a burly, sharp-nosed person, approached him to demand an explanation for his peculiar behavior. The sight of Rankin's credentials reduced him to servility.

"I believe I do remember such a man," the guard said when Rankin had explained his errand. "In fact, I'm sure it was the same chap. I spoke to him about the weather, but he didn't appear very sociable, so I gave him up."

He had spoken to him at exactly five minutes after one. The reason he recalled the time so accurately was that he had been talking to the baggage-checker just as he was closing his room. The man Rankin was seeking called for his bag then, and stood about for five minutes, when he stepped up to him for a sociable word. To Rankin this checked the accuracy of the baggage-checker's statement, but it hardly assisted him, for the earliest of the three trains, the Chicago Flier, did not leave till quarter after the hour. And yet——

"Can you tell me," he asked, "what time the gates open for the Chicago-Western Flier?"

"At one o'clock exactly, sir."

"Good! It proves that he never took that train, at any rate."

"How do you figure that out, sir?"

"Don't you see," Rankin explained. "This chap is in a damnable hurry to get away, and his one fear is that he'll be seen. So he'd want to board the train as soon as the gates opened. Instead, at five after, and probably even later, he's still waiting around. What about the Louisville train?"

"The gates open for that a little after one-ten, sir."

"And the Bar Harbor Express?"

"Five minutes later."

At midnight the detective sat down to review what he had accomplished. The search was narrowed down to two possible trains, either of which Rogers could have taken after he was last observed. But which of the two had it been? The Louisville-Hot Springs Special? The Bar Harbor Express, which led to Canada and certain safety? If Rogers had only left some clue to his probable destination; if in his room there had been some trace which would assist him! But there was nothing except that valueless scrap of paper he had found.

On the instant Rankin recalled the unburnt slip of paper unearthed in the ashes of the fireplace. He had not forgotten it, but had failed to consider it of any importance, until this moment. He dug into the corner of his pocket, produced it. Seemingly, the four figures in the row, one beneath the other, were meaningless, possessing no more order than that each figure was higher than the one preceding.

226.5
343.0
456.4
500.2

Yet they were the answer to the very problem which at that moment confronted him. They took on the value of platinum, and his carelessness in handling the scrap amazed him.

Of course, that was what the figures were! They were the clues that solved his difficulties, and he had almost overlooked them! The paper was the remains of a time-table that Rogers had possessed, and used when faced with the need to find a train that would bear him to safety. He had studied it, and then burned it with his other effects.

Every such schedule of train-departures has a mileage column paralleling the two columns which name the stations, and lists the time for arrivals. The four figures were part of the mileage column, as was evident from the decimal points which listed even fractions of a mile. The figures above and below had been burned away by the same flames which had, by a peculiar freak, left this particle untouched. He had merely to find the time-table in which these four sets of figures appeared in the mileage column in the same sequence, to discover the train Rogers had taken. If Rankin's deductions were accurate, they could only be found on one of two possible schedules.

At the information desk he demanded the time-tables of the Louisville Special and the Bar Harbor Express. With them safely in hand, he sat down again. The Bar Harbor Express schedules, over which Rankin pored first, contained also the routes and hours of all connecting trains running between Philadelphia and Maine, with branches to Boston, Providence, and other centers. A thorough examination of every listed route failed to disclose the four figures he sought in any mileage column. After fifteen minutes of fruitless search he opened the other.

Nothing in the schedule of the Louisville Special itself resembled his clue. Rankin began to fear that his conclusions had no basis. Casually he turned the schedule over, and there the four figures were, staring him in the face! They were a vindication of all his theories. The numbers were part of the column that scheduled the trip of a southbound train from New York to St. Petersburg, Fla. Completed, the column read:

85.8	Lv. No. Philadelphia......	11.36	2.03
226.5	Lv. Washington (U. Sta.)..	3.05	6.45
343.0	Ar. Richmond, Va.........	6.15	10.02
456.4	Henderson, N. C. (SAL)...	f9.13	2.13
500.2	Raleigh, N. C.............	......	4.10

Two minutes after he assured himself he was right Tommy Rankin set about to collect information regarding the Louisville train. He visited the ticket windows again, passed from there to the agent at the gate, from which the special would leave in but a half-hour, and then proceeded to interrogate the man at the information desk. The entire canvass took less than three-quarters of an hour, and when he had finished he had collected the following items:

The Sunday train to Louisville had been well filled, for there were many vacationists traveling to Hot Springs for the late season. It would have, therefore, been impossible for a traveler coming to the station an hour before train-time to have procured a berth. The Pullmans had been sold out by Saturday night. Unless there had been a last-moment cancelation it would be out of the question. Then the empty berth would have to be purchased on the train from the Pullman conductor.

All Louisville Specials took a different return route, coming by way of Cincinnati. A train with its crew that left Philadelphia would take almost three days to return to its starting-point. A train that left for Louisville on Sunday night would arrive, according to schedule, about

Continued on Page 86

"It *is* trying—but women must face this fact"

says a woman doctor, authority on feminine hygiene

No longer need women fear offending others. Scientific deodorization* is a new feature of this modern sanitary pad, which excels in comfort and ease of disposability.

WOMEN who have had the advantage of medical advice already realize the importance of this latest discovery of Kotex Laboratories. Many others—unconscious offenders—should be told of this danger and how to avert it. There is no doubt that they are at times offensive to others, in the world of business, in society—wherever they meet people. This knowledge, which once brought miserable self-consciousness, is now accepted easily, because the difficulty is entirely overcome. Each Kotex pad is now treated, by patented process,* to banish all odor.

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"One day my sister became suddenly ill and fainted, falling with the whole side of her face right against a red hot heater . . . We applied Unguentine . . . For a week she could only take food through a straw. Thankfully, not a scar remains today."

* *

"The boys had lit a bonfire, when suddenly Sidney, the youngest, fell. A passer-by rolled him in his overcoat, saving his life. We used Unguentine freely . . . his left side was horribly burned. Now there is not even a scar."

Norwich
MAKERS OF UNGUENTINE

Continued from Page 84

twenty-four hours later—very early Tuesday morning. It would lay over in Louisville till late Tuesday morning, make the trip to Cincinnati, and lay over there for several hours. At ten o'clock Tuesday night it would proceed with its return journey to Philadelphia, arriving at seven or eight Wednesday evening. To-day being Wednesday (or, more accurately, early Thursday morning), it had returned several hours late—almost ten o'clock, in fact. Now it was waiting for one twenty-four, when it would again proceed on the same round, and return to Philadelphia in three days.

The same crew which accompanied Rogers on his flight Sunday night was thus manning the train now about to leave. It was an unprecedented bit of luck. Rankin's next step was clear. If Rogers had failed to purchase a berth at the station, he must have attempted to do so on the train. Thus he was sure to have attracted the attention of some conductor on board. A porter would undoubtedly recall him because of his heavy luggage. Rankin's quarry had left a broad enough trail. It only wanted tracing.

He glanced at the station clock. It was ten minutes after one. He had just sufficient time to inform headquarters of his contemplated journey and buy a ticket.

Thomas replied at the other end of the wire. On hearing the speaker, he ordered the detective to hold the line for a minute. The next instant Gordon spoke, and there was an urgency in his tone.

"Hello, Rankin! You know Harry Preston, don't you?"

"Certainly I do. What about him?"

Preston was the head of a private detective agency, one of the foremost concerns in the United States. He was also the representative of the Bankers' Bonding Association. Rankin had worked with him on two occasions, and their relationship had been an exceedingly profitable one for both.

"He came in a few hours ago, from Hot Springs, with that runaway boarder Rogers, a prisoner, arrested for the attempted robbery of his employers, the National Securities Bank, last Sunday night. I've been trying to get you ever since, at your rooms——"

"What? What's that you say?" Rankin cried.

"That's right, Tommy. I was surprized as you are. The train was late, or he'd have gotten in much earlier. He had the warrant legally made out, so we cooped up Rogers and things are hanging fire——"

"A robbery on Sunday night!" Rankin interrupted. "Did he say at what time? They didn't tell you anything about that at the bank when you called on them, did they?"

"Not a word. If anything of the sort did occur, most likely they decided to make it their own private affair until Rogers was captured. But Preston is a pretty dependable chap when it comes to that sort of work."

"Did he mention anything about the details?"

"Nothing at all, Rankin, I know no more than you. You'll have to see Preston the first thing in the morning. Did you want to speak to Thomas about anything?"

"Nothing important. I'll get this thing straight the first thing in the morning. Good-by."

Rankin rang off, his mind tracing the steps to discover where he had fallen into such error. Needless to say he did not buy a ticket.

Best-Laid Plans of Mice and Men

RANKIN did not see Harry Preston early the following morning. It was not, in fact, till noon that he succeeded in locating him and obtained the story of Joseph Rogers's crime and capture. In the interim Rankin reviewed the events that had led him off on this false tangent. There was the quarrel between the boarder and Mary Young in the neighborhood park, overheard by Mrs. Edgecomb; Rogers's flight, which followed closely the time during which the crime was committed; the hurried packing which took until eleven-thirty, including the burning of all incriminating papers; the bag that was checked while, presumably, the fugitive visited the Enderley Apartments. But all these events were merely cumulative and circumstantial. They did not make him, *per se*, a murderer; and Rankin was again impressed with the unfortunate results that came from leaping to conclusions from insufficient facts.

THE tale that Preston narrated to him was simple in outline. Six months before, Joseph Rogers had taken a position at the National Securities Bank, in a dual capacity of clerk and cashier. He was, of course, bonded; his position gave him access to the company's vaults and combinations. He gave admirable service, appearing to be thoroughly honest and capable, with no bad habits, as far as were discoverable. He was always on time and seemed willing to work. His employers considered him an asset.

Exactly a week ago an event occurred which caused the bank officials suddenly to consider him with distrust. It was the habit of the clerks, when they came to work in the morning, to discard their civilian coats, in a locker-room set aside for them, for thin gray jackets in which they worked. At noon of the Thursday in question one of the clerks, Gilbert Henry, in leaving for lunch and while rechanging his coat, donned Rogers's garment by mistake. He discovered the error at once, but at the same time he made another and more startling discovery. In the coat pocket was a key which would open both of the barred portals at the main entrance of the bank.

As soon as he had recovered from his surprize, Henry reported the find to the head cashier, Mr. Galton. Both agreed that Rogers's possession of the key was suspicious and demanded attention. A conference was held on the matter, with the vice-president, and the paying-teller also called upon, to decide what should be done. Preston, as representative of the company that had bonded Rogers, was consulted. The decision was to allow matters to take their course while a careful surveillance was kept upon the clerk. At the first false move drastic action would be taken.

Nothing further to excite interest occurred on Thursday, tho Preston trailed his suspect to his boarding-house and kept a close watch upon him the entire evening. Friday passed quietly. After banking-hours, however, Rogers visited Broad Street station, and there purchased two tickets to Hot Springs, Va. Preston, just behind him, could not discover what he had wanted of two tickets, unless he expected to have an accomplice. Since his capture he had stubbornly refused to explain his behavior. In the evening he took a young lady from the boarding-house for a walk in the park. From bits of conversation which the trailer overheard, they quarreled. When it was over, his companion left him sitting alone, disconsolate and dejected.

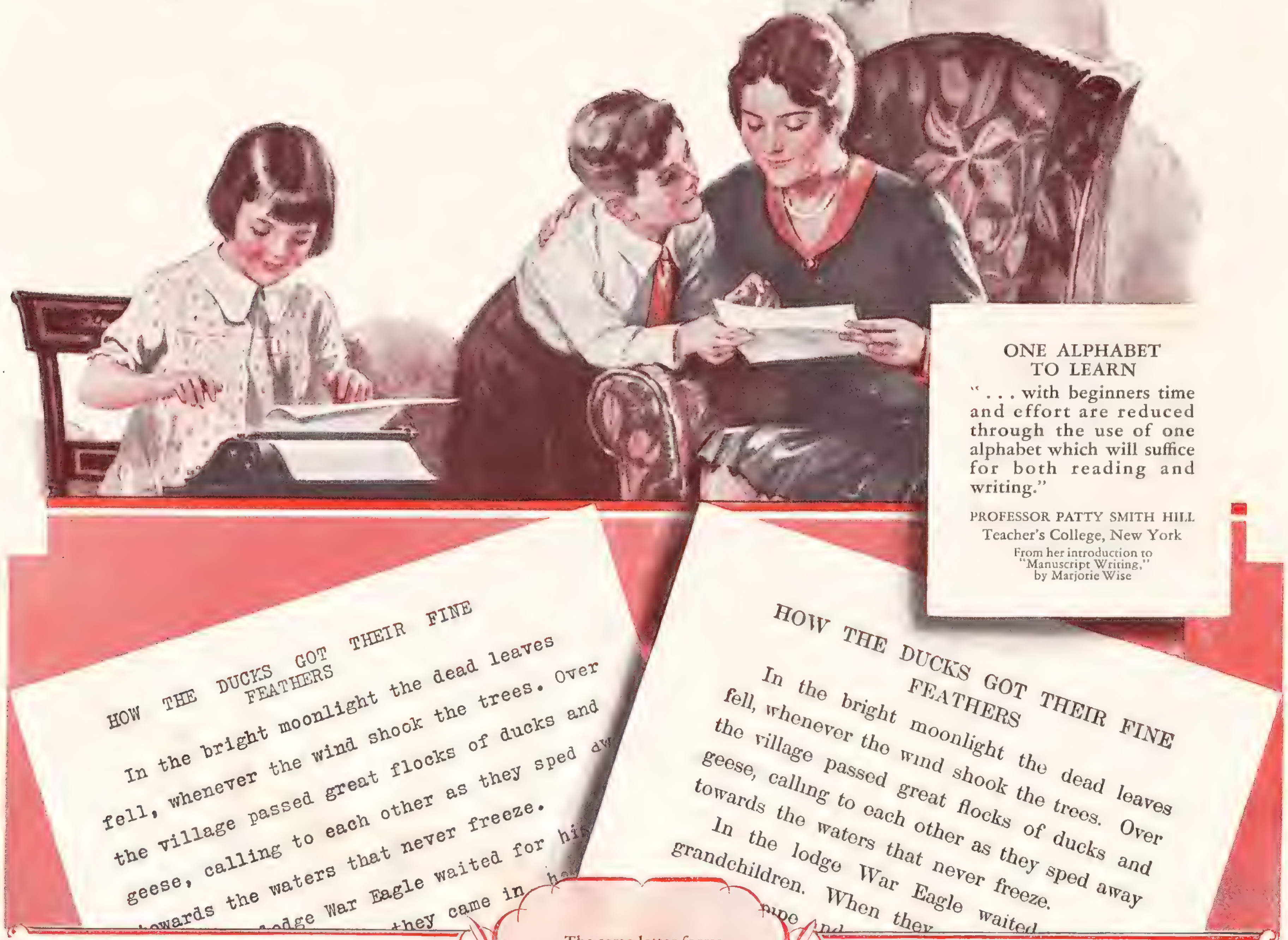
On Saturday Rogers gave notice that he was leaving. This was a somewhat expected development in view of his purchase of the preceding day. He was going West, he said, where there were better opportunities. Mr. Galton, to whom he spoke, feigned surprize. There was nothing to do but let him go, tho the official was certain that something was up. The vigil was increased, and Dragot, night-watchman for the bank, was given instructions to be particularly careful for the next few days. Thus matters stood on the fatal Sunday on which Mary Young was murdered.

During the day Preston continued to trail the boarder, but nothing interesting happened. In the evening an assistant took Preston's place, following the suspect to Mrs. Schmidt's. Believing his quarry to be safe, he left for a few minutes for a bite of supper. But during that time Rogers slipped out unseen, and the tracker could pick up no trace of him afterward.

The vaults of the National Securities Bank had a peculiar arrangement of

Continued on Page 88

. . . and writing with type helps little readers



HOW THE DUCKS GOT THEIR FINE FEATHERS

In the bright moonlight the dead leaves fell, whenever the wind shook the trees. Over the village passed great flocks of ducks and geese, calling to each other as they sped
owards the waters that never freeze.
odge War Eagle waited for hi
they came in

HOW THE DUCKS GOT THEIR FINE FEATHERS

In the bright moonlight the dead leaves fell, whenever the wind shook the trees. Over the village passed great flocks of ducks and geese, calling to each other as they sped away towards the waters that never freeze.

In the lodge War Eagle waited
grandchildren. When they
ipe

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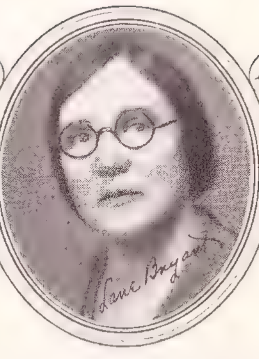

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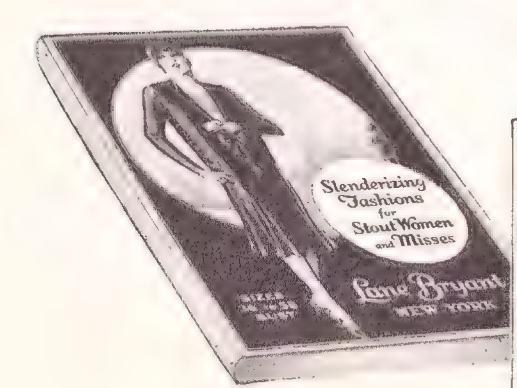
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Continued from Page 86

locks, governed by a time-lock mechanism, that made it one of the securest safes in the East. The clock opened the outer doors of the vault automatically at ten o'clock daily, and shut them at four o'clock. It was practically impossible to derange the machinery unless one had a special key to the clock that set it all in motion. In some way Rogers had procured a key. It was clear that he had been long planning the attempt and had made all preparations for it. With the knowledge he possessed of the combination of the inner vaults, access to the great sums within would be comparatively easy.

On Saturday, just before giving notice, he had tampered with the clock arrangement, so that, while the hands appeared to be in their normal position, the lock was actually set for ten o'clock on Sunday night instead of for the following Monday morning. Chestnut Street east of Ninth Street is almost deserted on Sunday, so that Rogers must have felt his attempt, even so early in the evening, was safe. It later appeared that he desired to catch the Hot Springs train at one twenty-four.

Dragot, specially warned, was alert, so that he heard the thief the moment the key turned in the lock of the barred front entrance. Indeed, he was a little too vigilant or he would have caught Rogers. As it was, he made a lunge for him the instant he appeared. As a result Rogers fled. Certain that he had been recognized, he hastened to his lodgings and packed. Dragot had been warned not to call in the police unless it proved vitally necessary. Both the bank officials and Preston felt that it was entirely a private affair of the bonding company, to be handled without the aid of headquarters, at least until Rogers was captured. For that reason the attempt had not been reported, nor had anything of it appeared in the daily papers. When Gordon made his inquiries Preston was already *en route* with his prisoner, back from Hot Springs.

Immediately the watchman communicated with the bank officials, and they with Preston. The latter, aware of the Hot Springs train that left at one twenty-four, hastened to the station just in time to make it. He had no difficulty in finding Rogers, who was trying to purchase a berth for himself, which, peculiarly enough, he had thus far neglected to do. There were many actions, in fact, Preston agreed, that needed special explanation. He procured a warrant during the stop-over at Washington, served it, and made the arrest on the train, and continued on the round trip by way of Cincinnati, which brought him and his prisoner back to Philadelphia late the preceding evening.

As the tale progressed, Rankin found the details increasingly puzzling. Clearly he had erred in assuming that Rogers's departure had been unexpected, for he had prepared for it beforehand. Nevertheless, working on that assumption had put him on the right track. Had circumstances permitted him to continue the search, he had no doubt that he would finally have been able to trace the fugitive. The evidences of a panicky flight in the disordered room were of course explained; so too was the time-table which he had certainly used and burned. But the enigma itself grew more complicated. The lodger was no longer a suspect. Why had he taken two berths? Who was to be his companion? Did he know anything at all about the murder of Mary Young? Why had he chosen Hot Springs as a destination?

THE answer was to be found in Rogers only, if he could be made to talk. As soon as Preston had finished his narrative Rankin hurried away to see the prisoner. It was the most important step of his investigation, and was not to be delayed. Dragot could supply Rogers with a perfect alibi at the moment the crime occurred. Yet at some point he was undoubtedly connected with the murder.

Instead of having Rogers sent to him, Rankin visited him in his cell. There would be a psychological effect in the fact that he had sufficient interest in the man to come to see him. He paid no attention to the approach of Rankin and the guard, but remained in a bowed position, with his head buried in his hands.

Joseph Rogers did not look up until the detective stood alone before him. Mrs. Edgecomb's description of him appeared, on first view, correct. There was the sallow face, the bony nose, and the thinned-out hair. The sandy features had written in them a challenge. He had dark, shifty eyes that stared fiercely with a burning intensity at his visitor; he made no attempt to speak. His attitude was inimical, defiant, and Rankin realized that he would, in some manner, have to break down that suspicious reserve before the prisoner would tell him anything. He began in gentle tones.

"Listen, Rogers, I've come to see about Mary Young, whom you must have loved at one time." At the name, Rogers flinched, and Rankin knew that the tragedy was not news to him. He had perhaps seen it in a paper after his arrest. "You know how she died. I have hopes that you might tell me something that would aid me."

THE prisoner stared defiantly at him.

"You did love Mary Young, didn't you?" he pursued. "And every one who knew her must have loved her. Had circumstances been different she might have reciprocated that love."

Rogers shifted restlessly, as tho to avoid a painful recollection.

"It's one of those strange things that can't be explained. Life is harsh. But whatever Mary Young did, she didn't deserve that horrible death she met under the knife. And I'm here to avenge her if it's humanly possible."

This time the words penetrated deeply. The listener shuddered.

"It was—terrible, wasn't it?" Rogers said with an effort.

"Mary Young was stabbed to the heart. It was an underhanded blow. One who could stab so treacherously must be found. And those who knew her must do their share in achieving that end. Especially those who did more than merely know her. Those who loved her, they owe her the greatest debt. You worshiped her, didn't you?"

The prisoner rose up half way under the strain.

"My Heavens!" he cried with fierce impetuosity. "You ask me if I loved her, whether I worshiped her! Of course I did! More than that—I adored the very ground she walked on. For who else do you think I did all this—plot for weeks and weeks to rob my employers, worry, plan, and prepare? Who else but for her?"

His tongue was loosened, revealing a passion, mad and uncontrolled.

"You did that for her?" Rankin asked.

"Yes, for her alone, and she never realized it. For weeks I had carried ideas in my head, to get money with which to marry her, to run away with her. I knew she was a fine lady; I could tell that from her manner. She'd have to have the best, and I was willing to risk anything to give them to her. It was all planned. When I told her what I knew about her lover, then I thought she would come to me. Listen! Do you want to know who killed her? I'll tell you. It was that cur who caused her to discard my love. I don't blame Mary for it, I only blame him, and I was determined to break that hold and bring her to me. She was too honest and clean for anything low. So I watched him for weeks till I finally found out. I got the goods on him. He was a bootlegger and mixed up with a low gang of crooks and killers."

"It was on Friday that you told her of this other man, wasn't it?" Rankin asked.

"Yes, on Friday. Do you know who he is? James Norris! Get him for this terrible crime; make him swing for it! So sure was I of my plan that I bought our tickets beforehand, the tickets only, for I wasn't certain of berth arrangements. Then I told her. It was in the park, in the darkness—just the place for lovers."

A spasm of pain crossed Rogers's face.

"If she had only listened to me then, if she had only come with me! But I was mistaken in the hold he had over her. It

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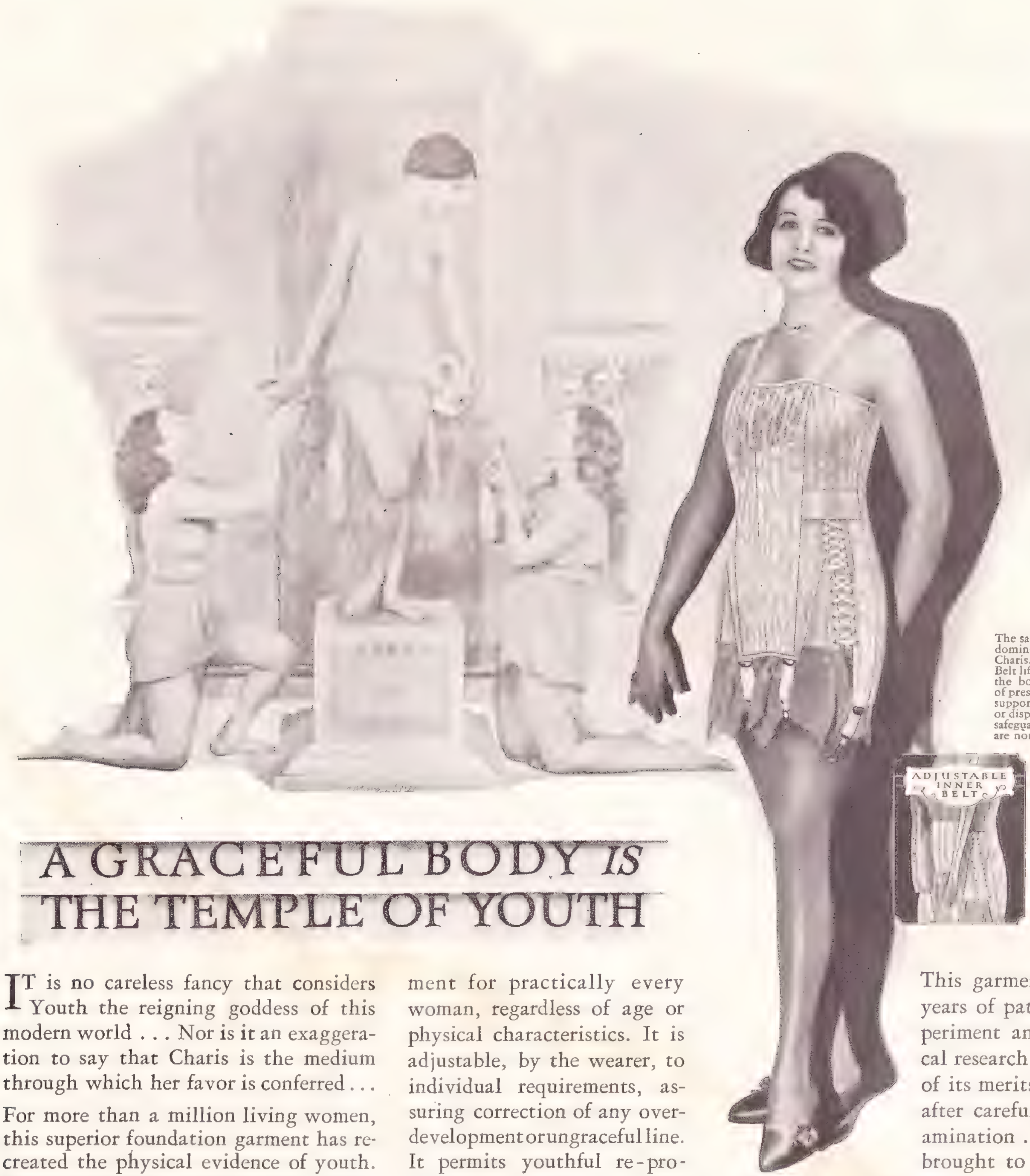

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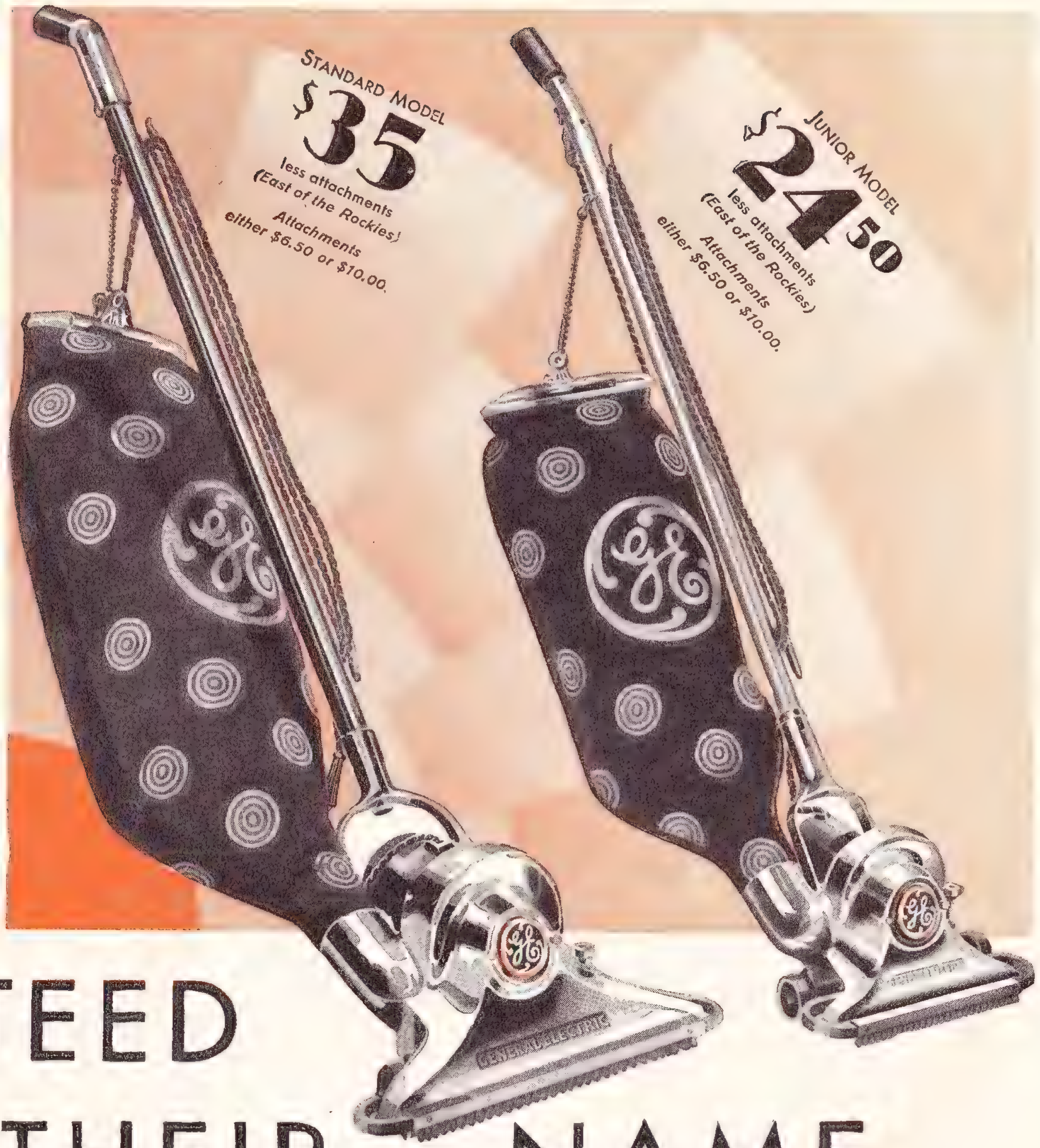
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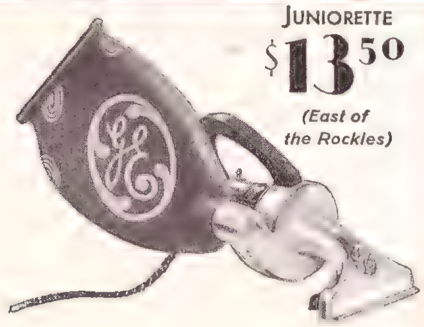

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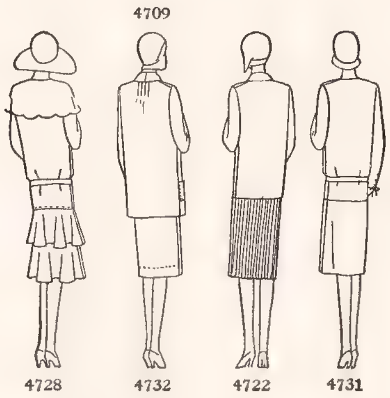
GENERAL ELECTRIC CLEANER

PICTORIAL FASHIONS INTRODUCING THE LATEST TRENDS IN THE PARISIAN MODE

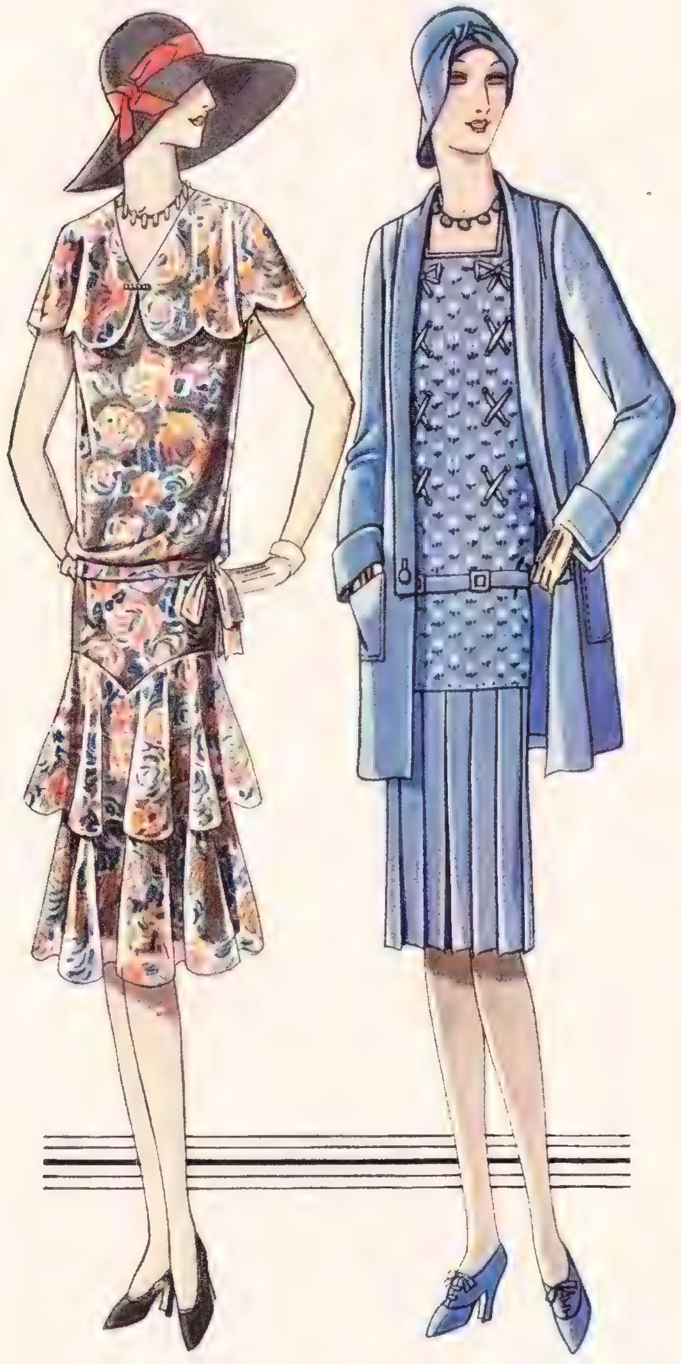
4728—Bertha collars are very smart this season. One good reason is their charm on this chiffon frock whose skirt ripples in two graceful tiers. The V-point introducing the upper tier and the scallops on the collar are becoming features, which make this frock certain of chic success. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 39-inch printed material. Width about 1¼ yard.

4709—Coat. 4732—Frock. An effective sports ensemble whose simplicity augurs well for its popularity. The amusing lacing on the blouse and the distinctive fabric contrast are important in the Spring mode. Both designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch figured material for blouse—3¼ yards 54-inch plain blue for skirt and coat. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard.



4722—Now that the jacket ensemble rules the fashionable world, this three-piece costume goes smartly everywhere. The original use of braid, the white blouse, are both chic and flattering. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 39-inch material for blouse—4 yards 39-inch green for jacket and skirt, 3¾ yards wide braid—11¼ yards narrow braid. Width is about 3¼ yards.

4731—Another of the chic two-piece ensembles that will be so much seen in fashionable places this season. The lacing on the blouse is smartly echoed on the skirt, and repeated at the cuffs. Embroidery 12755, blue only, is an important feature. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 39-inch white material for blouse—1⅛ yard 39-inch red for the skirt. Width is about 1⅜ yard.



4728

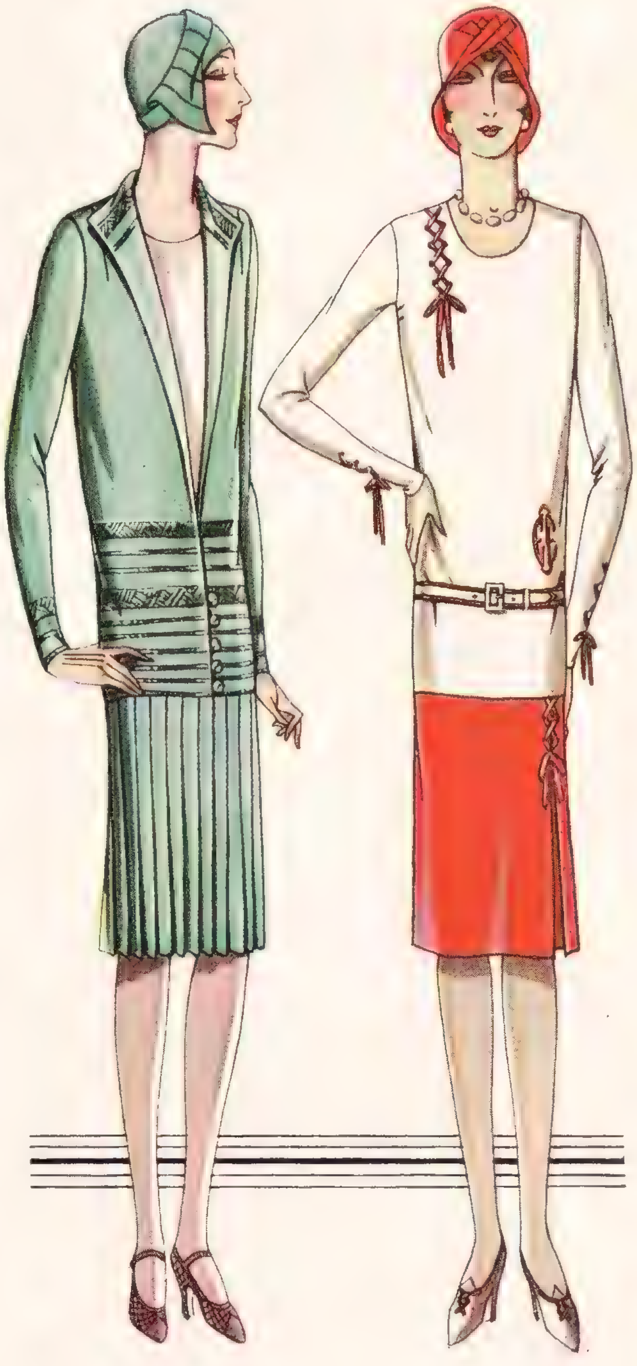
Coat 4709
Frock 4732

Every little sports frock has a jacket all its own, this Spring. One reason for this is that the cocktail jackets worn last Winter proved themselves too adorably chic to be relinquished. And another reason is the smartest frocks this year are sleeveless—and what more natural than to slip on a little jacket for coolish days?

They may be of every length, from brief hip jackets to three-quarter and seven-eighths length coats. Sometimes they match the skirt, finding contrast in a blouse. More often the jacket offers a striking contrast to the frock beneath. If the frock is plain the jacket is printed, or of a different color. White frocks will be awfully smart with jackets of bright polka-dot showers, or large brilliant dots widely spaced, or of tweed-printed silk.

As for the frocks themselves, many are sleeveless, with the charm of chic simplicity. There are always pleats, all-around or in groups. There are often scarfs in every shape and manner. There may be bows or buttons or monograms, brilliant in color.

For colors are pale but vivid—yellow, chartreuse, and red especially. Rose is a softer shade that's most important. Then there are blues and greens from dull to brilliant hues—quite a bit of orange, rust, and bluish-lavender, and lots of very striking color contrast is featured.

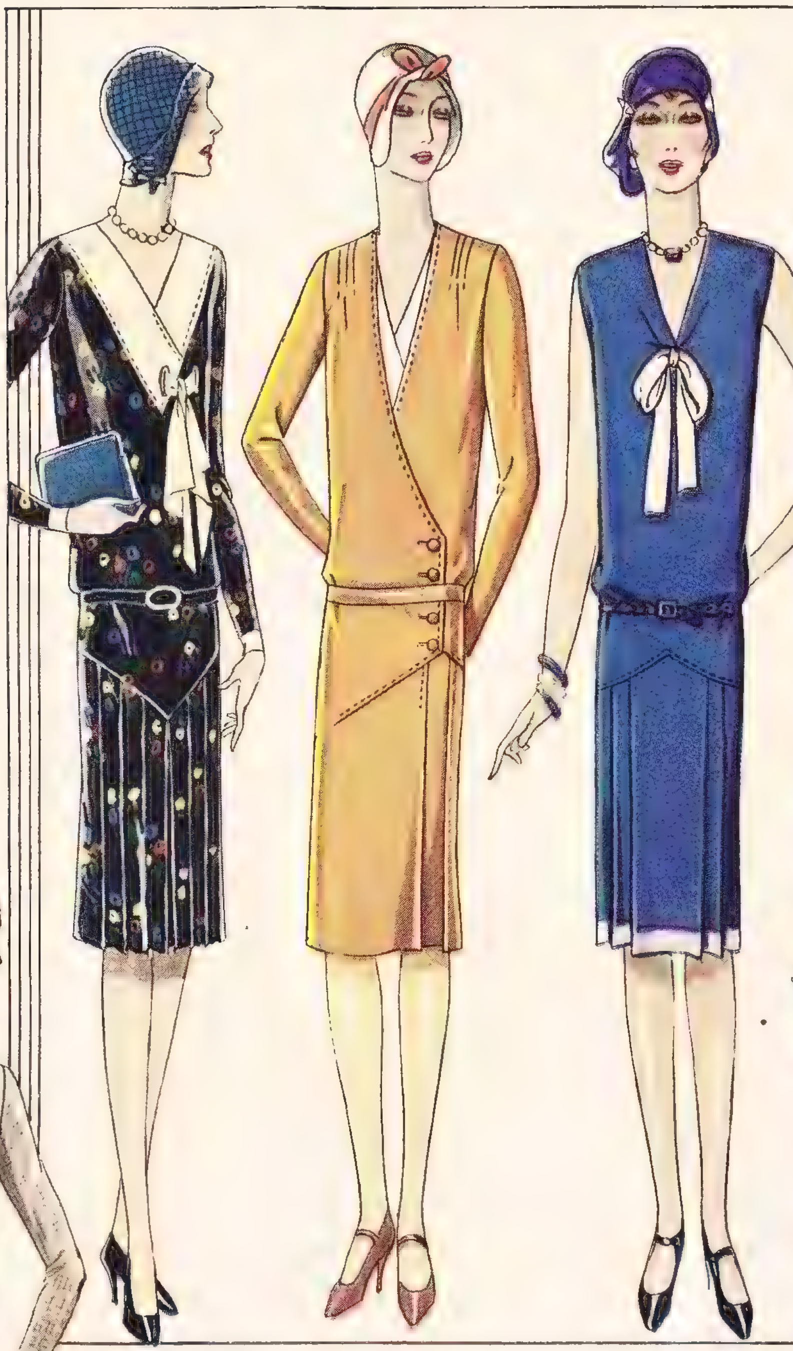


4722

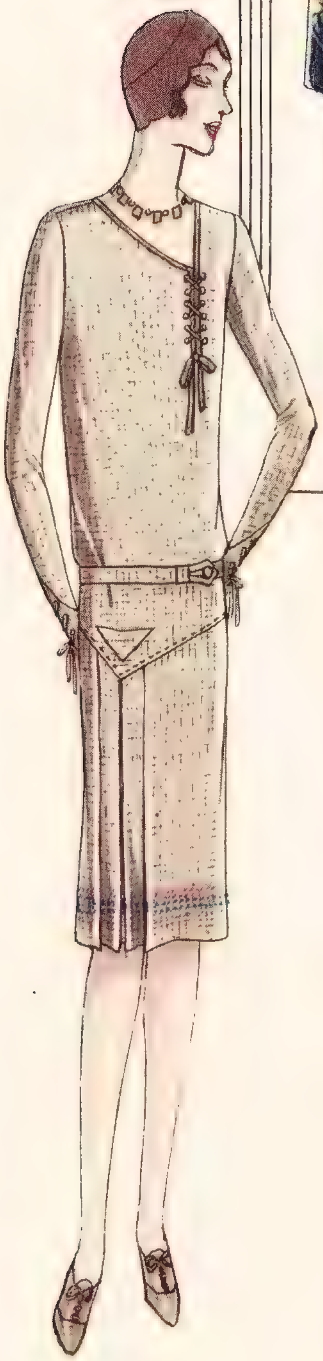
4731
Embroidery 12755

Patterns, including Pictograf—"step-by-step" directions for Cutting, Sewing Together, and Finishing—are obtainable at leading shops throughout the world, and at Pictorial Review offices; prices given on Page 125.

A SMART SPORTS WARDROBE IN THE NEWEST MANNER



4726 4717 4718



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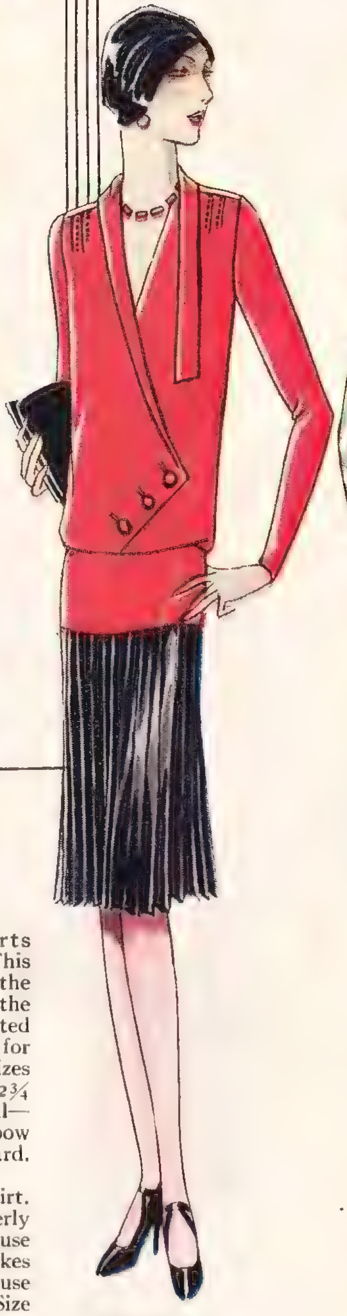
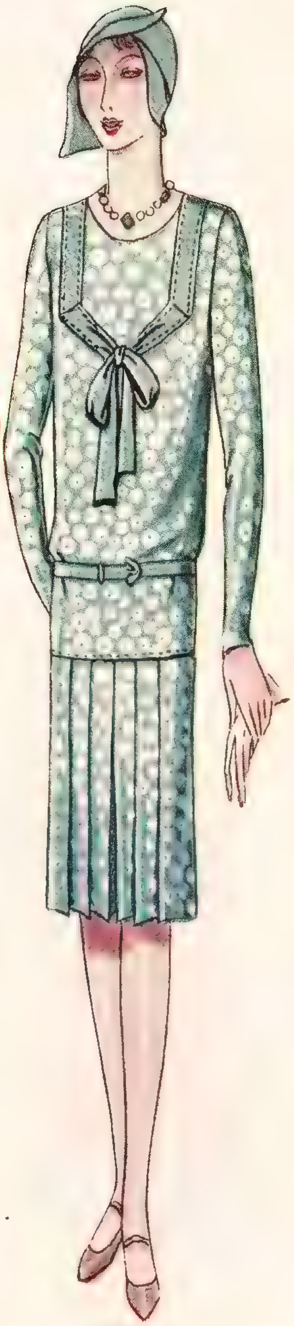


Blouse 4714
Skirt 3829



4727

4726—Fabric contrast is highlighted in the Spring mode, also the use of plain and printed silks and cottons. Either combination is effective in this tailored frock. Pointed lines are emphasized by the pleated skirt and yoke. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3 yards 39-inch figured material—¾ yard 39-inch plain to trim. Width about 2 yards.

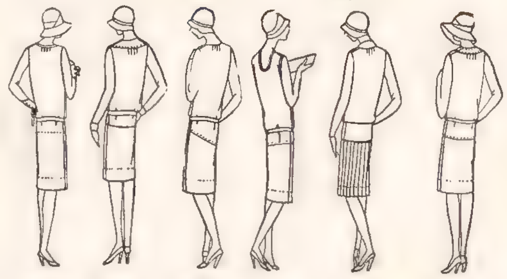
4717—The surplice line of closing, aided by the trim, crossed-over vestee, gives this frock a smartly slenderizing appearance. The silks such as shantung and canton crêpe may be used, while linen is equally suitable. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch yellow material—½ yard 39-inch white. Width about 1⅜ yard.

4720—A balanced effect is achieved by the neck which points to the right, and the line at which the pleats are joined which points to the left. The bordered materials such as tweed and silk, suit the extreme simplicity of the frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2 yards 54-inch bordered wool material. Width about 1½ yard.

4718—In sleeveless sports frocks simplicity spells chic. This frock is unadorned save for the bow which is gathered to the point of the neck. The pleated skirt remains most popular for sports wear. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch blue material—¼ yard 39-inch white for bow and band. Width about 1⅝ yard.

4714—Blouse. 3829—Skirt. The combination of a cleverly tailored, surplice style blouse with a finely pleated skirt makes a smart street costume. Blouse designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch red material. Skirt designed for 30 to 38 waist, 14 to 18 years. Size 30 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch material. Width about 2¾ yards.

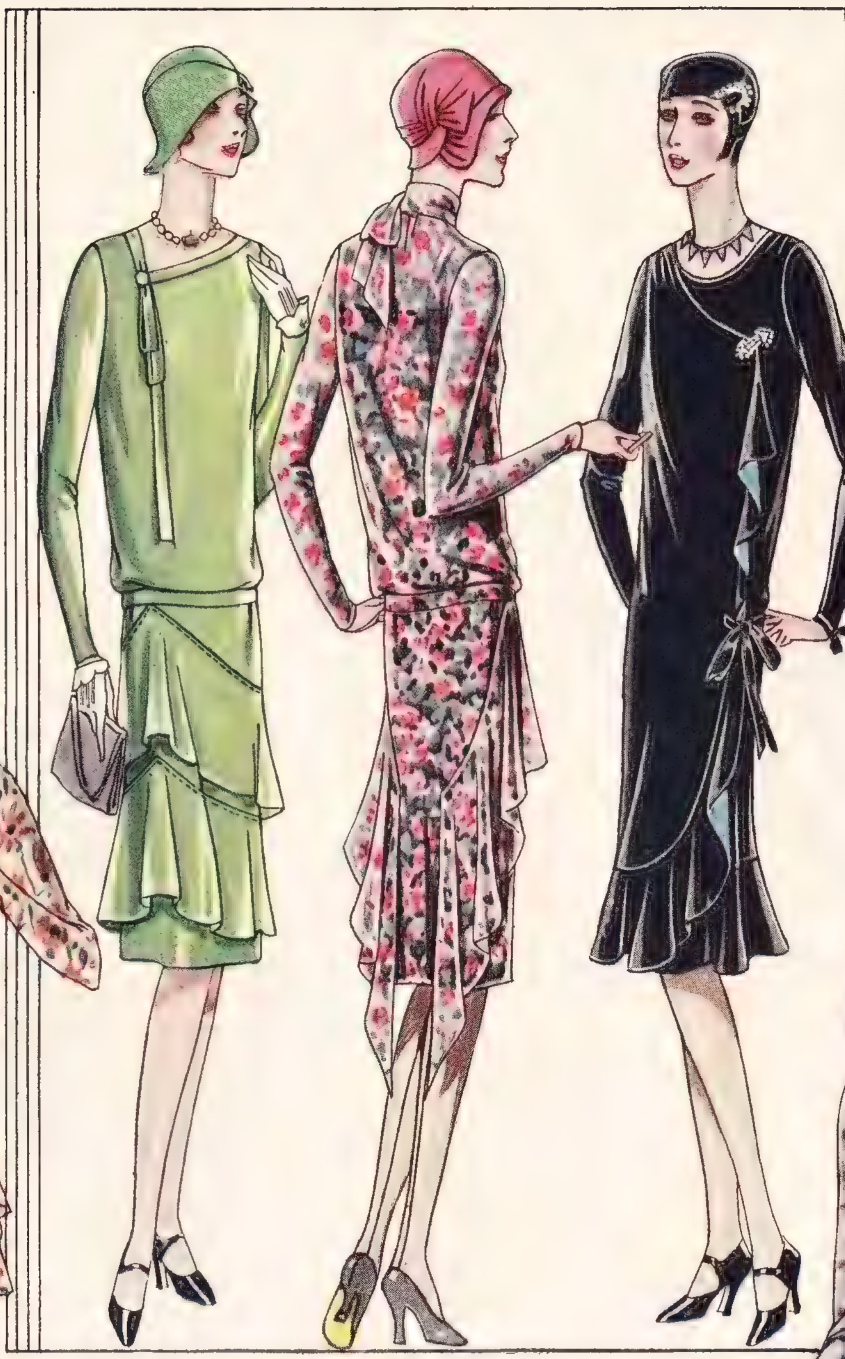
4727—A smart detail of this frock is the trimming-band descending from the shoulders and terminating in sash-ends, tied in a modish bow. Plain and printed silks combine to make this an attractive example of the semi-sports mode. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3 yards 39-inch print—⅜ yard 39-inch to trim. Width about 1¾ yard.



4714

4720 4726 4717 4718 3829 4727

FRENCH CREATORS ACCLAIM DRAPES, PLEATS, AND TIERS



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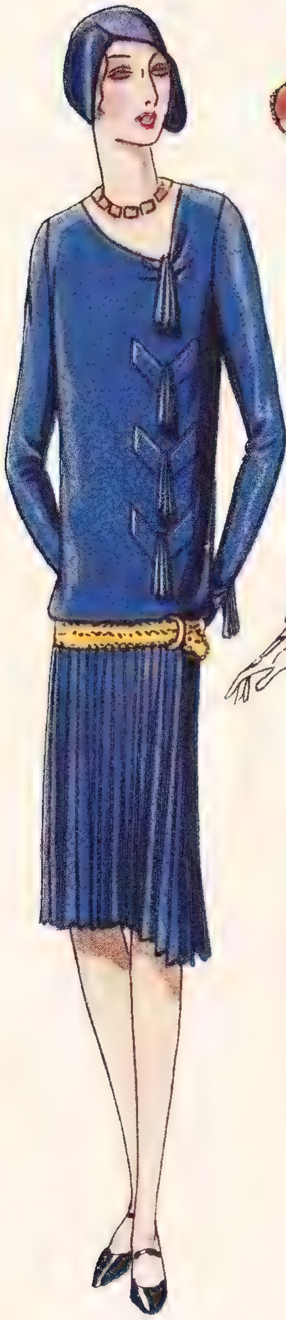

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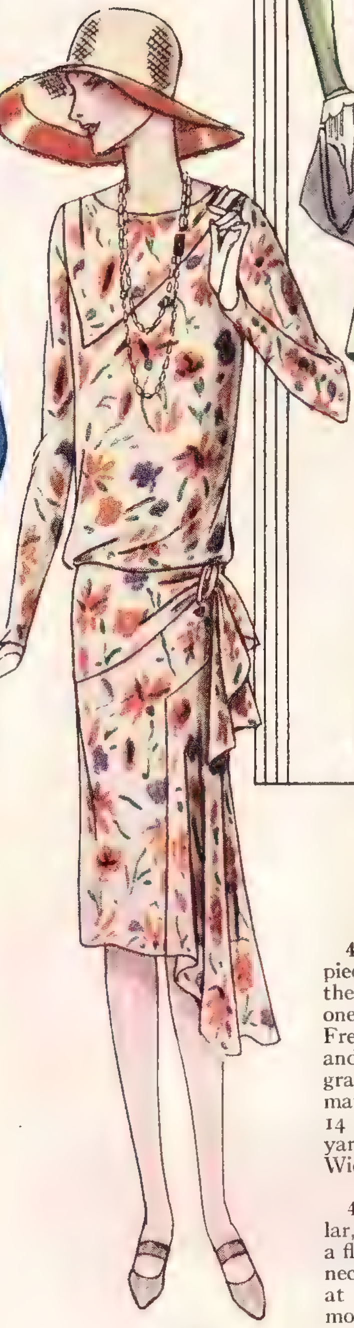

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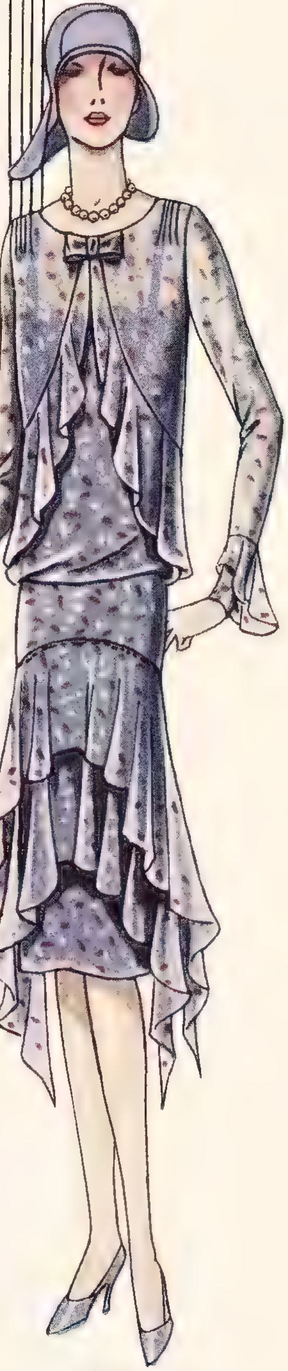


4737

4730—Tassel-like trimming-pieces beginning at the point of the neckline and extending down one side give this dress its air of French chic. Canton crêpe, satin and faille are best adapted to its gracious simplicity, while prints may be used. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch blue material. Width of skirt about 3¼ yards.

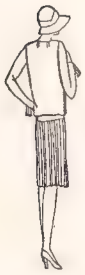
4735—The modified cowl collar, pointing off to one side, forms a flattering finish to the rounded neckline. The girdle, draped up at one side, gives the modish molded hipline, while an inserted flare gives the skirt its uneven hemline. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch printed material. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard.

4741—Circular flounces dipping to the side remain one of the smartest ways of achieving the skirt fulness which is so necessary to real chic. Aside from these, this frock is ornamented only by the narrow scarf-end which falls from the neck. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch green material. Width about 1¼ yard.

4739—This frock gains chic from scarf-ends, attached in back of its V neck, which tie in a bow at side. Unusual circular trimming-pieces adorn the skirt. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 39-inch material. Width about 2⅝ yards.

4740—The flattering fulness of the jabot is repeated by the ruffle which edges the skirt of this afternoon frock. A smart contrast may be achieved by combining a dark and a bright shade of satin. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 4 yards 39-inch black material—1¼ yard 39-inch blue for facing. Width about 1¼ yard.

4737—Every smart wardrobe must include a formal afternoon frock of the soft chiffon variety. Ruffles used in interesting curved outline on the blouse, sleeves and skirt of this model make it becoming and mark it as a truly Parisian creation. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch printed material. Width about 1¼ yard.



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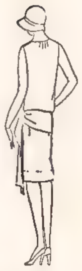

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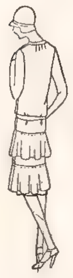

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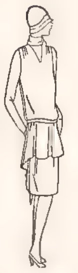

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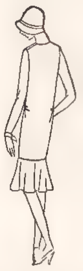

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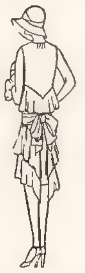

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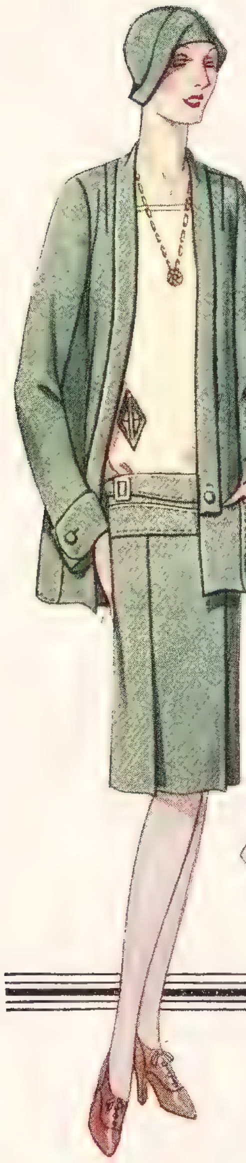
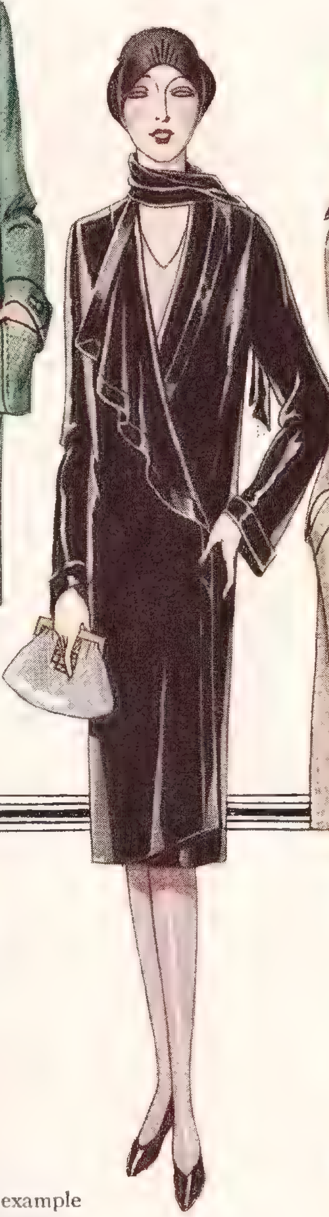
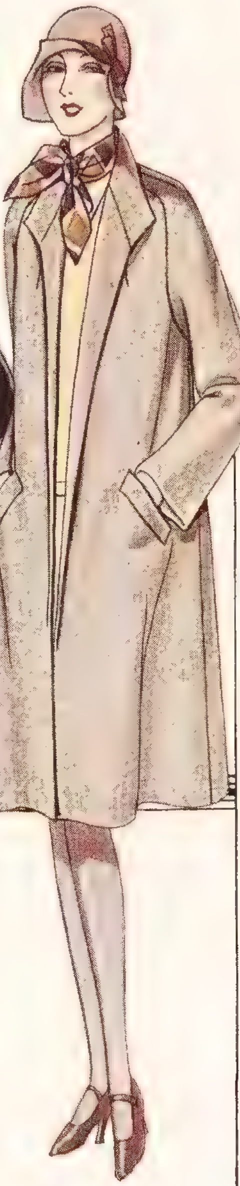
SMART WOMEN SELECT TAILORED COSTUMES FOR SPORTS AND TRAVEL



Jacket 4709
Frock 4677
Monogram 573



4698



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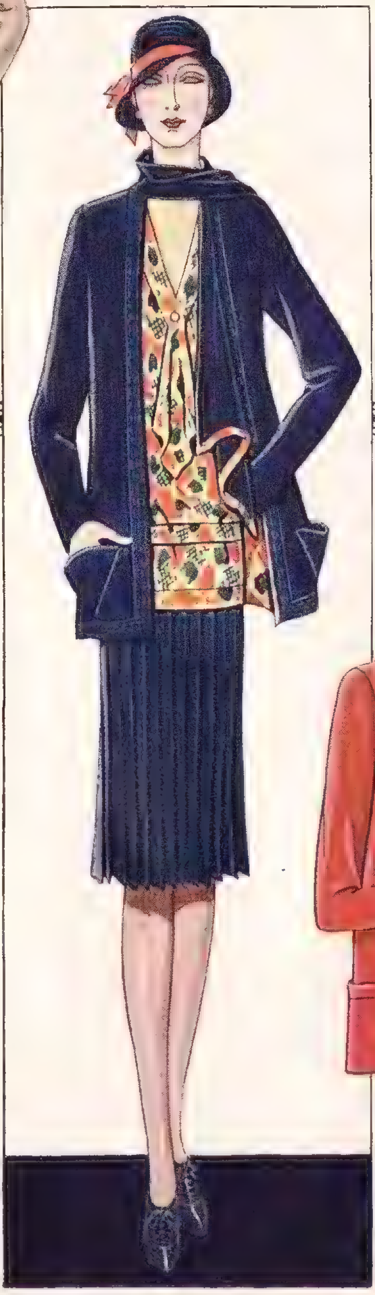

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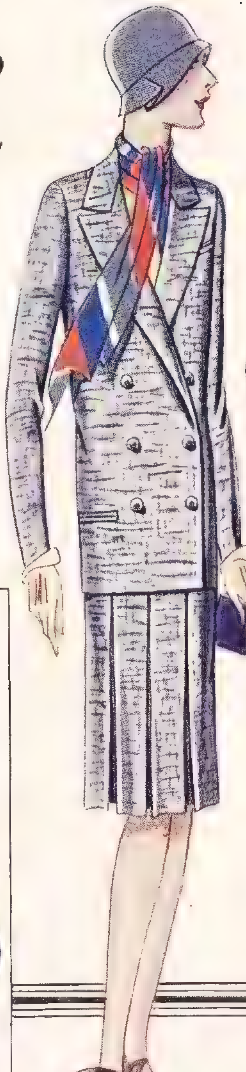
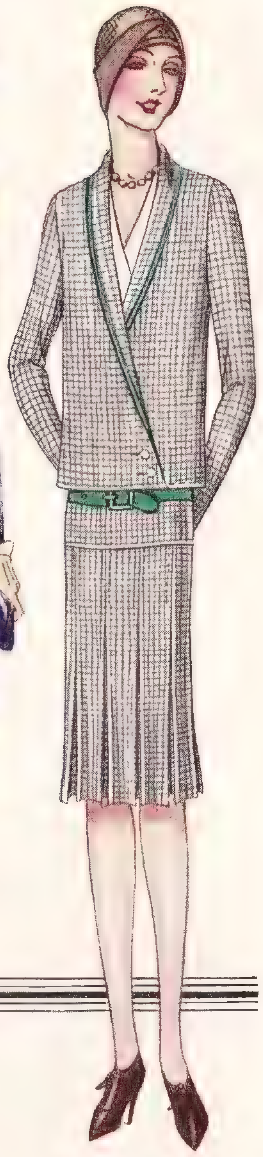
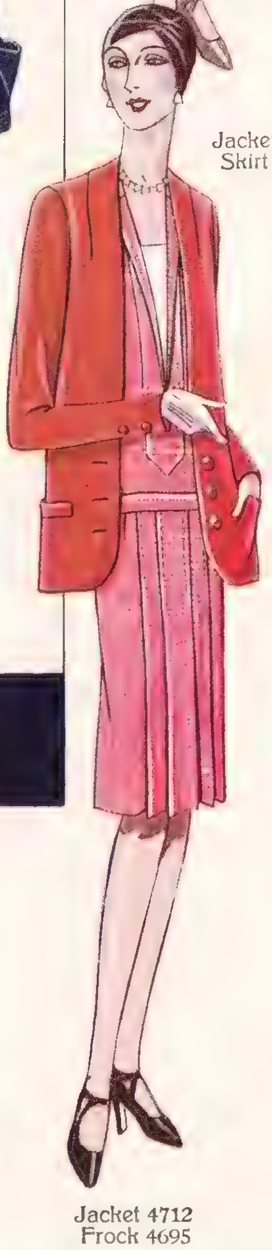


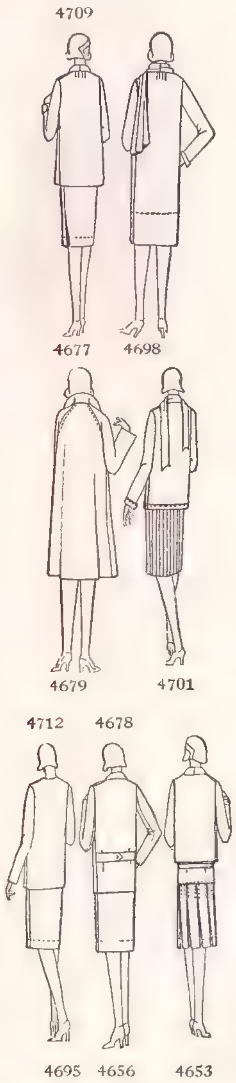
Jacket 4678
Skirt 4656



Frock 4653



Jacket 4712
Frock 4695



4709—This is an excellent example of the jacket which will accompany sports and street frocks this Spring. It has swagger straight lines that look smart in heavy silks and linen, as well as in woolens. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2 yards 54-inch green wool material.

4677—This frock features two diagonal belts fastening at opposite sides of a hip yoke. It is decorated by Monogram 573, 4 inches. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 39-inch beige material for blouse—1¼ yard 54-inch green. Width about 1⅝ yard.

4698—For a dressy coat to wear on warm days this model is ideal in satin. It is of the straightline, wrap-around type, with fashionable fulness introduced by a scarf collar and one fluttering rever. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 39-inch black material.

4679—For sports and general every-day wear here is a practical and jaunty model with smart raglan sleeves. The wool mixtures and tweeds are suitable fabrics with a printed silk for the scarf. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch material.

4701—The jacket ensemble is increasingly important in the season's styles. This one is smart with its printed blouse and its jacket with scarf collar. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 39-inch blue material—1⅞ yard 39-inch print. Width about 3½ yards.

4712—Smartly tailored is this short jacket which may be made with plain rounded fronts, or with pointed revers and a scarf collar. It is very modish when made of novelty wool or printed cotton. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch fabric.

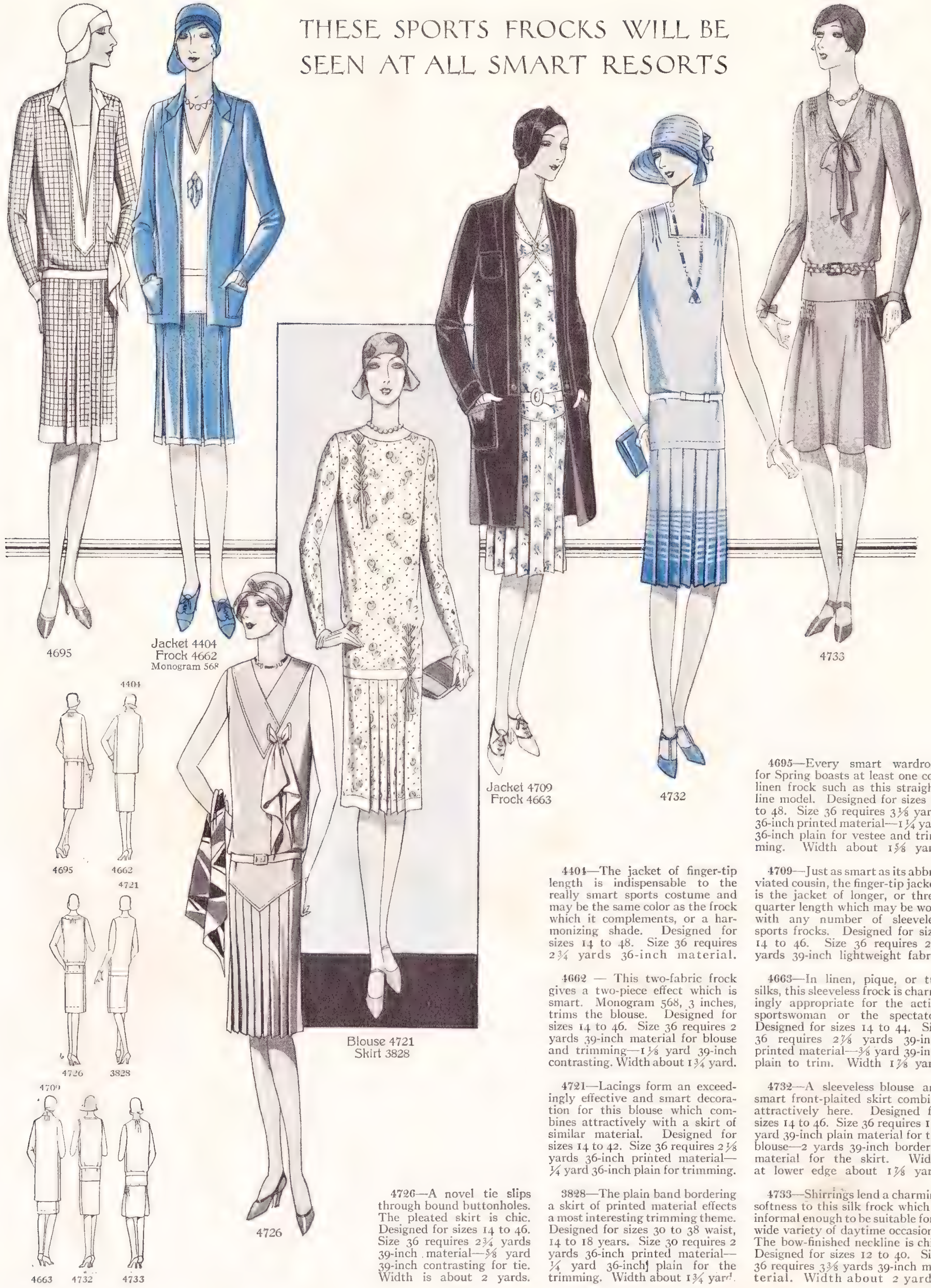
4695—The collar of this frock rolls back over a vestee which may be used to introduce fabric contrast. For cool days this frock is practical in tweed. Designed for sizes 14 to 48. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 54-inch mixture—¼ yard 27-inch white. Width about 1⅝ yard.

4678—When combined with a box-pleated skirt a double-breasted mannish jacket makes a smart suit for sports or travel. The notched collar adds to its tailored simplicity. It is attractive in kasha or flannel. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 2 yards 54-inch blue fabric.

4656—To wear with the new tuck-in blouses for sports, nothing could be smarter than this box-pleated skirt arranged on a yoke. In flat crêpe, tweed mixture or flannel it is chic. Designed for sizes 28 to 38. Size 30 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch blue mixture. Width about 2 yards.

4653—This smart costume consisting of a sleeveless frock and bolero jacket, buttoning at one side, is equally smart for sports, travel and street wear. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch fabric—⅜ yard 32-inch white. Width 2⅝ yards.

THESE SPORTS FROCKS WILL BE SEEN AT ALL SMART RESORTS



4726—A novel tie slips through bound buttonholes. The pleated skirt is chic. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch material—⅝ yard 39-inch contrasting for tie. Width is about 2 yards.

4404—The jacket of finger-tip length is indispensable to the really smart sports costume and may be the same color as the frock which it complements, or a harmonizing shade. Designed for sizes 14 to 48. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material.

4662 — This two-fabric frock gives a two-piece effect which is smart. Monogram 568, 3 inches, trims the blouse. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2 yards 39-inch material for blouse and trimming—1⅛ yard 39-inch contrasting. Width about 1¾ yard.

4721—Lacings form an exceedingly effective and smart decoration for this blouse which combines attractively with a skirt of similar material. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch printed material—¼ yard 36-inch plain for trimming.

3828—The plain band bordering a skirt of printed material effects a most interesting trimming theme. Designed for sizes 30 to 38 waist, 14 to 18 years. Size 30 requires 2 yards 36-inch printed material—¼ yard 36-inch plain for the trimming. Width about 1¾ yard.

4695—Every smart wardrobe for Spring boasts at least one cool linen frock such as this straight-line model. Designed for sizes 14 to 48. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch printed material—1¼ yard 36-inch plain for vestee and trimming. Width about 1⅝ yard.

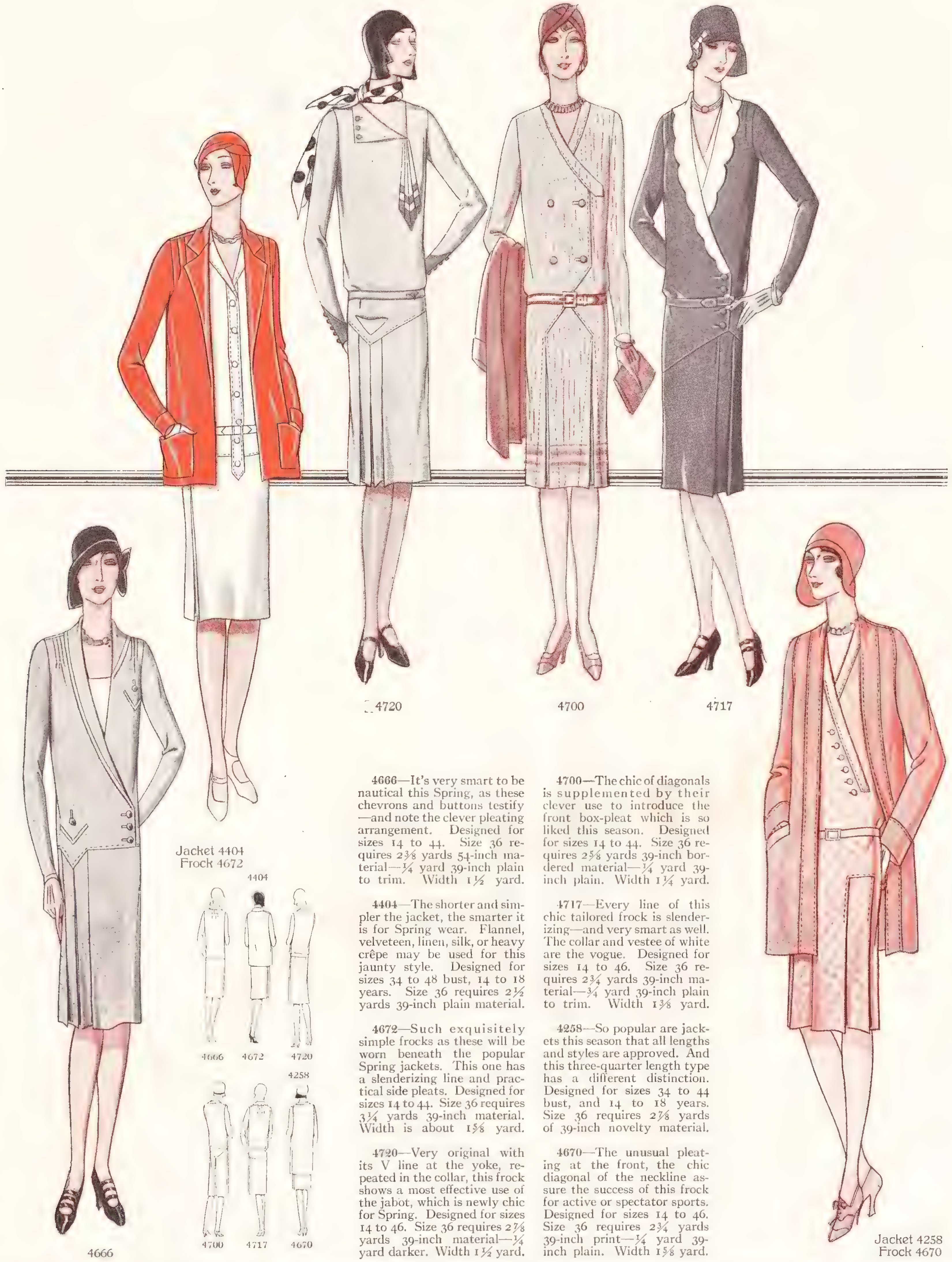
4709—Just as smart as its abbreviated cousin, the finger-tip jacket, is the jacket of longer, or three-quarter length which may be worn with any number of sleeveless sports frocks. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch lightweight fabric.

4663—In linen, pique, or tub silks, this sleeveless frock is charmingly appropriate for the active sportswoman or the spectator. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch printed material—⅜ yard 39-inch plain to trim. Width 1⅞ yard.

4732—A sleeveless blouse and smart front-plaited skirt combine attractively here. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 39-inch plain material for the blouse—2 yards 39-inch bordered material for the skirt. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard.

4733—Shirrings lend a charming softness to this silk frock which is informal enough to be suitable for a wide variety of daytime occasions. The bow-finished neckline is chic. Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch material. Width about 2 yards.

PARIS DECREES DIAGONALS FOR SPORTS



4666—It's very smart to be nautical this Spring, as these chevrons and buttons testify—and note the clever pleating arrangement. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch material—¼ yard 39-inch plain to trim. Width 1½ yard.

4404—The shorter and simpler the jacket, the smarter it is for Spring wear. Flannel, velveteen, linen, silk, or heavy crêpe may be used for this jaunty style. Designed for sizes 34 to 48 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 39-inch plain material.

4672—Such exquisitely simple frocks as these will be worn beneath the popular Spring jackets. This one has a slenderizing line and practical side pleats. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch material. Width is about 1⅝ yard.

4720—Very original with its V line at the yoke, repeated in the collar, this frock shows a most effective use of the jabot, which is newly chic for Spring. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch material—¼ yard darker. Width 1½ yard.

4700—The chic of diagonals is supplemented by their clever use to introduce the front box-pleat which is so liked this season. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch bordered material—¼ yard 39-inch plain. Width 1¼ yard.

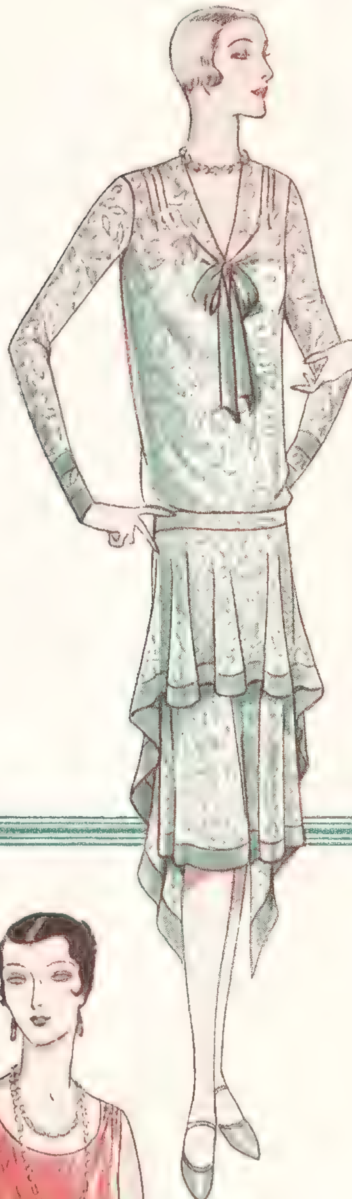
4717—Every line of this chic tailored frock is slenderizing—and very smart as well. The collar and vestee of white are the vogue. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch material—¾ yard 39-inch plain to trim. Width 1⅜ yard.

4258—So popular are jackets this season that all lengths and styles are approved. And this three-quarter length type has a different distinction. Designed for sizes 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards of 39-inch novelty material.

4670—The unusual pleating at the front, the chic diagonal of the neckline assure the success of this frock for active or spectator sports. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch print—¼ yard 39-inch plain. Width 1⅝ yard.

Patterns, including Pictograf—"step-by-step" directions for Cutting, Sewing Together, and Finishing—are obtainable at leading shops throughout the world, and at Pictorial Review offices; prices given on Page 125.

THE FORMAL MODE DRAPES RICH FABRICS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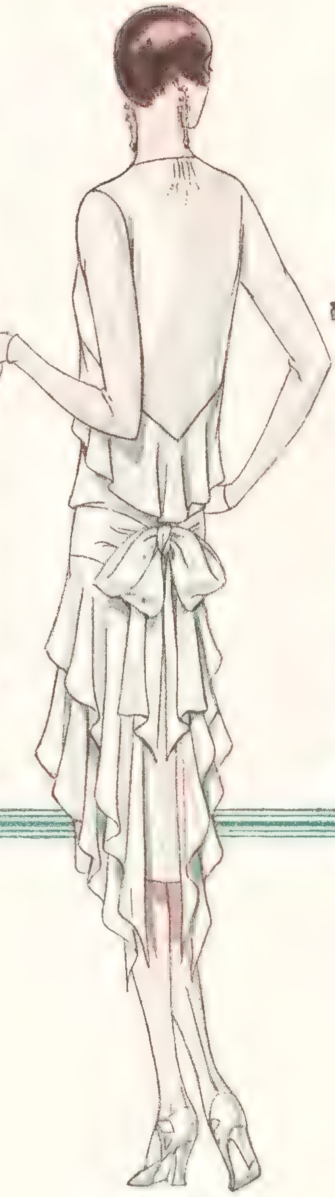
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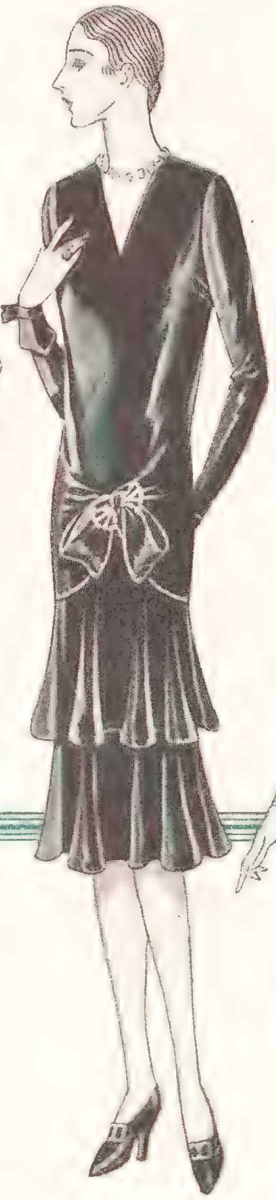
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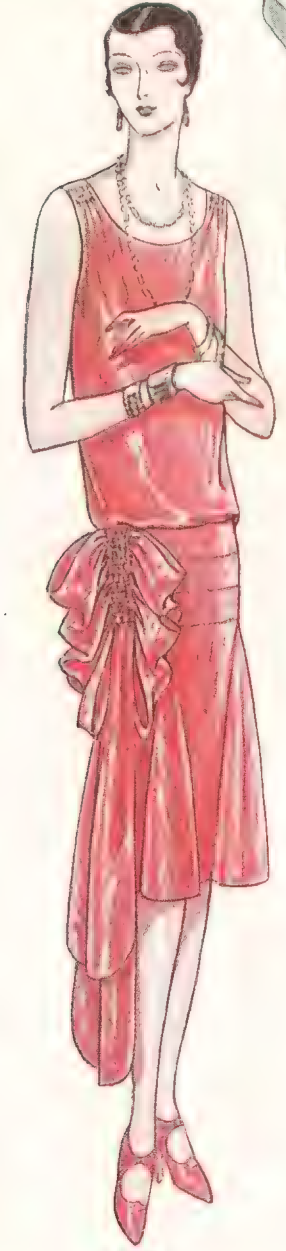
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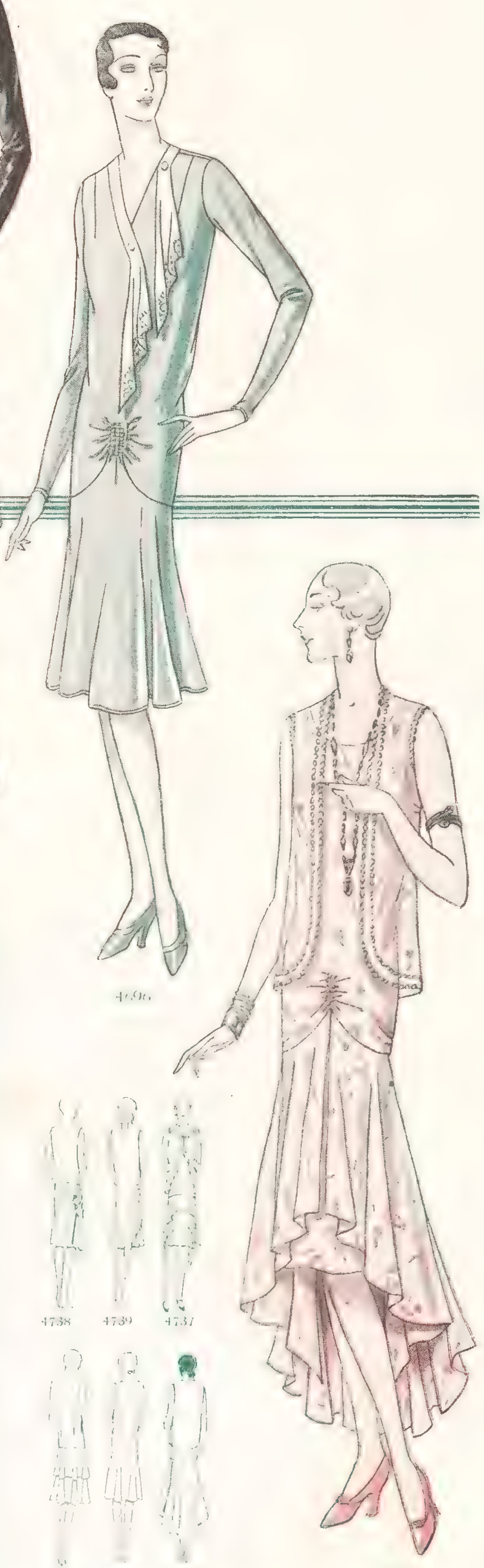


4739—A circular flounce, terminating at the back in ends which droop below the hemline, achieves a new silhouette for this afternoon frock, so charmingly suited to printed silks and chiffons. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch printed material—¾ yard 39-inch plain for trimming. Width about 2⅝ yards.

4737—The evening mode is elaborate, particularly in its back treatment, as is illustrated in this model. A graceful bolero line repeats the pointed theme of the two circular flounces. The wide girdle molds the hipline and ties in a bow. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 39-inch material. Width of skirt is about 1¼ yard.

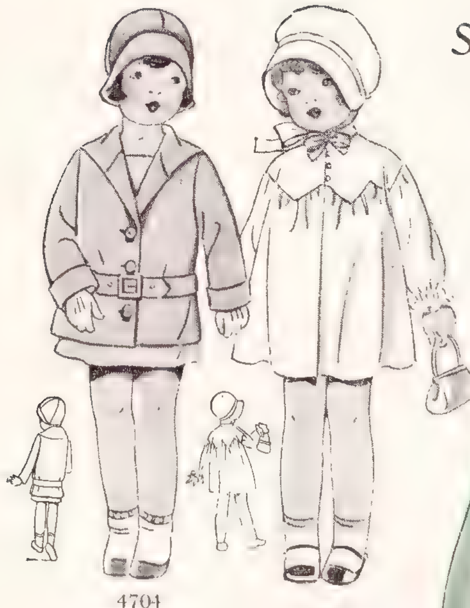
4738—For the stiff fabrics, moiré, lamé, and heavy satin, which are highlighted this season, no model could be smarter than this, which relies for trimming solely upon a shirred bow, the ends of which give the frock its chic unevenness. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 39-inch material. Width about 2⅝ yards.

4697—The fitted back and snug hip are modish details of this model. The vogue for low-placed fulness is indicated by the tiered flounces. Novel cuffs trim the sleeves. Crêpe satin or crêpe marocain would be a smart medium. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 39-inch material. Width of skirt is about 1¼ yard.

4696—The snug-hip frock presents the newest of silhouettes, effected in this case by soft shirrings in front. Twin jabots give the neck a smart decoration. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch material—⅝ yard 39-inch lighter to trim—⅝ yard lace for banding at edges of jabots. Width about 2⅝ yards.

4699—The cocktail jacket in its sleeveless version is very new. The frock itself is distinguished by its snug hip and up-in-front hemline. Fashion's fabric favorite for Spring, printed chiffon, is delightfully suited to this model. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 5⅝ yards 39-inch printed material. Width is about 1¼ yard.

SPRING MODELS OF YOUTHFUL CHIC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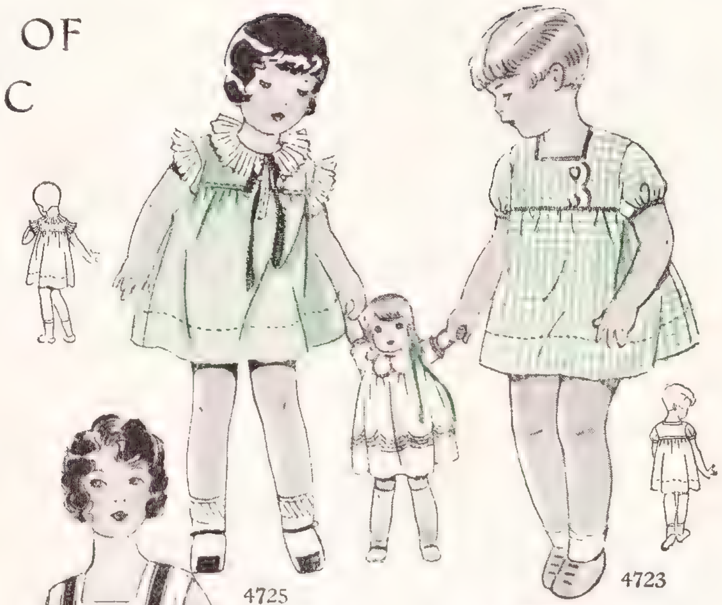
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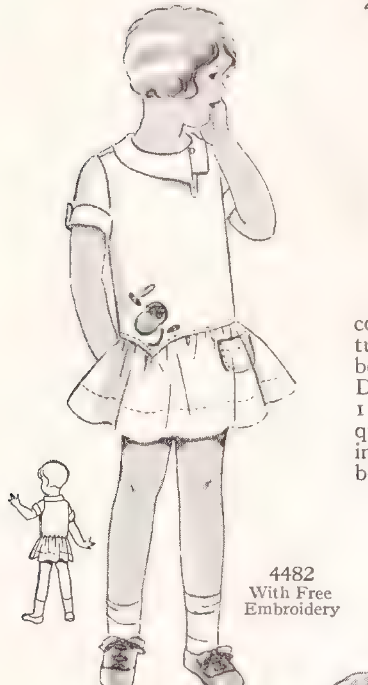
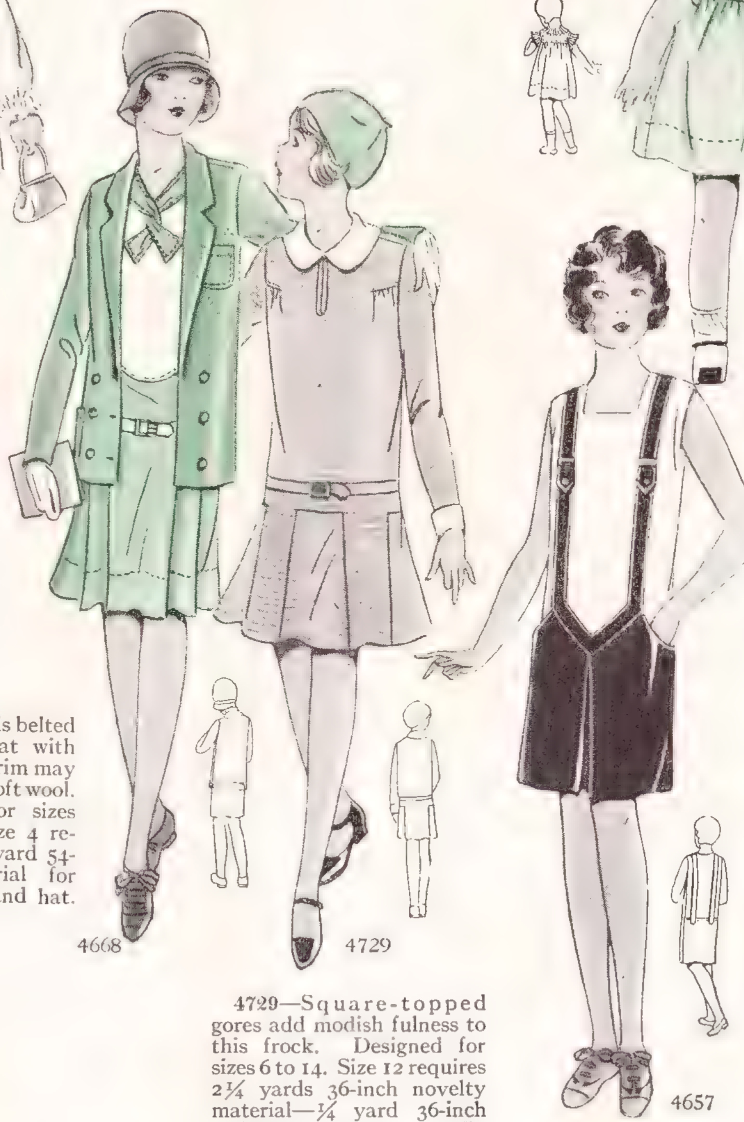

4482 With Free Embroidery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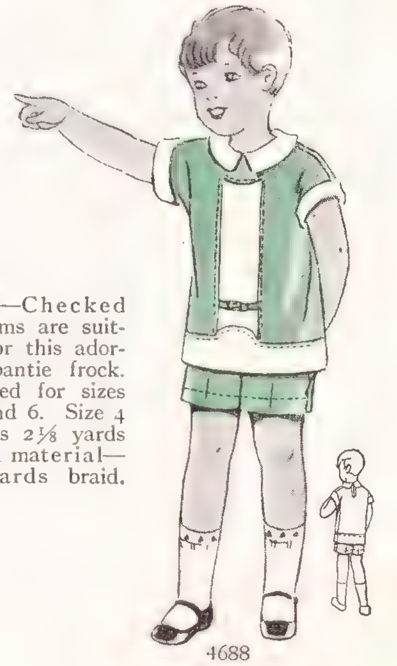

4688

4704—This belted coat and hat with turn-back brim may be made of soft wool. Designed for sizes 1 to 6. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 54-inch material for both coat and hat.

4723—Checked ginghams are suitable for this adorable pantie frock. Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6. Size 4 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch material—2⅜ yards braid.

4729—Square-topped gores add modish fulness to this frock. Designed for sizes 6 to 14. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch novelty material—¼ yard 36-inch plain for collar and cuffs.

4742—The coat is gathered to an irregularly shaped yoke, the bonnet has a brim. Designed for sizes ½ to 3. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch material for both coat and cap.

4668—Cotton in two shades, or plain and printed, fashions this ensemble. Designed for sizes 8 to 16. Size 10 requires 3 yards 36-inch material—1⅛ yard 36-inch lighter.

4482 — A full two-piece skirt is gathered to blouse. Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6. Size 4 requires 2 yards 32-inch material—½ yard 32-inch contrasting for the trimming.

4705—Taffeta may be used for this attractive party frock which features a large bow at the side. Designed for sizes 10 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch material.

4719—Tiny bows at the shoulders and shirring at the waist are smart, youthful features. Designed for sizes 6 to 14. Size 12 requires 1¾ yard 39-inch printed material.

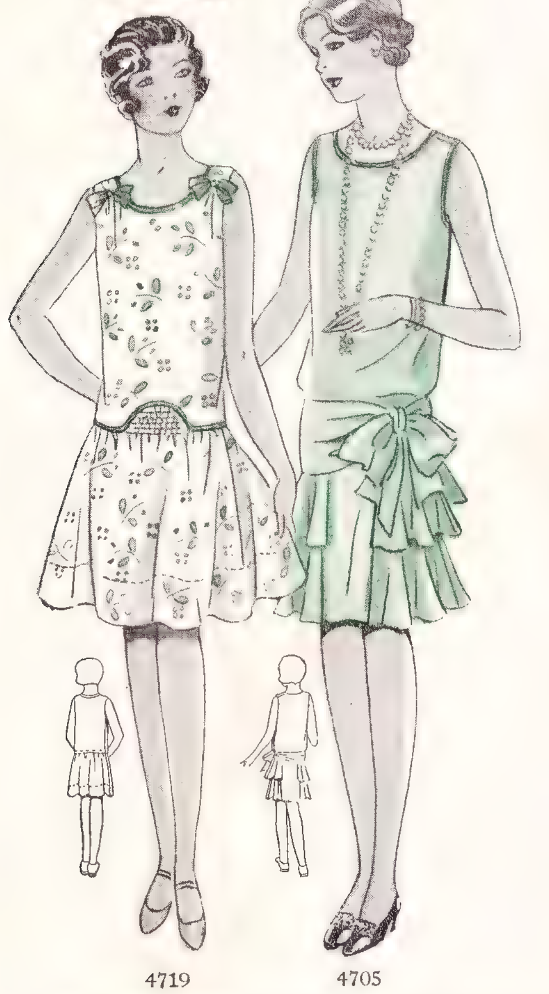
4725 — This pantie frock has an adorable ruffled collar and cuffs. Designed for sizes 1 to 6. Size 4 requires 2 yards 36-inch printed material—¼ yard 36-inch plain to trim.

4657 — Band trimming gives an unusual suspender effect to this frock. Designed for sizes 8 to 14. Size 10 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch material—1¼ yard 36-inch darker.

4688 — The novel vestee and applied band gives a Frenchy touch. Designed for sizes 1 to 5. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch material—⅝ yard 32-inch lighter to trim.

4711 — This sporty coat, with smart raglan sleeves, is most serviceable when made of wool mixture. Designed for sizes 6 to 14. Size 10 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch material.

4724 — Plaid flannel or linen makes this school frock. Designed for sizes 8 to 15. Size 12 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch plaid material —½ yard 27-inch plain for collar and cuffs.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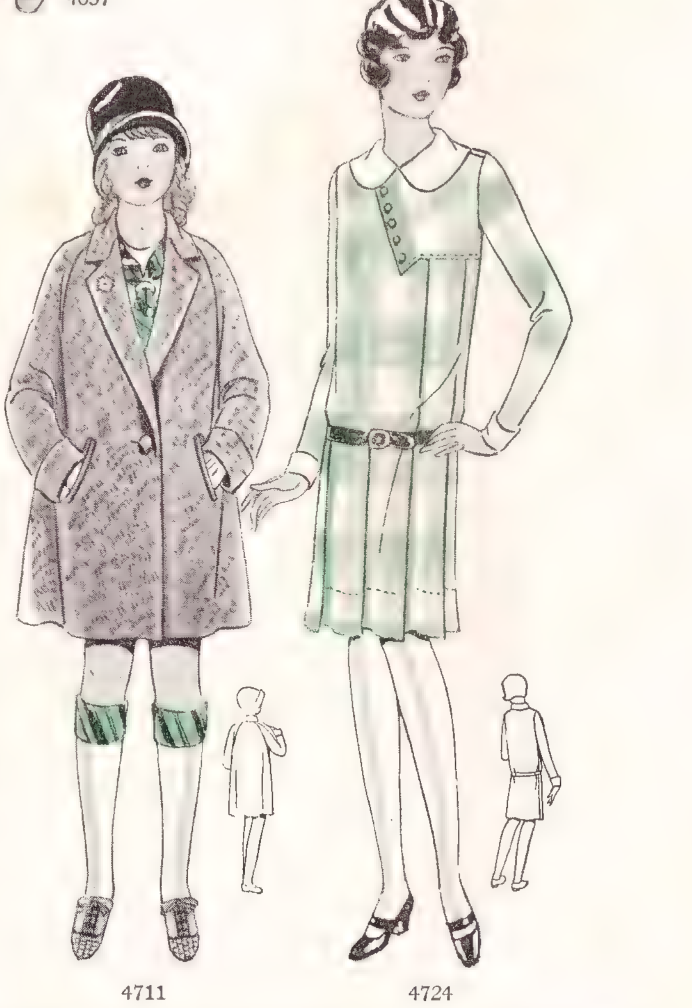
4711 4724

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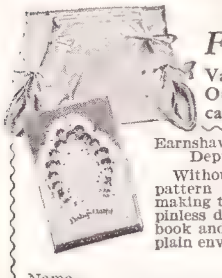

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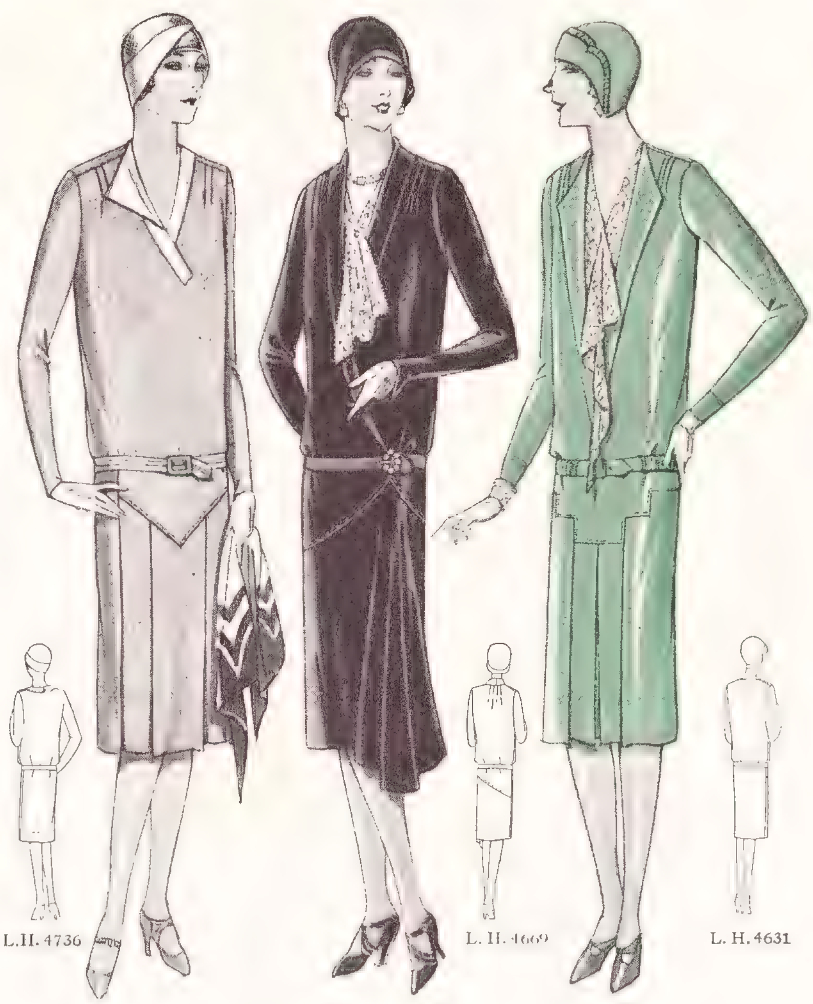


L. H. 4736 L. H. 4669 L. H. 4631

L. H. 4736—Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch fabric. Width is about 1⅞ yard.

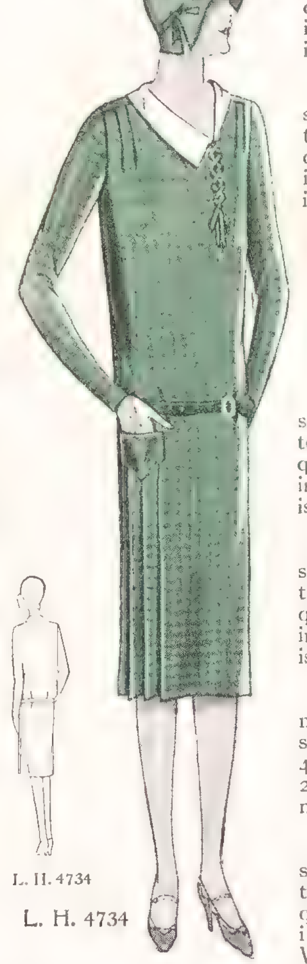
L. H. 4669—Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 4 yards 39-inch fabric. Width is about 2 yards.

L. H. 4631—Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch fabric. Width is about 1⅞ yard.

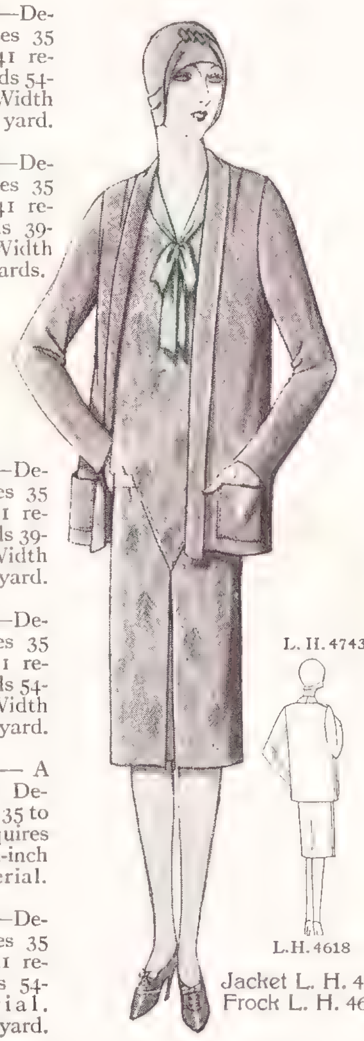
L. H. 4734—Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 2½ yards 54-inch fabric. Width is about 1⅞ yard.

L. H. 4743 — A modish jacket. Designed for sizes 35 to 47. Size 41 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch novelty material.

L. H. 4618—Designed for sizes 35 to 51. Size 41 requires 3 yards 54-inch material. Width is 1¾ yard.



L. H. 4734



Jacket L. H. 4743
Frock L. H. 4618

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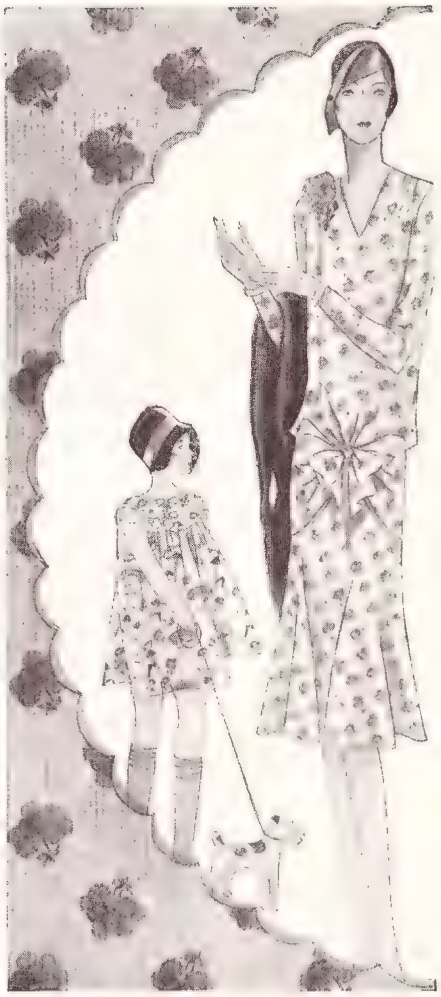

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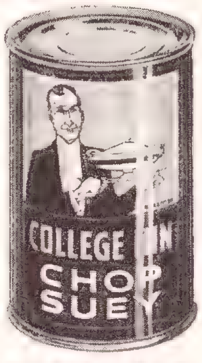

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CUT FLOWERS FROM YOUR OWN GARDEN

By Helen Holt Jameson

YOUR garden space may be large or small, you may have a finely landscaped estate or only a tiny back-yard flower-bed, but if you have not provided in your planting-scheme for certain flowers especially adapted for cutting, your planning can not be called complete.

Even within the limits of a short article it will be possible to tell of some of the most effective and easily grown flowers. Many of these are annuals and will flower this Summer from seed sown this Spring. Others are perennials, for which plants already started in cold-frame or greenhouse must be purchased. There are also bulbs which, planted in the next few weeks, will blossom soon and, with successive plantings carefully timed, supply your vases and bowls with gay blooms all Summer and Autumn.

Chief of these flowers grown from bulbs is the gladiolus, one of the most popular of all Summer plants, giving us, for only a little trouble, an abundance of graceful flower-spikes. One of the most versatile of flowers, it is equally good for borders or masses or cut flowers. A glorious variety of coloring and markings may be found listed in the catalogs.

The cultural directions for gladioli are simple. Any good garden soil, not too clayey, is suitable. They love the sun and should be planted in rows if blossoms for cutting are your chief object. There should be 18 inches between each row, with the bulbs three inches apart in the rows. Be sure to plant the bulbs right side up and deep enough so that the new bulb, which forms on the top of the old, will not be too near the surface. This means covering each bulb with four to six inches of soil, depending on the size of the bulb. Press the earth firmly around each bulb. Give gladioli plenty of water. It is best to water after sundown.

To give a succession of blooms plant as soon as the frost is out of the ground, and then continue planting more every ten days until July 1. Cut the blooms just as the lower flower on the spike opens. Place them in fresh water to await the opening of the remaining buds. If the flowers are removed as they fade the blooming spike can be kept fresh for a week.

In the Fall, after frost but before freezing, dig up the plants, dry them in the sun and store in a cool, dry place for next year. The tops should be left on until they shrivel.

The dahlia holds a front rank among late Summer and Fall flowers and is highly valued for cutting. It is easy to grow, flowers freely, has a wide range of color, beauty of form, and a long period of bloom. There are hundreds of varieties, and in every seedsman's catalog you will find helpful lists as well as offerings of mixed collections that are well worth trying. Be sure to plant dahlias in a well-drained, sunny spot. Set them out in May, when all danger from frost is over; plant three feet apart in rows and stake later. After frost they should be treated the same as gladioli.

Of course, you will want the bearded and Japanese iris, known as "the poor-man's-orchid," in your cut-flower garden. The flowers are borne on long, strong stems and bloom freely during June and July. The best results come a year after planting. Roses and peonies may be planted in the Spring and give you good returns the same season, but I prefer Fall planting. The hardy garden lilies you can depend on for Summer blossoms with a Spring planting, however, and you will find them fully listed in the catalogs.

There are many perennial plants available for cut flowers which do not bloom until the second season from seed, but they may be bought now as plants, and include the hardy asters, columbines, hardy chrysanthemums, lupines, and many others.

Your list of annuals for cut flowers should include snapdragon, sweet peas, stock, mignonette, calliopsis, candytuft, calendula, marigold, zinnia, and cornflowers, as well as the less-known old-time favorites clarkia and blue lace-flower. The catalogs will describe these fully and give cultural directions.

Be sure to make several successive plantings of gypsophila, more often known as "baby's-breath." Nothing will so enhance a vase of cut flowers as a few sprays of this quick-growing plant, with its myriads of tiny, open, bell-shaped, pink and white flowers.

You will be but following the trend of the times if you devote a considerable portion of your recreational exercise to growing flowers. While you may desire to put much of your effort into making the home grounds attractive, you must not do so without growing blossoms for indoor enjoyment.

Free Flower-Planting Calendar

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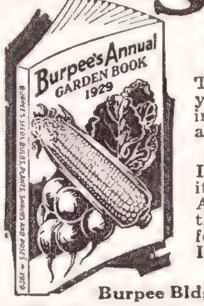

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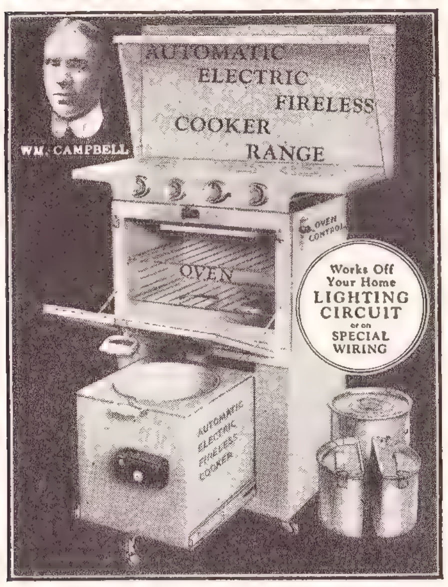
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W. HILLYER RAGSDALE
Drawer 50 **East Orange, N. J.**

Continued from Page 88

was too strong even for me to break. Instead of turning gratefully to me she refused to believe me. Nothing I could say would persuade her of the truth. And then she left me with nothing but the ashes of my plans. I had to go through with them. But I hardly blame her, after all. It was only him, always him—d—— him——"

His voice trailed after the last bitter words.

"You say you want to get the man who killed little Mary Young. You even say you know him. So do I. And if there's a justice on this earth, you've got to capture James Norris!"

The effort was too great, and he collapsed upon the prison bench. Convulsive sobs racked him for a moment, but presently he looked up again.

"I don't know why I should tell you all this. I can't do myself any harm, because they've got me. But you can't do anything for me. No one can. The best thing I can do is to take my medicine and be quiet."

"It won't be too hard," Rankin murmured; "we'll try for leniency. Perhaps you'll get your chance yet."

When Rankin left, many pieces of the puzzle had fallen into place. The quarrel in the park on Friday night, the early purchase of two tickets instead of one, the proved cause of the disagreement between Mary Young and her *fiancé*—all these problems were answered. Everything, in fact, but the original question. Who killed the girl?

Rankin had to admit he was confronted by a stone wall. The remarkable characteristic about the case was its illustration of how closely people's lives were intertwined. There was Mary Young as the connecting link of three total strangers, Charles Bond, James Norris, and Joseph Rogers. The life of each was far removed from the others, and yet, through the girl, they were thrown together, their separate interests becoming bound into a tangled whole. Their not very smooth courses of life were caught up by an unforeseen maelstrom which caused to each of them distressing havoc. The cataclysm here had been the violent death of Mary Young; the resultant revelations were bewildering.

ALL three were now eliminated. Convinced of Norris's innocence, Rankin felt he could safely disregard Rogers's hysterical accusations. His own knowledge told him it was a practical impossibility. What, then, was there left? Mary Young's unknown past. Somewhere in that hidden passage of time might lie the solution of his problem. His efforts to probe into it had been unproductive. He must unearth those concealed years or admit failure.

His knowledge of Mary Young extended no further than three months back. Previous to that, as far as he was concerned, she was non-existent. It was obvious she was not an ordinary working girl. She might even have come from a family of wealth. He recalled the exquisite scarf she was wearing at the time she was killed, and the two expensive dresses he had found in her boarding-room. She had studiously avoided mentioning her past to any one; not even her lover was her confidant. And she had received no mail except the papers from Gary.

The recollection of the papers sent Rankin hurrying back to his rooms for another examination. There existed a sheer necessity that he should find something in them that would give him a suggestion from which to work. If necessary, he would go West and make investigations. But every trail must have a starting-point. Previous examinations of the papers, tho thorough, had revealed nothing applicable to his case. Then, however, he had an oversupply of clues.

FOR over an hour Rankin inspected the papers. Carefully he covered all the personal columns—Births, Deaths, Marriages, Lost and Found—seeking for any possible item that might have even the remotest application to his problem. The real news items could be obtained in any paper; there would have been no need to procure Gary *Tribunes* for them. He searched for initials resembling the dead girl's. He scanned the advertisements and the local news. All in vain; none of it suggested anything to him. About six o'clock he threw them aside in a fit of disgust and weariness.

Another telegram to the Gary authorities could be of no use. There was nothing for it but to make the trip himself, even tho he had no point of contact, and it might merely develop into a wild-goose chase. He had no choice in the matter.

The telephone-bell jangled in his ears. Rankin lifted the receiver. Thomas was speaking.

"Hello! Is that you, Rankin? A telegram just came in that I thought might interest you. Listen to it. It's from Gary, Ind.

"Police inquiring into the whereabouts of Mildred Yaeger, heiress, missing from this town for three months. Description: height, five feet six inches; age, twenty-one; brown hair; eyes, gray; carries herself with poise. Further details to follow.

"And it's signed 'Frank Lowry, Chief of Police.'"

The fourth instalment of "The Disappearance of Mary Young" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published March 25th. If you prefer to read this story at one time save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all later on.

OPENING THE GATES OF SILENCE

Continued from Page 21

Lessons in what might be called sound-consciousness are a very important part of the education of the deaf. Touch reveals the action of the organs of speech. If children can get the feeling of a sound as a word is pronounced, they will be aided in imitation. A deaf child learns sounds by touch. These lessons are given through having the children feel the teacher's cheek or throat when she speaks, and by putting their finger-tips on musical instruments, such as the guitar when notes are being struck, or by gathering around the piano and placing their fingers on the lid or sides of it while it is being played.

Co-ordination of the mind with the hands and the movement of the body gives them a sense of rhythm which is necessary to all children. This is attained through rhythmic exercises, dancing, and various kinds of handicraft. For the boys there are athletics and games, just as there are in all schools. The girls learn to sew, and the boys to do carpentry, in the higher grades.

By the end of the first year at school these little ones have a vocabulary of two hundred words or more and are able to construct simple sentences. Those who take the entire course, which requires from ten to twelve years, are ready to enter high school and even college, as the curriculum embraces the regular grades and part of the high-school course.

There are many things a busy mother may do toward helping her deaf child to become articulate. She must not forget that speech demands perfect muscular control, delicate adjustment, and the close imitation of what he sees and feels others doing. Before he is ready to talk, three lessons must be learned:

1. The use of the eyes with speed and accuracy so that the nuances of words, and the various expressions of the face that give full meaning to what is said, may be comprehended.
2. Concentration. A mind incapable of concentration can not overcome the handicap of deafness.
3. Imitation, which makes possible

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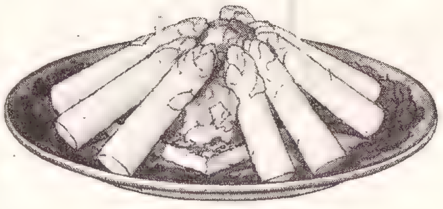

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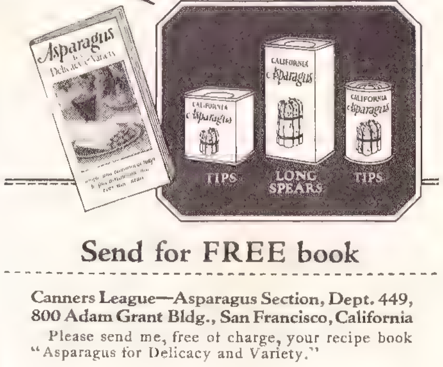

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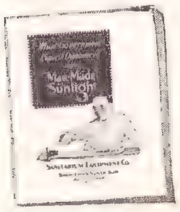

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the reproduction of the muscular movements and positions of the lips, tongue, and palate, with speech as the ultimate result.

The mother should begin, as soon as the child is conscious of his surroundings, to teach him to do everything for himself. As soon as possible he should put on his own little garments, lace his shoes, feed himself, and take out and put away his own toys. These things will teach him to be self-reliant and resourceful.

Montessori literature offers splendid aid in the early training of these children. Whenever possible the mother should take time to play with her afflicted little one, keeping in mind that she wishes to train his eyes and his hands and to teach him to give strict attention.

Matching colored balls, duplicate pictures, or groups of objects, is sight-training. If the child grows tired of this he should be allowed to choose, say, a piece of pink candy confetti to match one the mother holds in her hand, or two red peppermints and one white one when she does the same. Then there are alphabet-blocks and matching-dominoes, and the old game that all children love, "odd or even," when the mother opens her hand long enough to let the child see three red beans, while he takes three like them from a pile before him; and coloring simple outline pictures; in fact anything which will teach him to observe, to concentrate, to think, and to apply.

The teaching of speech is too important and intricate a task to be undertaken by the mother who has not had specialized training. This should be left to those who know how to get the best results. The child should be placed in a school for the deaf or have a trained teacher at home. If a child has been taught to speak incorrectly it is very difficult to correct his speech.

The mother, however, can begin very early to help her child understand what people are saying. But this can not be done by continual talking at random. There must be some system in the talking done with him. The same words must be said over and over again until eyes and mind are able to recognize them and to repeat them.

Motions giving a clue to the meaning should never be indulged in. Experience with little children has taught me that they learn to know single words more easily than whole sentences.

Neither time nor space permits me to give detailed advice to parents who have little ones without hearing. I am able to give only general directions. But I wish to emphasize that under no circumstances should these girls and boys be allowed to think of themselves as different. They have the same organs of speech that hearing children have, and with specialized training, such as they may have at Clarke School, they are enabled to take their places in the world as fine, upstanding men and women, contributing their share to its progress.

Among the pupils who have gone out from the school are architects, engineers, accountants, an aeroplane-builder, dentists, salesmen of various sorts, tailors, wood-carvers, writers, research-workers, landscape-gardeners; in fact scarcely any occupation is closed to them if they have first learned to realize that they have the same natural ability as other children, and that with proper training and education they may become as able as their hearing brothers and sisters.

Truly bringing these boys and girls into a real citizenship, as Clarke School is doing, is a glorious and noble work, and I have tried to give you some of the reasons why I am deeply interested in the fund which is so needed to enlarge the field of usefulness of the school and to promote and extend research-work not only for the deaf but for the hard of hearing as well.

In closing I shall quote from an address given by the late Clarence W. Barron, for many years the publisher of the *Wall Street Journal* and the Boston *News Bureau*, who was himself a generous contributor to the school. Speaking before the American Otological Society in New York city on May 21, 1927, he said:

"One of the most beautiful passages in the Psalms (I believe it is the ninth verse of Psalm 94) reads: 'He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? he that formed the eye, shall he not see?' . . . For it is not the ear nor the eye, but the mind that hears through the ear and that sees through the eye; and yet it isn't the mind that really hears and sees. It is the spiritual mind behind the natural mind that really hears and sees. . . . In the end only God sees, and only God hears. God is the author of all sight and of all hearing. . . . And every one of you should be a voice crying in the wilderness to make straight the way for the ear."

CRADLE-SNATCHER

Continued from Page 24

thoroughly perplexed: words could not have been more explicit. She remembered the gesture as from yesterday.

"I think I gave it to you, didn't I?"

"I'm not a bit sure. Perhaps you did—there in Hongkong—but I don't believe you ever meant me to take it off into space. I'm afraid I was a plain pig about it." She laughed gaily.

"You took very little," Morison said shortly. "I think, if you like this thing, you had better keep it."

She made no motion to take it. "Do you remember it?"

"Oh, yes, I remember it. It's very charming."

It was also valuable, she knew, but that wasn't the point. Clay had liked it even better than she did. She knew by his not forgetting, and by the way he handled it, that he liked it as much as ever.

"It was good of you to let me have it all this time. But you must take it back." She waved aside his proffering hand.

He shook his head, and, setting the god on the table beside him, bent and scrutinized the carving.

"You had better take it for a wedding-present," he murmured.

"No. Because"—she lighted another cigaret—"when you marry again, I probably sha'n't give you anything."

"I have no matrimonial prospects."

Clare bent forward. "Clay—will you please not misunderstand me if I say I'm sorry you haven't? If I say that I was truly sorry when I heard from Pete Bailey that your other marriage wasn't happy?"

He frowned slightly. "Why drag it up? It didn't last long. Began and ended over there. I'm happy to say she was never in this house."

Clare meditated. "I was very much in this house, and yet you stick to it. If that means you've never hated me as you hate her, I'm glad."

"Did you come here to-night to rake up the past, Clare?"

She shook her head. Then, with an odd impulse, she took off her hat, flung it on a chair, and smoothed her hair. He watched her with a curiosity obviously acute.

"No." She thought a moment. "I came because the past raked itself up. There was nothing *but* the past—anywhere."

"And you wanted to shed it—since you're going to marry Kinsella on Monday. But this"—his fingers went back to his collar—"is a darn queer way to shed it."

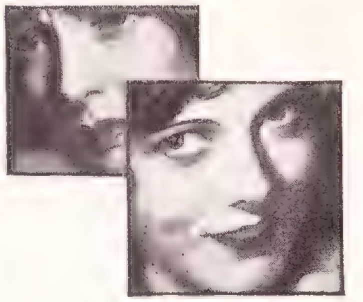
A foolish tear tickled her inner eyelid. "No—I didn't want to shed it. Could I have a little whisky, Clay?"

He fetched a decanter, a siphon, and glasses; beautiful old things that she remembered. They sipped comfortably.

"I'm delighted to see you, and all that,

Continued on Page 104

An amazing prescription



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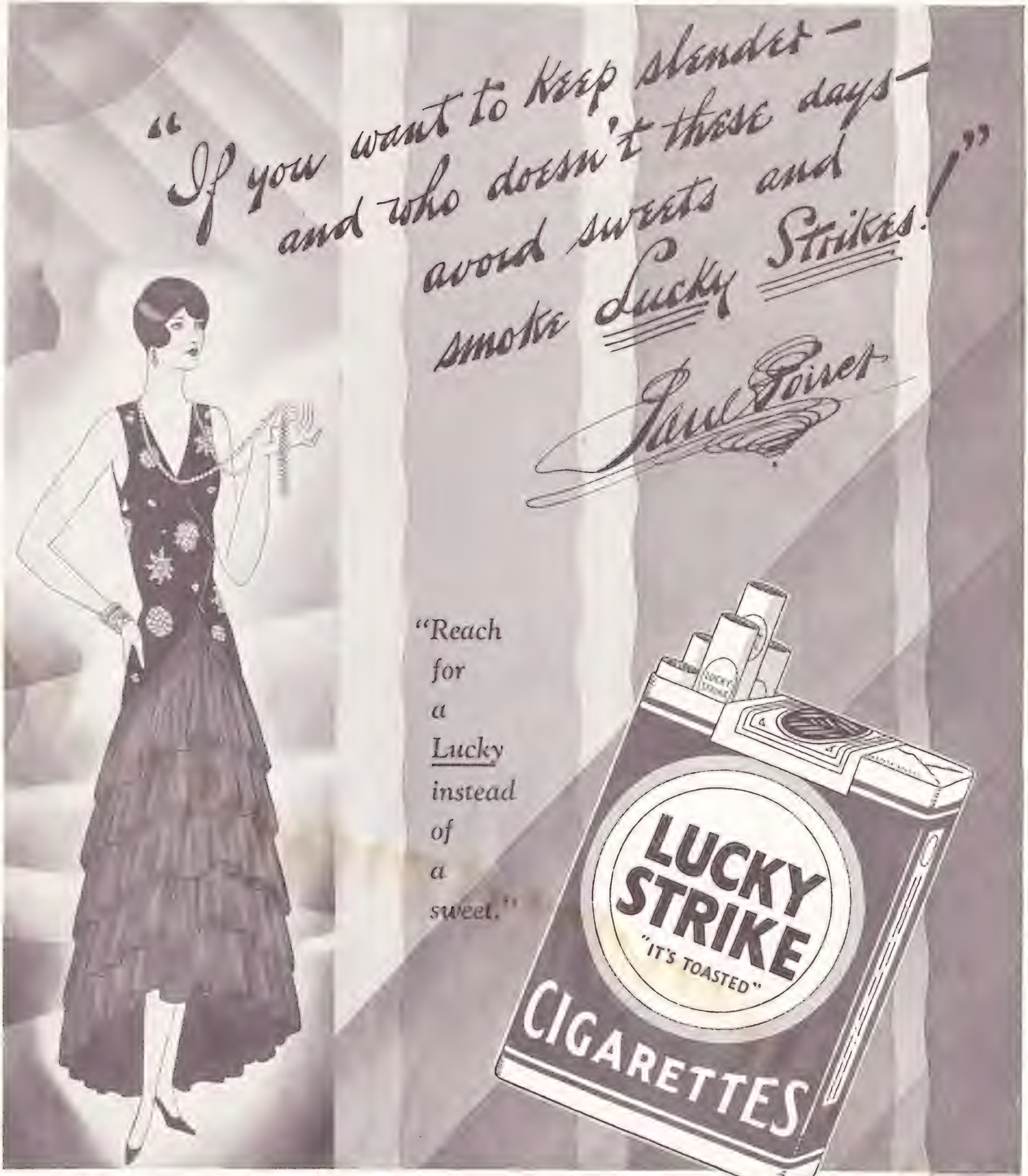
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Continued from Page 102

Clare," Morison burst out presently, "but, if you don't mind, I wish you'd tell me *why*. Is there anything I can do for you? About Kinsella or anything?"

She bent forward. "No, Clay, not a thing. At least, not a thing I can tell you. You're really doing what I wanted you to do." ("Especially when you jerk your collar," she might have added.)

"I'm not doing anything. Just sitting here."

"Exactly. And wondering"—she was between smiles and tears—"how I managed to make Barry Kinsella want to marry me."

"Not at all." Clay was imperturbable. "You are a very charming woman."

"Thanks. But you must be wondering, if I couldn't hold you fifteen years ago, how I hope to hold Barry Kinsella now."

"Stop putting words into my mouth, Clare! It's not true that you didn't hold me. It never was true. I'm not going to apologize to you for letting you down, back there. I was young—and drunk—and hurt—and crazy. I never blamed you—and, by Heavens, I'm not going to sit up here now and blame myself! If that's what you came for, you can go home."

She replied only by shaking her head.

"I think Kinsella is very fortunate," Clay went on stiffly, "and, for all I know, you are. His charm is written into the Constitution of the United States, isn't it?"

"Not yet," she smiled. "But I don't doubt it will be. All parties agree on it, I believe."

"Humph. So I understand. He's a darn good-lookin' chap. Is that what you came for? To get that out of me?"

"Hardly. I know he's a darn good-lookin' chap without your telling me."

They were silent over their empty glasses and their extinguished cigarets.

"What I came for, Clay, was such a queer thing, I can't explain it. You've done beautifully. I thank you. There is just one question I should like to ask you if you'll promise to answer it as truthfully as if I weren't here—if you'll answer it as you would answer yourself if you had asked yourself—all alone, under your breath."

"I can't see that you have any right to my confidence," Morison replied dryly.

"It isn't your confidence I want. It's your honest opinion about something that doesn't concern you at all."

"You can ask me if you like. If I answer I'll give you straight goods."

SHE leaned back, slim and pale against the background of the fur. "Barry Kinsella is all that he looks to be. He's a darling. Leave that aside. Leave aside your old opinions of me. What do you think—on general principles—are our prospects for happiness in marriage?"

He whistled. "You have your nerve with you, Clare."

"Yes, I know. But I should be very grateful for an impersonal opinion."

"How can I be impersonal?"

"Only by trying hard, I know."

Clay Morison got up and, hands in his pockets, paced the floor. Finally he stopped in front of her. "Just on general principles? As if I had never known you?"

"I suppose you can't quite discount your old knowledge of me. But as nearly as you can—simply seeing me here before you."

He bit his lip, flushed under his reddish hair.

"Why, I dare say you'll be very happy." Clay took up the ivory god and fingered it delicately. "But"—he turned, and his voice changed—"I think the chances are you're headed straight for h——"

"Yes? And just why, please?" She merely breathed the words.

"Because you're too sensitive to face all the things you'll have to."

"Barry is a gentleman, Clay, through and through."

"I haven't permitted myself to think that he wasn't. But you're nearly my age, and he might almost be your son, mightn't he?"

"Twenty-eight."

"Twenty-eight, and a public character, pursued night and day by fool females. Twenty-eight, *and all that goes with it*. I doubt if you'll be able to stand the gaff. But"—he turned away and sank into his chair—"I hope you will."

"You think he'll stop wanting me very soon?"

The collar again. "Maybe not, Clare. But even that won't save you."

"No?" Her eyes were all frank query.

"No. Because it's too queer. You'll feel the strain. You pay, you know, Clare, for anything out of the ordinary. It takes a darn lot of living up to. You'll get tired. Mind if I smoke a pipe?"

"Not so long as it's a civilized one." The old answer came mechanically. Clay used to be addicted to exotic monstrosities in the way of pipes.

AS IF he recognized the words, he chuckled. "Only the usual one." He filled it, lighted it, and puffed. "Mind you, Clare, I know there are miracles. At least, I assume there are. I never saw one. I only answered you on general principles—as you asked me to. I don't say you and Kinsella aren't exempt from all rules. Probably you are."

"I never expected to stay with him more than a few years." Somehow she had to defend herself to that extent.

"Then why marry him at all?"

"Oh, I should expect to stay with him as long as I did with you."

"Well, why did you marry me at all?"

"Why did you marry your second wife?" There was no acrimony in their questions.

"Because I was a fool. But I'd not be that kind of a fool now. Why did you marry me, Clare?"

"Because I loved you."

"And I loved you. You see, love isn't enough. Not for marriage. Take it from a double-grass-widower."

He bent and looked keenly into her eyes, searching them. "I really want you to be happy, Clare. You've had a pretty thin time, what with me, and Ferris dying, and the baby—and the loneliness."

"Yes, Clay, the loneliness——"

"But I'm afraid of the cards' being stacked against you."

"That's impossible."

"I know it is. Go to it, Clare, and be happy! Funny, I don't even envy you." He smiled.

"It would be more graceful of you if you did, Clay," she laughed.

He shook his head. "No. Lonely as I am—and I'm darned lonely—I'd rather be sitting here on Monday night with a pipe and a bad detective story than getting myself married to an adorable young thing. That's not sour grapes. It's the truth. And because it's the truth, I've had to say what I did. Please forgive me, and forget it. And, for goodness' sake, do be happy!"

Clay's grandmother, in black velvet, looked down on Clare with the old tight-lipped disdain. She particularly hated that portrait. "If I had stayed married to you, you would have had to move your grandmother, Clay."

"Yes, I remember. Well, if you had stayed married to me, probably I should have moved her in time. But I advise you to be darned considerate of Kinsella's grandmothers, if he's got any."

Clare rose, and half drew the fur coat about her. He rose, to face her.

"What do I really look like, Clay?"

"The later thirties. Very nice. You always had a lovely nose, and you haven't any gray hair."

"I've been crying—and I'm not made up."

"So I saw."

"I'd do better with some, wouldn't I?"

"Depends on what you want, my dear. I rather like you like this."

"Why?" She was half offended.

Clay Morison spoke slowly. "Because you look like the future of a past I knew. I—get the continuity. Other people wouldn't feel that, of course. By the way, you must keep the god for a wedding-present—offset my croaking." He thrust it, not too gently, into her hand, and brought her bag forward. "Do you want a taxi?"

Clare had taken her hat, but she stood irresolute. "What time is it?"

"Eleven, just."

Continued on Page 106

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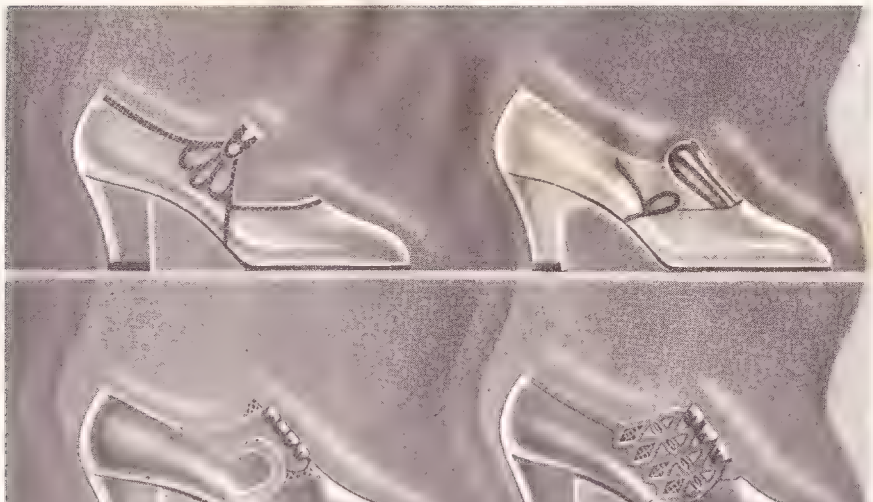

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— a delicious hot whole-wheat cereal that contains but conceals the bran

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Pettijohn's

For those who believe in "whole grain nutrition"

We've a book of whys and wherefores of whole wheat. It's called "The Truth About Bran" and contains some valuable recipes for using Pettijohn's in breads, cookies and puddings.

THE NEW
PETTIJOHNS
IN 3 TO 5 MINUTES

Continued from Page 104

She flung her hat away, carried her coat to a sofa on the other side of the room, and returned to her chair. Morison watched her with open mouth.

"It's too late to telephone Barry. He was very tired, and he'll be asleep. No, I don't want a taxi."

Morison pulled himself together.

"Would you mind telling me what you do want?"

She craned her neck. "Plenty of wood for the fire after the heat goes off."

"Do I understand that you wish to stay here in this room?"

"Well"—she spread her hands out apologetically—"I know it's frightful of me to do this—but it's too late to telephone Barry to-night. I can't wake him up to tell him that— He's to call me in the morning, anyhow. And I can't be at home, or alone, when he calls. It's a pretty awful thing to cut myself off from Barry." Her face was strained with the effort to keep the tears back. If she cried again, her head would split in two, and she would look like seaweed.

"You're proposing to sit up all night in my house?"

"I've done it before, when you came in late."

THEY faced each other, stricken by old facts. "Look here, Clare," he began firmly, but she interrupted him.

"I know. I'm using you shamelessly. But just this once. No one need ever know. I can't go home, Clay, now. I mustn't be alone when I telephone Barry. I mustn't be alone until I do. And I've nothing to take to a hotel. You'll do a terrible thing to me if you cast me out. All I ask is to sit by your fire here—with a rug, perhaps, until morning. Have you a housekeeper?"

"Yes."

"Well, call her in. Make her sit up with me if that's any better. Tell her anything you like."

"What about your own household?"

"Oh, that is easy. I'll call Hannah. What is your telephone number?"

He told her. "But, Clare——"

She waved him aside. "I'll not compromise you in any way—now or hereafter." Clare went to the desk telephone and eventually got a reply from her own number.

"I'm not coming home to-night, Hannah. If Mr. Kinsella telephones early, tell him to call me at—" She gave Morison's number. That was quickly over.

"I'm not going to be mixed up in any break with Kinsella."

"No, of course you aren't. But in common human charity, Clay, stay by me while I tell him I can't marry him. I can't go home and tell him there. I can't even be there, and perhaps have to face him. I must never see Barry again. In the morning I'll go to Sally or Laura."

"Why didn't you go to one of them to-night?"

She came to him then, where he stood stiff and displeased, and laid her hand on his arm. "I thought, when I left home to-night, that I probably couldn't marry Barry Kinsella, but I was distracted—I wasn't sure. My reasons seemed strange to me. You were the only person who could tell me if they were valid."

"Why is that?"

"Because you are the only living person I have ever been intimate with. It was all very long ago, but for my purposes it counted beyond all my later friendships. You can destroy love, Clay, but you can't destroy knowledge."

He turned away. Probably he would never know which speech of his had decided her; but she knew. It vibrated still in her innermost being. "Because you look like the future of a past I knew. I—get the continuity." No one else could have said that to her.

"Tell your woman," she went on in a different tone. "Get her to come down here, if that's best."

"But you ought to go to bed. You must be tired," he stammered, embarrassed by the unusual.

"I shall be very comfortable on that big davenport with rugs. I've nothing to go to bed *in*, Clay! And I'm not going to bed here, anyhow."

She seemed to herself unnecessarily vehement. Every bone and nerve in her craved the deepest, softest couch the city could afford. But she wasn't going to be too abject and ridiculous.

"Well, if you're not going to bed I'm not. I'll sit up here and keep the fire going, and we'll both doze as we can."

Clare Ferris burst into tears at last. Relief, on top of her weariness, was too much for her self-control. "Oh, Clay, *would* you? You are so kind. I hate strange people. I know I should mind the housekeeper. And I don't want to be alone."

"You're sure you're not going to marry him? Because I refuse absolutely to be put in an absurd position with Kinsella."

"No, I'm not going to marry him. Not if you stay by me till I telephone, and when I do. Barry wouldn't mind, anyhow."

"Don't be an idiot, Clare. Any man would mind his bride's rushing off and spending the night in another man's library."

"I meant, if Barry ever knew, he'd understand. Barry can understand *anything*—except what it feels like to be forty-five. He wouldn't be human if he could understand that—at his age." She lifted her head and spoke less carelessly. "He is the most adorable human being I have ever known."

"Ah! And, to-morrow morning, when you've slept—for I think you can sleep on that sofa—and had coffee, and seen the sunlight after the rain, won't you want to see him?"

Clare's face quivered with pain. "Of course I shall! All my life I shall want to see him!"

"Then aren't you making a mistake?"

She shook her head humbly. "I didn't mean all my life, Clay. We're not like that now. I got over you, I got over Roger, I shall get over Barry. I shall be a little lonelier than ever, that's all. Only not so lonely as I should have been after I had once had Barry for five years. These things don't *feel* like facts to-night, but they *are* facts. Now, if I could have a rug or a shawl——"

He left the room, and returned presently with a staggering armful. Then he began moving the davenport.

"What on earth are you doing, Clay?"

"Turning this round so the firelight won't get in your eyes. Or"—he hesitated—"don't you sleep on your left side any more?"

IT WAS the last nail in the edifice of her defeat. "Oh, I do, I do, Clay," she wailed. Barry Kinsella would never know that she slept always on her left side.

"Well, then, let me turn it." He looked at her critically, with a little frown. "Rugs or no rugs, you'll freeze in that low, sleeveless dress. You never had any sense about that kind of thing."

"I'll put my coat on."

"You won't be comfortable in a coat. Wait a minute." He disappeared again, and returned, this time, with a woolen dressing-gown. "Better put this on. It's the warmest thing I've got. Sorry it's shabby."

Clare obeyed. Queer how much easier it was to get into an old dressing-gown of Clay's than it would be to put on anything of Barry's! Her bare shoulders weren't even conscious of its having touched Clay. Had it been Barry's her flesh would have known it. "Thank you. I'll wrap up and lie down now, if you don't mind. I'm awfully tired."

"You certainly look it."

Clare bit her lip. "Sorry you have to sit up with a scarecrow."

Morison did not rise to the lure. "What can you expect? You've had a bad day. But you'll be all right in the morning. Don't be disturbed if you hear me moving about. I get hungry when I sit up late."

"I don't care how you move or what you do. You won't disturb me." It was profoundly true.

He extinguished all the lamps save one, and shaded that carefully. "I may read for a while Just going to fetch a new thriller I've got up-stairs."

When he came back she was already alseep. He shook his head heavily, and settled to his novel.

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THE GENTLEMAN KING

Continued from Page 17

becoming already crude. This will be our last bout to-day." And Peter had been so disheartened by this, and so distracted by the thought that he would never see Mademoiselle Renée again, except over the garden fence, that he had fought clumsily and had allowed Monsieur Philippe to touch him at will. Whereupon Monsieur Philippe said that he believed he could manage to keep his hand delicate in spite of Peter's coarseness—at least until he should go to Paris.

Peter thought about this, and felt very sly when he decided to let Monsieur Philippe defeat him by one or two points every day. Nor was it long before he learned to apply the flattery of the sword to his speech. He had the proud gentleman to understand that he was quite the greatest lord in France, short of the King himself.

HAVING learned how to flatter, Peter was allowed to learn how to rise, so that he might accompany the lord and lady as a kind of guard whose skill with the sword would be handy in case of brigands, and Monsieur Philippe did not feel himself capable of handling them all.

Actually, tho monsieur would never admit this, he liked Peter better than the servants and guards that his father had left him. Peter was such a pleasant talker and could keep his mouth shut if you told him to. He had the notion of making a personal servant of Peter, to give him some modest yet confidential function.

As for this peasant Clos, he was happy enough to ride behind his lady, watching the graceful motion of her back as it answered the swaying of her horse; listening to her voice. Once she had turned full upon him, he saw her blue-violet eyes, her small mouth, her full breasts covered with a green-silk riding-habit. "Go pick me a bunch of those black-eyed Susans, Peter." How eagerly he had dismounted and jumped over the fence, how feverishly he had gathered an armful of the largest flowers!

When he caught up to her she did not think it necessary to thank him, tho her manner was entirely gracious. "Oh, they are lovely!" Peter had to carry them all the way home.

Father Gaspard was not pleased at first to have Peter absent so much of the day. Yet he could not refuse the use of his servant to the young baron without exciting the latter's resentment. Father Gaspard had been driven away from so many parishes, usually by the covetousness of those above him, and had come to love Ardente so much, that he did not care to risk his position now. Therefore he told Peter to be respectful, to do all that Monsieur Philippe required, and always to remember the three conditions which the count had exacted—never to presume, never to tell, and never to fight with the naked sword.

Peter, in return for Father Gaspard's generosity, used to get up especially early in the morning to work in the garden or repair little damages around the house. He studied at night.

During that Summer, Monsieur Philippe had been in the habit of taking him out to the forest, where they fenced in a clearing surrounded by old trees and luxurious undergrowth. Here shafts of sunlight fell upon their crossed swords. The lord had wanted to fence here as soon as Peter became skilled enough to give him a difficult match. He did not want others to look on, in case this peasant should defeat him, for Peter never allowed him more than one or two touches to spare.

One day, on the way home, Monsieur Philippe said, "I am sick of this childish business. There is no excitement in fencing with buttons on the swords. It's bad for my hand. It makes me careless."

"That is a pity, my lord," said Peter, "yet I don't see what can be done for it. And, if I may say so, your hand has been improving prodigiously."

"Ah, I am afraid you don't know. You have never fenced with the naked sword, have you?"

"No, my lord."

"Well, then, you can't tell how careless I have become; the game of dueling is another thing."

"Yes, my lord. But I dare say that when you reach Paris and fence with your equals, you will acquire that precision which a naked sword demands."

"Acquire it, no. I have it already. But it is going to blazes."

Altho they spoke no more of the subject that day, Peter was uneasy and lay awake nights wondering how he could avoid this issue should Monsieur Philippe present it to him. As the days went by and his lordship said nothing more of it, Peter began to flatter himself that he had already avoided it. But early in the Fall Monsieur Philippe spoke again, this time on the way to their fencing-ground.

"Take the button off your sword," he said. "See, I have taken off mine."

Peter hesitated. "My lord, I don't think——"

"Oh! You mean you are afraid."

"No, my lord. I am not afraid. I am acting in obedience to your father."

"He told you not to take off the button?"

"One of his conditions was that we should fence with buttons and dull blades."

"*One* of his conditions! What were the others?"

"They were obvious ones, my lord—that I should consider myself by no means your companion, and that I should keep our sword-play an absolute secret."

"They are obvious—yes. How absurd of him! But look here, we are not fencing with real swords. They are dulled. We merely take off the buttons so that we can prick each other."

"The count conjured me on my honor to have buttons on our tips."

"And you are afraid——"

"No, my lord, I am not afraid."

"I suppose you think he didn't tell me the same thing? Only a coward would obey a fool command like that."

"It is one thing for you to disobey him, my lord; another for me."

"What! Do you think me incapable of protecting you?"

"You could protect me, I know. I should come to no harm unless you chose to do me harm. Yet I myself must protect my own honor."

Monsieur Philippe stopped and stared. Then he laughed. "But peasants have no honor. Have you forgotten that?"

"My lord, it would be impossible for me to cross swords with you without taking upon myself a responsibility which exceeds my station. Call it what you will, I must nevertheless protect it. I cherish it, for your sake."

"Pish! Whatever honor you have has been lent by me. Like the farm-hand that you are, you refuse to give back what was only borrowed! Look you now. I *command* you to fence me with your sword *this* way."

WITH these words he grasped the button of Peter's sword and tore it off.

"On guard, peasant! What? You are afraid!"

Peter had not moved. As his lordship extended his arm and lunged he was forced to step back, and instinctively his hand went on guard in sixte. He parried the lunge and stood with his head forward, watching his antagonist keenly. Came another lunge, which he parried with a tierce, then a bewildering set of disengagements, which he followed, and parried. He did all this mechanically, more absorbed in his own thought than in Monsieur Philippe's sword-play. He could not continue a simple defensive.

Continued on Page 110

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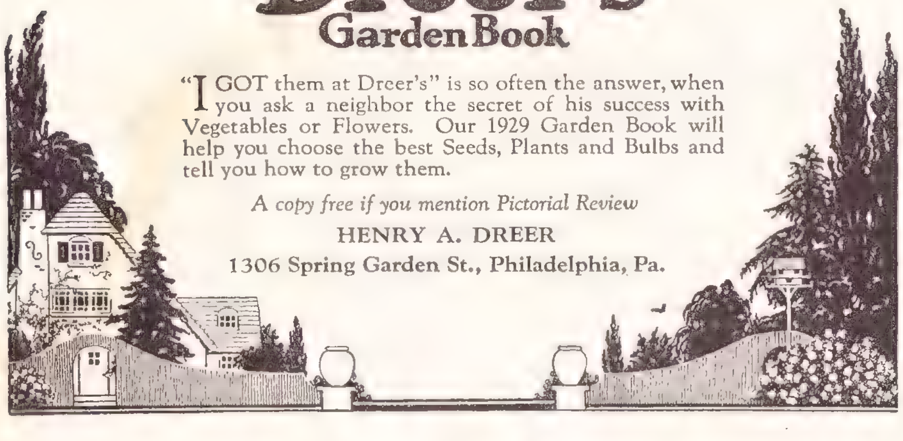

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SIX FAVORITE RECIPES

IT IS the woman who keeps her family guessing as to what they are going to have next who has the least trouble with flagging appetites. Here are some unusual ways of preparing the foods you serve every day.

Savory Timbales

MACARONI-SPINACH timbale. Drain and chop fine 1 can of spinach. Brown 1 chopped onion in 2 tablespoonfuls butter, and to it add ¼ cupful cream and mix with spinach. Boil without breaking ¼ pound macaroni for 15 minutes. Line greased timbale cups with unbroken macaroni and fill with the spinach. Heat for 15 minutes. Season with salt and pepper.

Imperial Croquettes

MACARONI-TONGUE croquettes garnished with stuffed prunes are delicious. Boil ¼ pound of macaroni until tender, let cold water run over it, drain, and cut into very small pieces. Add to it ½ cupful of minced tongue, 1 tablespoonful of butter, 2 tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, and salt and pepper to taste. Spread out on a plate, and when firm enough to handle divide into portions, dip in slightly beaten egg, roll in crums, and fry a golden brown in hot fat. Have ready well-soaked prunes, steamed, dried, and stoned, and fill the cavities with finely minced celery and just a suggestion of green pepper.

Baked Bananas and Rice

A DISH for the capricious breakfast appetite is made by filling the bottom of a greased baking-dish to the depth of about 1 inch with cold boiled rice. Cover with several sliced bananas and heat for about 15 minutes in the oven. Have ready either scrambled or poached eggs; put them on top of the rice-banana mixture, and garnish with sprigs of parsley. This dish is very appetizing for the more substantial breakfast.

Macaroni Salad

A SALAD which is very appealing to the palate is made by combining 1 cupful of cooked, blanched, and chilled elbow macaroni with 1 cupful of softened dried peaches, 2 diced oranges, and 2 slices of canned pineapple. Serve with cream mayonnaise dressing.

Mexican Salad

COLD baked beans make a splendid salad. Mix lightly 2 cupfuls of beans, ½ cupful of diced celery, 1 cupful of broken walnut-meats, 1 shredded green pepper, and moisten well with French dressing. Let stand for 30 minutes in a cold place and serve in lettuce-cups. Garnish with sliced stuffed olives.

Deviled Lobster or Crab

2 Cans Lobster or Crab
¾ Can Evaporated Milk, Undiluted
½ Cupful Grated Bread-crums
½ Teaspoonful Pepper
3 Egg Yolks, Hard-cooked
¼ Pound Butter
4 Eggs
1 Teaspoonful Salt
¼ Teaspoonful Mustard
1 Teaspoonful Onion-juice
Dash Cayenne Pepper

PUT into a double boiler the milk, the butter, and the eggs, beaten separately; add the lobster, which has been shredded with a silver fork, and the seasonings. When well mixed pour into a casserole or individual ramekins and cover with the buttered, grated bread-crums and the grated yolks of the eggs. Bake in an oven (375 degrees F.) until a light brown, basting frequently with butter while browning. Serve hot, garnished with parsley. If fresh crabs are used, the back of the upper shell should be carefully scrubbed. After the crabs have been boiled, open shells, carefully picking out the meat. Proceed as for canned lobster, and serve in the crab-shells. A few chopped mushrooms may be added for variety's sake.

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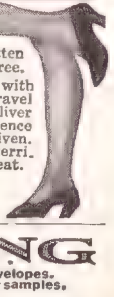

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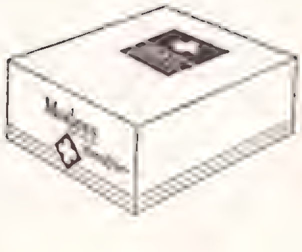

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Orphos
TOOTH PASTE
-Removes "Yellow Mask"

Continued from Page 107

always—Monsieur Philippe would become enraged, unreasonable. No. The only way out of this business was through it. Peter decided to make a false attack. He began measuring his own skill, measuring his own speed, so that he could prick his lordship occasionally just ahead of his parry, without hurting him.

"Ha! That's better, peasant. Your courage waxes!"

THEY lunged back and forth. It was easy enough for Peter to parry Monsieur Philippe, but very difficult to time his own attacks so that they would arrive just soon enough to cause no damage. Nevertheless he was successful. He began to enjoy this game more than the other. When they stopped his lordship had made two touches to Peter's one. All three touches were body scratches made by the fine points of their swords.

"You would not believe me," said his lordship. "But you see now there is no danger in it."

Yet Peter was not so easy in his mind. He had broken his word. Or had he? Was not his skill in pretending to attack, while not really attacking, a satisfactory substitute for the button? But this reasoning produced in him uneasiness.

"If you tell anybody about this I shall punish you," said his lordship suddenly, thinking of the count's anger.

"My lord, I have told no one even that we were practising with blunt swords. You may trust me entirely to keep this new practise unknown."

In a few months the weather grew so cold that Monsieur Philippe decided to give up their work in the open for that of the fencing-room. He was irritated by this necessity, because he said they would have to put buttons on their swords again. Peter was relieved. He flattered himself for having handled a dangerous situation without injuring his lordship. Besides, he had much improved his own swordsmanship.

They were standing in the fencing-room. Monsieur Philippe had his hand on his chin meditatively.

"Listen!" he cried. "We are going to fence one more bout in the forest, and, furthermore, we shall bout with sharp swords!"

Peter started. "Oh, no, my lord!"

"Scared?" His lip curled. "Haven't I taught you everything you know? And are you going to refuse me the first service I ask?"

"My lord, I——"

"No excuses. By Heavens, I'll punish you if you make excuses. Who am I to have excuses?" He paused angrily. "You do not know what you are throwing away, my man. I had plans for you. Had you shown the proper courage I might have promoted you. But how can I promote a coward?"

"I am not a coward!"

"You say so!"

"My lord, if you will wait until the count returns and gives his permission——"

"His permission, shuttle-wit? Do you think he would give me permission to risk my name on you?"

HE stood glaring. Peter looked at the floor.

"I can't trust my reputation to you! Name of Mary, I have put myself in your power! I see it now. You will be telling the whole village how you fenced with the seigneur's heir. I see it at last. I was a fool to compromise myself." And then, quite beside himself with mortification, he reached for a rope to call his servants. "I am sick of you!" he cried.

Peter was frightened, for he saw well enough that Monsieur Philippe intended to get rid of him; to have him arrested; to confess to the seigneur that they had been fencing without buttons on their swords, and thus to cast the whole burden of this business upon Peter. Peter was entirely defenseless. He had nothing but his mind to get him out of this difficulty.

Because Monsieur Philippe was used to command, Peter's resistance had stung him. And was not Peter himself in a most compromising position? He raised his hand. Monsieur Philippe's hand closed around the rope.

"One moment, my lord!"

"Excuses?" The white hand was on the rope, ready to pull.

"No, my lord, no excuses. I will do as you command."

"Ah!"

"My lord, I wish I could sufficiently express my readiness to do as you command, always as you desire. It is your father that I fear. And I fear also the necessity of breaking my promised word. But for your sake I shall do so if——"

"If what?"

"If you will trust me, and try to realize that, no matter what happens, I shall never take advantage of this situation which you say has compromised you."

The words were sharp; they penetrated the pride of Monsieur Philippe, and he smiled. "Peter, I can trust you only so long as you obey me."

Rather satisfied with having said that, Monsieur Philippe proceeded to take a couple of swords from the wall—beautiful, polished, slender dueling-swords that quivered with action at the least impulsion from the wrist. He handed one to Peter. As he inspected it Peter drew breath in admiration.

"You admire it?" asked Monsieur Philippe, drawing his own from the scabbard.

"My lord, I have never seen anything like it. It is a woman. It is perfection."

"After we have finished our bout you can keep the sword," said Monsieur Philippe. "I have plenty like it." He turned away.

"You mean, you give it to me for myself?" said Peter, following him out of the door.

"Of course."

"Name of goodness! How shall I ever thank you?"

"Just keep your mouth shut."

THE day was cold and clear. The wind carried heavy clouds past the sun and tore the red and golden branches of the forest-trees. Monsieur Philippe was warmly dressed; but Peter, who had prepared for a quiet bout in the fencing-room, jumped and skipped behind him, and blew through his fingers. The hilt of his new sword seemed to freeze his hand whenever he touched it.

"Let's get this over with," he muttered. "Over with." He wished it were not ahead of him. He would have to be very steady. The cold wind and the new sword would make him eager. "Get it over with." And he would never do it again—never. Yet he thought he could manage it this once. It was really no different from fighting with blunt swords that had no buttons. It simply required careful calculation.

The wind blew and the leaves swirled about them as they went on guard. Peter found that his legs were unsteady, his hand clumsy. He was shivering a little, and tried to hide the fact from Monsieur Philippe. This made him even more clumsy. Monsieur Philippe was beating his sword—one, two—in and out—around—under. Peter parried easily, trying to warm up. Monsieur Philippe had improved, he thought—was really quite quick with his disengagements. Monsieur Philippe disengaged and followed Peter's sword through three counters. He had never done it so fast before. He lunged. Peter crossed his blade and swept it down into seconde, surprized to feel the point catch at his belt and slide off. It passed him to the right, as he desired.

"Well done!" he cried. "You have speed, my lord!"

They were at it again. Peter had never fenced so fast before. It was the new sword. You could hardly tell what was happening. He must be careful. His old calculations were worthless at this pace.

"Why don't you attack, peasant? Do you think I want to do all the work?"

"Just warming up, my lord. E-h-h-h, there!"

He made a false lunge, keeping just ahead of Monsieur Philippe's blade. My Heavens, would his lordship never catch up?—there! Monsieur Philippe parried successfully and shot back a riposte,

Continued on Page 112

how
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THICK
LUSTROUS
HAIR

SYSTEMATIC SCALP
MASSAGE AND
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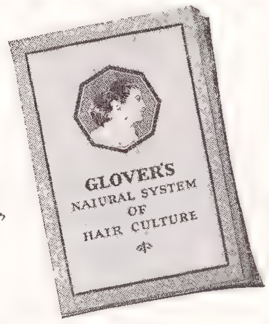

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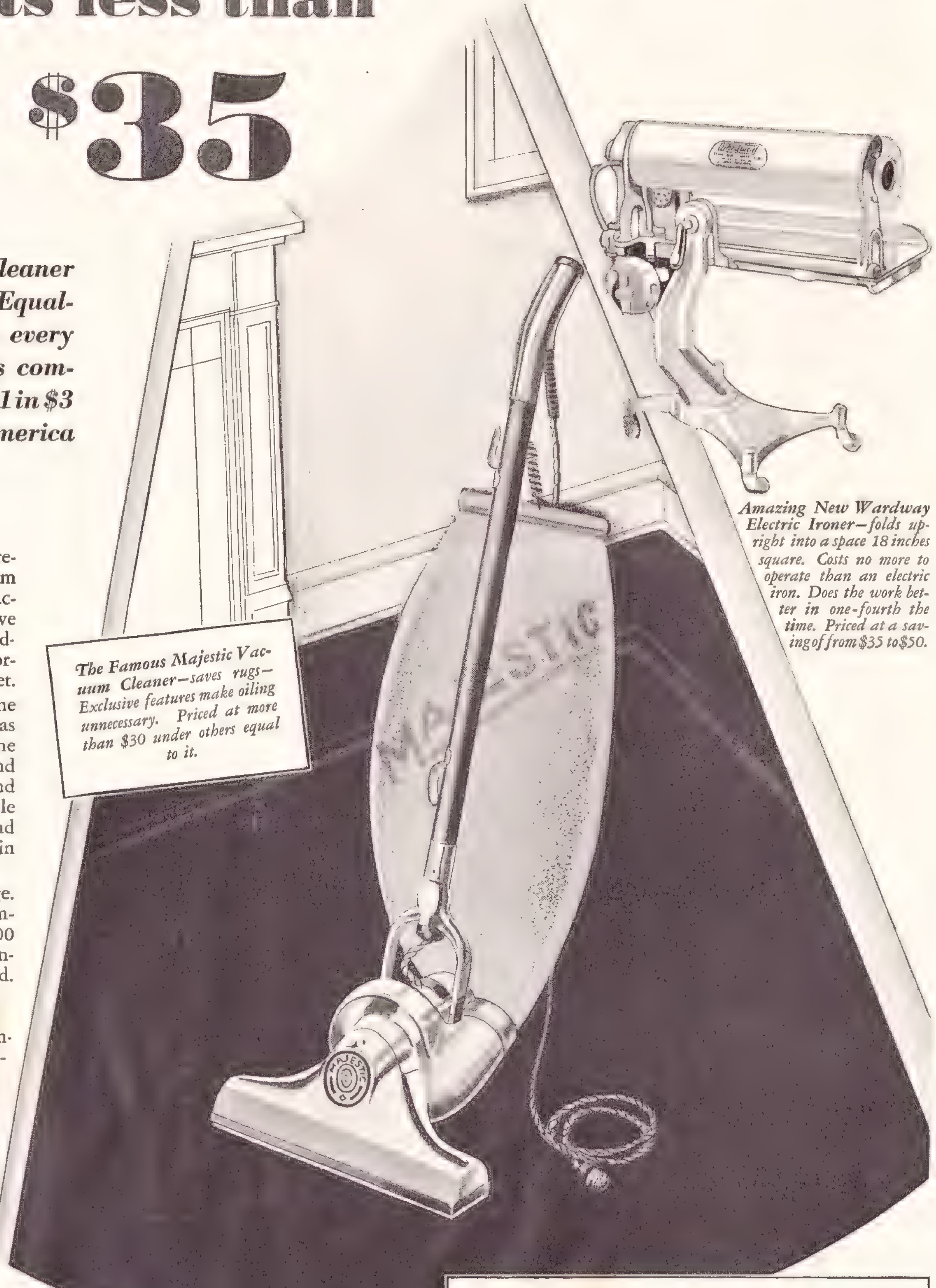

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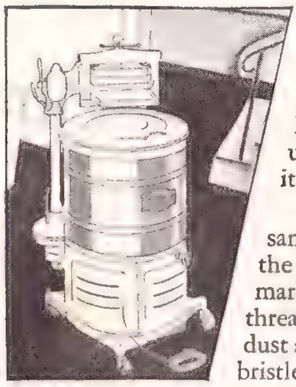

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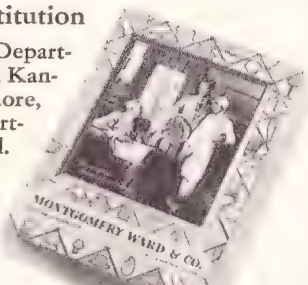
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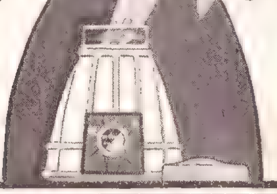

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Continued from Page 110

which Peter parried, and then retired a little. Now, Le Maitre La Gorge had been very careful to teach Monsieur Philippe certain tricks which he had kept from Peter; and tho his lordship had already tried most of these, and they had been successful until Peter learned them, there was yet one which he had never used, and which he had determined to try to-day. It was a trick which began in the low line, and ended in the high. Thus the final lunge was made against the adversary's arm or shoulder, and thus Monsieur Philippe thought that he could wound Peter, maintaining his own dignity, without, however, endangering Peter's life.

It would not do to kill Peter because the consequences of fencing with a peasant, should they become known, would not be short of disgrace. And so, after they had fenced for half an hour, neither having touched the other, Monsieur Philippe began his gyrations with a sudden feint at Peter's belly. Peter answered. Then came several more feints, each higher than the last, and each time Peter cursed himself for answering them so quickly. He must use his head more, he reflected.

Monsieur Philippe had one more feint before his final lunge. He had come up very well, very smoothly, and had even bewildered Peter a little. He was beginning to throw his weight forward on his right foot, ready for an instantaneous lunge. Then he made the last feint. But Peter did not answer!

Monsieur Philippe's weight was too far forward now to stop. He was really an inexperienced fencer and he had begun his lunge before being sure of his opponent's hand. He was going, going. To lunge now would be madness! With Peter's blade holding his outside!

Frantically, clumsily he moved his right foot forward to stop that lunge, at the same time disengaging his sword. He did not have sense enough to know that by moving his left foot forward he would have saved his balance; instead, he tried a kind of hop with his right foot, did not lift it far enough, tripped, and fell. He fell forward, with his sword pointing directly at Peter's belly and two inches away. He could not move his sword because he was falling.

Peter's sword had been far up in a high guard. It swooped downward to cover his stomach. But it was a long reach, and Peter was so horrified at these dangerous proceedings that he parried Monsieur Philippe's thrust all out of line; and as Monsieur Philippe fell forward he fell on Peter's sword, which pierced him, and went through him, and came out of his back. Monsieur Philippe yelled with pain and anger. Peter let go his sword and stood aghast, seeing the hilt on the one side of the body, the point on the other.

"*Mon Dieu!*" I am killed! Take it out, can't you!" The thin, agonized fingers clutched at the shirt around the wound. The shirt was already stained with blood. Peter came to life. Bending over, he grasped the hilt and drew forth the sword, while Monsieur Philippe shrieked three times—terribly—then moaned and lay still. Blood began gushing from the wound. Peter, muttering to himself, tore off the end of his shirt and began to plug the hole, which was high, the sword having entered the shoulder just under the collar-bone. For all he knew his lordship was dying.

YET even in his horror and his fear it was impossible for Peter to convince himself that this was real. His lordship had been pierced with a sword, and by that simple action the whole character of Peter's life was changed. In one instant his happiness, his dreams of service in the wars, of the high ladies and gentlemen among whom he had decided to live—all these were blotted out. But it was no time to take offense. He must preserve his lord's honor from scandal, and protect himself from punishment. His own honor, he reflected, had been lost the moment he had crossed the naked sword. And yet this seemed a small matter if he could extract himself from the other difficulty.

"Carry me home," said his lordship. "And for Heaven's sake be careful! I'm almost dying for want of blood."

This thought flashed through Peter's mind: Why should I carry him home and expose myself to capture, imprisonment, death? Why should I save him? He forced me here. Instinctively Peter knew that Monsieur Philippe could not be depended upon to protect him, once his sister began asking questions. His sister! Mademoiselle Renée! The picture of her crossed his mind for the first time since the accident. He could see her rebuking eyes.

AND yet, even as Peter decided that he really ought to run away from Ardente forever, he picked up the swords, sheathed his own and Monsieur's, leaned over, and helped the lord to arise. He put his arm around his lordship's waist.

"A fine mess you have made of me with your clumsiness! Or perhaps it was intentional?"

"*Mon Dieu!* Intentional? You do not believe that, my lord."

"I don't know what I believe. I know you have disgraced me in the eyes of all France."

"Is there nothing I can do? No lie I can give them to protect you?"

"Lie? You would lie to my father, would you? *Aie!* Support me easily."

Peter flushed at the insult. Truly there was no reason to protect a fellow like this. He had no obligations. He must fly, fly!

"I shall have his lordship understand those words of yours," continued Monsieur Philippe. "I shall tell his lordship frankly that I was a fool to permit you in my presence. By Heavens, this is terrible!" His pale face was twisted with pain, his lips twitched. Yet he had already found a way out of this business, for himself. This peasant would have to be sacrificed. And Peter sensed this. As they approached the château he felt as if he were walking into a death-trap.

It was already dusk, with a cold, raw wind as they sat down for the last time a quarter of a mile from the château.

"Are you holding up, my lord?" Peter said. His mind was working behind the mask.

"I'm nearly dead," he moaned.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Peter, "what a fool I am! I'm off for the château to raise your servants! They'll bring you a horse! I'll send up Father Gaspard. Your doctor will need his assistance." He was all action. He bustled around, propping his lordship's head upon an old log, pulling his lordship's coat around him.

"No! You idiot!" Monsieur Philippe was screaming. "Don't raise an alarm! For Heaven's sake don't raise an alarm! Stay by me—stay right here!"

He began struggling. But Peter, with the cruelty of despair, was off. "I'll be right back!" he shouted. "I'll send the horses and get the curé and be right back!" And then he was running down the hill toward the stable, with the cries of Monsieur Philippe growing fainter, and yet never faint enough, he calculated, to be unheard at the château. Peter found the road and ran at full speed. He reached the stable, burst through the door, seized a groom by the arm.

"Quick, quick!" he cried. "Monsieur Philippe has been wounded by a ruffian. The villain has fled. Monsieur lies there at the edge of the woods. Get a horse! Ride for your master! I'm off for Ardente and Father Gaspard!"

Both of them ran to the stalls.

"Put a saddle on yours!" cried Peter as he led out a great black mare. "Monsieur is near death." Then, having led his mare out of the stable by a rope that was fastened at her neck, he made a noose around her nose, leaped on her bare back, galloped down the winding road, down the hill, in the direction of Ardente.

Peter had only one reason to choose so dangerous a course. He had left his old coat in the curé's house. It contained his father's sacred letter. It was hanging on a peg above Peter's bed, and Peter's bed was in the kitchen. Clearly his life was of no use to him without that letter and without all the hope which that letter implied, illusory tho it might be.

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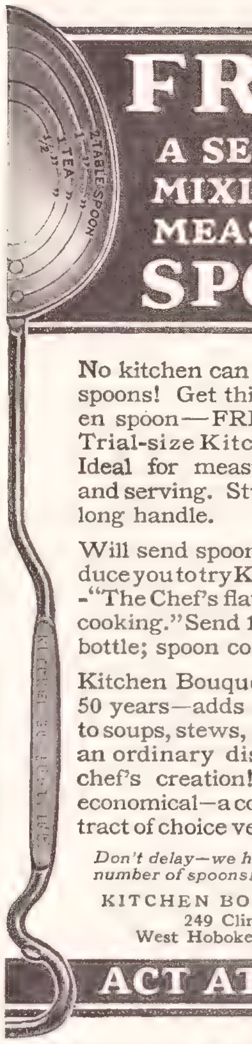

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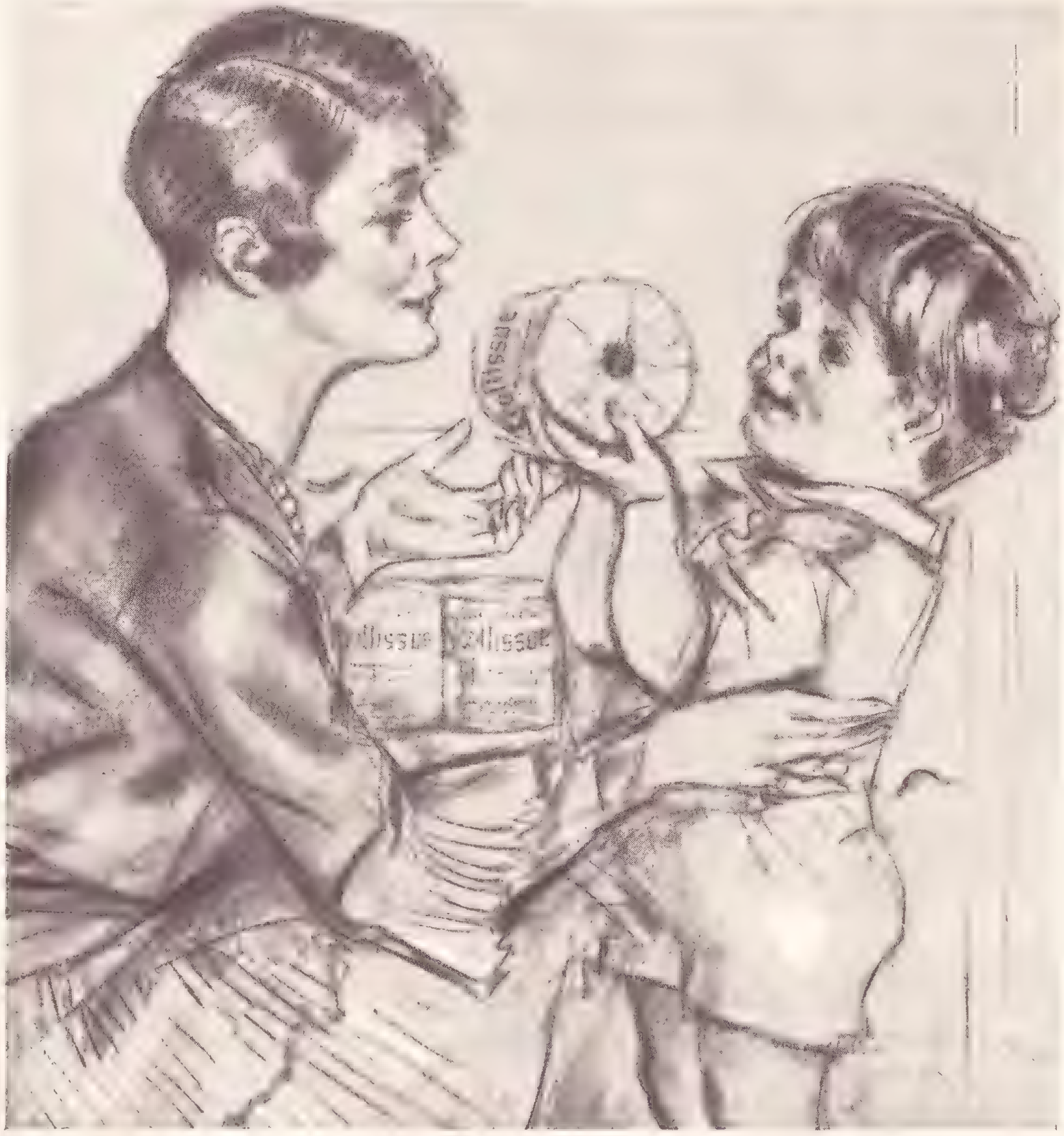
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Among them are: Hemorrhoids; Eczema Ani; Anal Furuncles (boils); Follicular Anal Abscesses; Prolapse (protruding intestine); Pruritus Ani; Infection of the Anal region, etc.

Dr. Montague is author of the widely quoted book "Troubles We Don't Talk About" (*Lippincott*).

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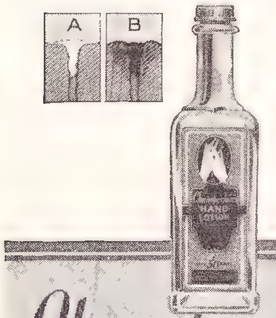

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Continued from Page 112

He did not see how he was going to act without arousing the old man's suspicions, arousing the whole town perhaps.

As soon as that groom should reach Monsieur Philippe the alarm would be given from the château, the chase would begin. Moreover, Peter could not ride through town, which lay between the château and his house, at this speed.

He veered to the right and plunged out into the fields, hurdling fences and ditches, clinging to the mare's mane. By this maneuver he kept the town on his left, only passing a few candle-lit houses, and passing so rapidly that the peasants could not get to the window before he was out of sight. For it was now nearly dark. At length he cleared the last fence and was galloping across the pasture directly behind Father Gaspard's cottage. When he reached the end of the pasture, a hundred yards from the familiar stable, he tied the mare to the fence, took off his sword and laid it beside her, leaped over the rails, and ran for the pump. There he did his best to wash the blood from his hands. Then he reached the kitchen and opened the door.

FATHER GASPARD looked up. He had begun preparing supper.

"You are late, Peter," he said, his voice conveying a gentle reprimand. Then, noting Peter's flushed face and his panting, "Why, you have been running. And what a strange direction you come from!"

Peter usually arrived at the front door. "That is why I am late, Père," he said. "I have been chasing a horse in the pasture." He wanted to get over to his coat, which was at the opposite end of the room.

"Some one's horse loose, eh? Well now, go and draw me some water, and quickly, please, before the carrots burn."

There was no help for it. Peter picked up the water-bucket and ran out to the pump. While he was there, he thought, "What a coward I am to run away from Father Gaspard like this after all he has done for me! And will he not be dishonored for life?"

Impulsively he sat down to think. But they were coming; they were almost upon him! They would show him no mercy now. He jumped to his feet and carried the water into the house. Hanging the bucket on a hook, he took off his cloak. Then he went over to his coat, took it from the peg, and put it on. Then he put on his cloak again.

"Here, Peter, will you finish cooking the supper?"

"Just a minute, Père. I think some one is at the door."

PETER hurried to the study—he could not resist this. He lit a candle and, taking up a pen, sat down before a large white sheet of paper. He must hurry, hurry! He must say something, leave something!

At last he wrote with trembling fingers:

"I am very sorry, Père. I was forced to break my word. Monsieur Philippe wanted me to. Dear père, God bless you, and may He not visit——"

Peter sat upright. From the village came the clatter of horses. He turned to his paper. If only he could finish that one sentence now—it was a beautiful sentence.

"—visit my sins upon your——"

But they had arrived. They were dismounting. They shouted, "Ho, there, within! Ho, there!" Peter got up, blew out the candle, hurried to the kitchen. His face was perfectly calm. The pounding on the door began.

"Some one wants you in a hurry," he said quietly, his eyes meeting Father Gaspard's. "You had better see what they want. I shall finish supper."

"Dear, dear! What pounding! I'm coming, I'm coming, gentlemen!" Peter watched the old man hastening from the room.

There was but a moment. Peter ran out the back door and locked it behind him. With a final plunge toward safety he reached the stable, skirted it, made for the pasture. Snatching his sword from the ground, untying the mare, he jumped upon her back. He heard the wild cries behind him as they discovered his flight, and he was off across the pasture, swallowed by the cold, autumnal darkness.

He struck out eastward, knowing that if he held a straight line he would reach a road that led northward to Paris. By going cross-country he hoped to evade his pursuers. The mare snorted and jumped, and soon Ardente vanished from sight, and he was alone in the wide fields, running away from all that he had ever won or ever loved. Those dreams of following knights to war! The promotion that Monsieur Philippe had promised him, the books that Father Gaspard had studied with him, the face of Renée! He laughed at all of these. They were apparitions.

IN THE Autumn of 1525 a very dejected horse-boy sat with chin in hands, gazing across the street at a dog. The dog had treed a cat and was barking at her. The horse-boy was upon the steps of a tavern in the small village of Varennes, south of Moulins, in central France. The street was deserted and the tavern was deserted. There were not many large towns in this region, and hence not many travelers.

Peter sighed. He had never been so destitute—never since leaving Mère Clos on her death-bed. He did not even possess a donkey. He had no means of traveling. He had no money beyond the few sous that the innkeeper paid him. He who had made the resolution to gain power had lost everything.

To be sure, in losing his happiness he had rid himself of those impossible dreams which Father Gaspard's books had stimulated. Existence had become bare, earnest, real. The only fantom left him was a sword with a jeweled handle, buried in the cemetery near the tavern: a fantom indeed for a horse-boy! He did not dare to be seen with such a sword.

If he could only get rid of it, the last unreality! If he could only change it for money and make enough to reach Paris and settle down to learn English! That was the next language he wanted to study. Peter was twenty-one, and he was farther away from Paris than ever. He had been forced to change his direction two years ago, when, mounted on a black mare, he had reached the Paris road and had heard a group of horsemen galloping across the field behind him—heard them jumping over a little brook which he had just cleared. Without reasoning, he had pressed his horse across the road, over a fence and away into the night, into the east.

He had ridden eastward until dawn. Looking behind him, he had seen nothing but broken fields and fences, ditches and trees and hedges, gray with the morning. He rode until he came to another highway, which was deserted. Realizing that his pursuers would send out an order for his arrest and would describe the stolen horse, he dismounted, and after a few minutes of meditation slapped his mare upon the rump, sending her back in the vague direction of Ardente.

At that time he was respectably dressed and was taken for a gentleman's servant by the highway travelers. He wore a long cloak over the working-coat that he had snatched from Father Gaspard's kitchen at such a risk. His shoes were new and his trousers were clean. The only thing that bothered him was the jewel-hilted sword, which he covered with his cloak. But as he wandered through the Nivernais, fighting against necessity, his clothes had become more shabby.

NOR was he any longer in a position to choose the direction of his travel, since he had to go wherever work was offered. And he had to bury the sword outside of every town before asking the innkeepers and farmers for a job, and it had been buried in this cemetery for eight months.

He wanted to get rid of it: he really had no right to it after the shabby way in which he had treated Monsieur Philippe.

"Curse Monsieur Philippe," he said intensely, with his eyes still fixed upon the dog. Peter did not know whether he had murdered Monsieur Philippe and, save for the unquietness of his soul, he did not care.

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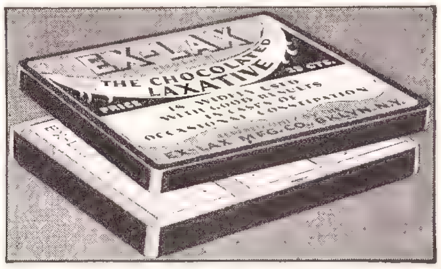

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"Here, you gardener, you cross-eyed dreamer! Get out to the horses!" A fat, wine-soaked landlord appeared at the doorway and kicked Peter very hard with a very large boot. Peter was in no mood for it. He hated this bad-tempered fellow. He turned, snatched the man's cane, fell to beating him, crying, "You fat bully! To the horses, eh? You'll wish that you were a horse yourself before——"

"Oh! Stop! *Aie!* Stop, I say!"

"But Peter went on jabbing him and banging him. No one came to the landlord's rescue; they peeked through keyholes and windows of the inn and pretended not to hear.

Peter was ruthless. "By Heaven, I'll hammer some manners into you! I'll smash some of your insolence out of you!" A village crowd gathered.

"Drub the rogue another five minutes for a piece of silver, boy! To him, boy! Ah, well placed, well jabbed!"

It was a stranger's voice. And since the landlord was groveling at his feet, Peter leaned on his staff, panted, looked up at the bronzed face of a horseman. A long red scar across his right cheek from forehead to chin, fierce, bloodshot eyes, a black beard, gave the rider a sinister appearance. Among the folds of a black riding-cloak Peter caught the glitter of steel, and saw two pistols hanging at his belt.

"What? Tired so soon?" But just then the stable-boy, the chambermaid, and the landlady, seeing that the thrashing was over, rushed from the inn to the rescue.

"Seize him! Hold him fast!" cried the landlord, struggling to his knees. "Bind him up, Suzanne! Slither his ears!"

Peter retreated against the horseman, whom he felt to be his friend. He stood at bay, waving his stick threateningly. Three other serving-men arrived.

"Come on!" cried Peter. He was insane at that moment. The horseman leaned over.

"You're a fool," he said. "They'll get you in another minute."

"Well, let 'em. They won't get much."

"Perhaps not. But maybe you will serve me."

"I would serve the devil to get out of this," Peter said sullenly.

The rider laughed aloud. "You shall, boy! You shall! The devil, eh?"

Just then the three serving-men and a waitress charged.

"Catch my stirrup!" cried he with the scarred face.

Peter caught the stirrup, throwing his stick into the faces of the attackers. The horse jumped forward, swerved, charged them. They scattered with frightened cries. Then Peter, his legs scarcely touching the ground, was whirled down the street that led out of the village.

"Wait a minute!" he cried. "Stop, can't you?" The horseman looked down.

"Afraid, boy?"

"*Mon Dieu*, no! Go past the cemetery over there." Peter pointed down a side street. "I have something there I need."

The man was puzzled, tho he slackened his pace. "We've got to get out of here before they raise a cry," he said. "I can't afford to be caught, boy."

"Well, you won't be caught. My sword is buried there."

"Is that all? Heavens, I'll give you a dozen swords."

"No. I won't go without *this* sword!" Peter left the stirrup and stopped. The rider drew rein.

"You don't care what happens to you, do you?"

"Can't say as I do," said Peter, and he turned and walked toward the street that led to the cemetery.

FOR a moment the scarred rider watched his back, then looked anxiously in the direction of the inn. Then he laughed and followed him.

"Grab my stirrup again!" he cried. "You stubborn brat! We'll get it if you'll serve me with it."

"I'll serve you," said Peter simply. His feet whirled again as the rider sped for the cemetery. Here, just at the edge of the plot, Peter dug with his hands in the soft earth, and very soon drew forth a sword wrapped in cloth.

"Jump up behind me!" cried the horseman. "They're at us!"

A crowd of fifty or sixty persons turned the corner, led by the fat innkeeper, brandishing sticks. The rider leaned forward; Peter clung to the cantle of the saddle. They charged straight through the crowd and into the open street and thence into the country.

"They won't think it worth while to follow a horse-boy with the military," said Peter.

"So you are a horse-boy, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what's your name?"

"They call me Peter."

"Well, get down from this horse." Peter did so.

"Now, my boy, I'll come to terms with you. What was your job at the inn back there?"

"I tended the horses, and rode post sometimes, and helped in the kitchen when the house was busy."

"You can do that same for me. I want a horse-boy, tho you'll keep out of my kitchen, by Heavens! I have a château up in the mountains yonder." He pointed to a blue ridge faintly discernible on the southern horizon. "You can stay with me until you get hanged."

PETER looked up at him.

"You promised to serve the devil, boy. My last fellow was hanged. But now see here! No airs! You're a horseboy still, not a chevalier, and you won't find it healthy to knock me around the way you were doing your other master."

"No," said Peter. "I probably wouldn't try."

"Run along at my side." With this the owner of the château put on considerable speed. He was obviously amusing himself, riding faster and faster, never turning his head. Peter kept running until his lungs sucked great gasps. He sensed that there was a game to be played here. At length his strength failed; he dropped to the roadside. The horseman stopped.

"Why didn't you quit before, boy?" he asked, turning to look at Peter curiously.

"Well, I said I would serve you," gasped Peter.

"Do you see that town?" He pointed toward low red and gray roofs through distant trees. "Kennel there to-night. In the morning meet me outside the gates on the other side. Here's money." He threw Peter a small piece of silver. "Now, don't try to follow me, and don't ask any one who I am! You'll pay the devil if you do." Then he turned and set spurs to his horse.

As the horse-boy watched his new master vanish among the distant roadside trees he was overcome by a sense of fate. The scarred rider, Peter felt, was going to save him from utter poverty and misery, so that he would not be a horse-boy all his life.

And yet, as he trudged toward the village, the pleasure of his new discovery was tinged with sadness, remembering the beautiful things he had left behind him in Ardente. Surely it was not possible to live in this world without seeing Mademoiselle Renée again! His love for her was so tender that all life seemed harsh by comparison. And how was it possible ever to see her again? Not for years, certainly.

After he had learned English and fought in the wars and become a famous soldier—even a king!—he might perhaps return to Ardente; he might put himself at her mercy. He would kneel before her and ask to be forgiven for what he had done to her brother. And she would forgive him—he knew that.

But would she still be the same then? Again, as he loitered outside the town, waiting for night to fall, his thoughts of Renée were tarnished by a premonition that his life with the scarred rider would not be a good life. He suspected that he would have to earn his freedom by evil means. And would Mademoiselle Renée want him to be great if his greatness were won dishonorably? No! No!

The evening star grew brighter and night passed across the bosom of France. Peter stole into the town. He was determined to win his freedom at any price. His secrecy in passing through town was

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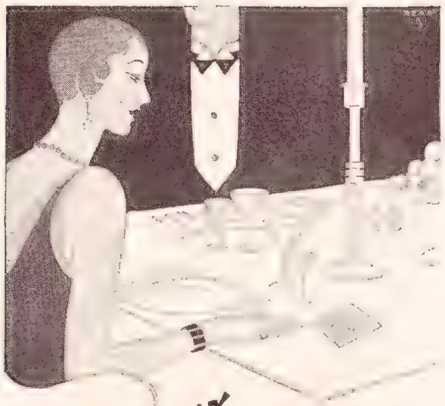

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necessitated by his sword. He hid it under his cloak as he passed along the narrow streets, reaching finally the gate at which he was to meet the scarred rider in the morning. He walked a quarter of a mile into the country, buried his sword by the roadside, then turned back and entered the town once more. He found an inn, purchased a late supper, threw himself upon a heap of straw in the stable, slept.

NEXT morning Peter met the scarred rider, who brought an extra horse, which Peter mounted, relieved that he would not have to suffer the physical exertions of the day before. They exhumed Peter's sword and then traveled southeastward, riding always toward that low blue ridge, whose proportions increased as they advanced. They crossed the Allier by ferry. Toward evening of the second day, instead of halting for the night, they rested their horses and had supper. Then they pressed on into the mountains. Peter conjectured that they were in the heart of the Auvergne. It grew dark and the moon rose.

Having reached a crossroads, the rider stopped and whistled a few bars of a song, whereupon several others emerged from the shadows of a group of trees. Peter could see them in the moonlight. They were at once disreputable and fully armed. Their cuirasses were rusted and dented, the plumes of their large slouch-hats were hacked, their beards bristled. One of them had no ears, but only little holes in the side of his head. Peter's master seemed to command them. He gave them an amusing account of how Peter had joined "the devil." They laughed and talked with Peter, so that he felt at ease.

THE party started up a steep trail that led directly up the side of a cliff, so that Peter felt as if he were suspended in the air. It was a dangerous trail, especially since there was much loose stone upon it. Peter rode in the rear. Since his horse was not used to the trail, he dropped farther and farther behind. At last the three drew rein and waited for him.

"Thought you told me you could ride."

"Well, I can," replied Peter. "I would have lost my seat long ago otherwise. You were cheated by the fellow who sold you this horse."

Peter expected the indulgent laughter that followed.

"Well, now, just get on a good horse, Peter. Henzau will ride yours."

So he changed horses with the man who had no ears. Peter took a good look at him and shivered.

When he was mounted on Henzau's horse his master said, "We'll just close your eyes for a few hours. Maybe you'd get dizzy and fall off up here." He produced a large black scarf, and the three of them tied it over Peter's eyes.

It was no use to demur. They led his horse up the cliff, over a stream, up again. Peter was thinking. Plainly he had taken service with a band of outlaws. This did not disturb his conscience in any way, but it made him wonder whether he was at the end of his ambitions.

What else but brigandage was left him? Certainly he would rather be an outlaw with a stolen freedom than to serve fat innkeepers for a few irregular sous. You led a glamourous life.

His thought went further. He discovered that he wanted to become a brigand because brigandage was just the reverse of honorable adventure. You were a devil instead of a saint.

Peter's emotions pushed his mind to this conclusion. Some evil desire emerged from his subconsciousness, became conscious and formal. And yet there was the doubt. Did he really wish to be evil? Who would teach him English up here, who would help him to read? How was he to rediscover his lost father and his lost heritage? How was he to accomplish what he had set himself to do?

There was the jewel-hilted sword clinking at his side. It seemed dead now. In this new diabolical light, the sword was stripped of its flesh and blood, so that it hung like a skeleton—the skeleton of honor and renown.

Presently he was forced to conclude that his ambition to do great evil was another fantom. Looking back upon this blindfolded ride, he wrote, later in his life, "The qualities of things can be called opposites only when a similarity between them has been discovered. To say that east is the opposite of west, we must first assume the existence of a space in which east and west are one; to comprehend how good is the opposite of evil, we must first see the human soul which includes them both. Thus every extreme is an illusion until it is combined with its own contradiction. It is possible to understand the truth with the eyes blindfolded."

Fundamentally he was still that unknown and strange being whom they called Peter—unknown to himself and a waif to the world. He had no name, for he did not believe in names. In choosing to join the outlaws he had chosen an existence which was called evil. And yet he was not evil. Peter had not given himself. He could not give himself to these men, any more than to Monsieur Philippe, because he longed to be worthy of Mademoiselle Renée.

BECAUSE of the revolt of Bourbon in 1524 and the consequent degeneration of the morale of France, numerous bands of brigands were to be found preying upon peasants and unfortified nobles. King Francis was busy with foreign wars and could not check them.

In particular there was a band who called themselves the "Thousand Devils." And this was the troop to which Peter had been led.

The leader of the Thousand Devils was a banished noble, René Auguste, Baron de Riancourt, and was the same sinister rider who had rescued Peter from the revenge of the fat innkeeper. He was known by his subjects as "baron," and he was served as a king. His word was for life or for death, until he should be hanged. In his command were many other outlawed nobles, as well as common robbers, murderers, and disbanded soldiers.

Almost every one had been scarred or branded by the public authorities—some had had a hand cut off, one had no nose, another, Henzau, had lost his ears as a punishment for listening to a plot against the life of a noble. Henzau had escaped from prison. There was a learned scholar from Padua.

They led an exciting, a picturesque, even a pleasant life in their mountain retreat, going forth from time to time on expeditions, to return with uncounted spoils. They lived richly on the best wines and the best food. Their castle was spacious, draped with expensive tapestries, carpeted with noiseless rugs, ornamented with goldware and silverware. Twenty or thirty women resided in it. Besides this, living in a religious age, they had a small chapel just opposite the castle, where these men dared to worship before a statue of the Virgin, whom they called "Our Lady of the Mountains." A disgraced priest lived among them and held services! And there was a faded blue-and-golden shrine outside the chapel where each man knelt to pray for success before setting out upon his lawless adventures.

THE castle, the church, and the numerous buildings around them were situated upon a plateau on the top of a mountain. There was only one passable trail—that by which Peter had just arrived. Guards were posted upon a needle-rock, just at the head of this, with instructions to shoot whoever failed to give the password. On every other side the cliffs made it impossible to reach the castle. You could not even go down by them.

It was good times among the Thousand Devils when Peter arrived. They were feasting to profusion. Carcasses of chamois and deer, split in half, were roasting before the great fires. In the castle several cooks were preparing delicacies. Peter stood among them studying their faces.

And next morning Henzau, who was the baron's lieutenant, instructed Peter in his duties. He led him to the stable, which was perched on the very edge of

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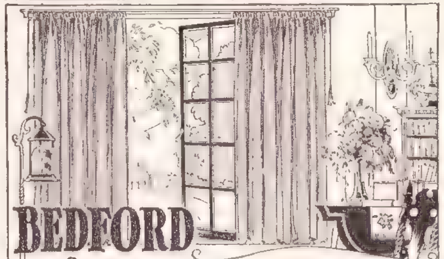

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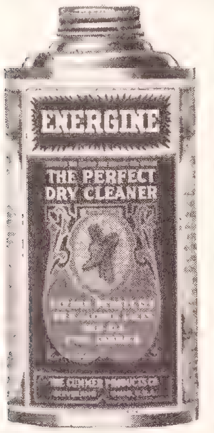

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the cliff. Along the back of the stable ran a ravine which was several hundred feet deep and about fifty feet wide. On the other side of the ravine the sheer spur of a mountain seemed poised above the stable and the plateau. Henzau put the baron's horse in Peter's care, and then said:

"You can eat, and drink, and talk with us, but you can't ride with us. You aren't one of the Thousand Devils till you have killed your man."

"Um," said Peter.

"YOU see, it's this way," said Henzau: "We aren't any of us going to live very long—you nor anybody else—and it doesn't make much difference to us whether we shoot a few fat burghers in the meantime. See? The way these burghers hang on to their money is terrible. The only way we can keep a healthy respect in their minds is to kill every one of them that refuses to pay the ransom. That's our law.

"We figure, too, that nobody ought to be a devil till he has killed his man. So we try out the new fellows like you by letting them shoot the first one that won't pay. That way we find out whether you've got any nerve. After you've done it once you are a rider, just as good as the rest of us, except for me and the baron. But you only do it if you want to, because we don't force anybody to join us. But till you've done it you won't ride and you won't get by those sentries yonder."

He pointed with a long arm from which hung the tattered sleeve of a shirt.

"Um," said Peter again. "Maybe I will, and maybe I won't." He was considerably upset by this prospect. Henzau shrugged his shoulders.

"The longer you stay out the better for us," he said. "You don't get any share in the catch till you're a rider."

He turned away, and then stopped. "And another thing. You aren't supposed to tell the prisoners why you shoot them before you shoot them. Our laws and customs are secret."

So here, by murdering some one, Peter had found a means to power. He began speculating upon the possibility of accumulating great wealth among the outlaws, to buy himself an education in Paris later. He could not get Paris out of his head.

"Can you use a gun and pistol?" Henzau asked.

"No, sir," said Peter.

"Well, I'll teach you. It won't do to miss your man, you know."

PETER was given a wreck of a room at the end of the stable, scarcely differentiated from the stalls. There was a hole in the back wall which overlooked the cliff, and altho it was stuffed with rags the Winter winds found their way through it. But Peter was glad to be separated from the outlaws until he had had time to think his way into their business.

He found himself confronted by a larger problem than any he had experienced before. Should he become a bandit or not? On the one hand there was his ambition. On the other hand he had learned from his books, and especially from Mademoiselle Renée's eyes, that there is nothing really great which is not also good. Would Mademoiselle Renée want him to shoot the first wretch who would not pay his ransom? Obviously not.

It was characteristic of Peter to ponder these things coldly. Tho he was capable of great emotion, he relied upon his mind to get him out of difficulties; and it was by an exceedingly clever use of his mind that he began to search for a way to power among the brigands without doing violence to his conscience and his love.

At first, however, Peter was too busy to do much thinking. He was every one's servant from dawn until late at night. Tho he was never flogged he was cuffed, and kicked, and teased, as if the brigands were testing his patience and endurance. But he was never unpopular. He took his apprenticeship with an easy grin and became known for his bluff, fearless retorts. Moreover, he had a companion who was far less popular than himself—a thin, consumptive fellow of Peter's age, with large bones, clumsy hands, and shifty eyes.

He had been taken to the plateau several months before, had been given a man to shoot, had broken down, sobbing, crying that he would do anything but kill. The only answer the brigands gave was laughter. They called the boy "Lucy." They gave him the filthiest tasks and tortured him with their most relentless mockery.

Peter would watch them bully Lucy, and think of himself, and remember Mademoiselle Renée, and shiver.

The baron and his men were away for weeks at a time, and during such periods of rest Peter sat in his crude shelter or explored the plateau.

But whether he walked alone or in company with Lucy, he was oppressed by solitude, by the cold, gray spires and cliffs around him.

He practised shooting day after day with those clumsy pistols of his age that had no accuracy at long range. He knew that the plateau was surrounded by cañons so deep that no rope could reach their bottoms; yet he thought that altho escape were impossible down those cliffs, he might find a way out by means of a pistol. He and his pistol seemed alone in a strange, alien wildness, their only companions being the guards on the needle-rock, who would not allow any one to approach them, and the women, who paid no attention to him.

IT WAS to the consumptive Lucy that Peter turned for companionship—to the man who had failed. He had not been on the plateau a week before he felt a desire to protect the poor fellow. The boy was so pitiable.

Peter tried to draw out of him, as Father Gaspard had drawn out of Peter, the more beautiful and sturdy qualities of soul which enable a man to scorn that which is beneath his dignity. But poor Lucy had no dignity. He had nothing but a desire to please every one by hiding his own emotions; a desire to be a brigand leader.

There was also a small girl with dark eyes who joined Peter and Lucy one day as they were standing upon the edge of the cliff looking out across the snowy mountains and the setting sun. Peter was not aware of her at first, because he was thinking of Renée. When he did notice her he was afraid to talk to her. But after several days he understood that she too was lonely, and he began to be more cordial and friendly.

Thus the three of them wandered daily over the plateau. Strange friends!

But Peter was clever enough to gather from his companions several bits of information about his scarred master: to the effect that a certain nobleman had married the baron's fiancée of long ago; that, when the baron displayed his ungovernable temper, the same nobleman had caused the baron's exile; that he had a "long memory" and was expected to take his revenge. Peter learned from the girl that the Baron de Riancourt was well educated, spending several hours a day with his books or in conference with the clerk of Padua.

THO Peter wished to tell no one that he could read and write, believing that his literacy gave him a kind of power over these men which would impress them so long as they did not know its origin, he nevertheless confided in the girl; and his friendliness was at last rewarded by her promise to bring books to him secretly, so that he could read during those long hours at his fire. After that you could have seen him in his windy stable, huddled over a "Vergil" or a translation of "Boccaccio," remembering Father Gaspard from time to time, and thinking of Renée, whom his hands would never touch, but whose image had become necessary to the peace of his heart.

A day came at last when a small troop led two blindfolded captives into camp. One of the victims was young and frightened; the other was an old burgher, who remained imperturbable. They were given what was known as a "hearing," which took place on a platform outside

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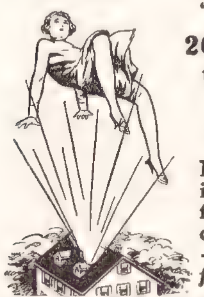

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the castle. The outlaws gathered around this, while the baron sat on a bench, with a rough table in front of him and Henzau at his right. There were two gibbets at the other end of the platform, with nooses hanging from them. The purpose of the "hearing" was to fix the amount of ransom for each case. Peter sat in the crowd, watching the faces of the prisoners that contrasted fear and courage. At length both were given writing-materials and ordered to communicate with their friends. Then two riders were dispatched to obtain the money, and the prisoners were locked in the castle tower.

A week passed. Peter fell to wondering whether he would be offered these victims to shoot. He wanted very much to be a rider. He hated having men around him who were considered better and braver than himself, especially when they were not. He wanted to be a daring leader. He could be. But his mind refused to meet the issue until the return of the riders.

The grim actors assembled upon their stage one Winter's afternoon, haggling beneath the cold walls of that robber castle, beneath the gibbets and the flurried sky. It was discovered that only a partial ransom had been sent for the young prisoner, whose name was Petitfois. There was nothing at all for the old man. Both were therefore to be condemned.

Petitfois, his face pale and emaciated, was on his knees before the baron, pleading another chance to send for the full ransom. The burgher looked on indifferently. The cold, inquisitive way in which he regarded life fascinated Peter. This was a man very much like himself. *And there was no ransom for him.* The thought was fire.

At length Petitfois was granted permission to write a second letter. Peter watched him scrawl a few almost illegible sentences on a scrap of paper and heard him plead with the messenger to be firm; Peter watched his face in the Winter light, twisting with emotion; Peter pitied him.

THEN the chief of the brigands turned to the burgher.

"Now, my friend, what have you to say?"

The old man shrugged. "I have spoken. I wrote my nephew because you ordered me to do so. I knew I would not be ransomed. My nephew is my heir. Naturally he wants me put out of the way."

"You know the alternative?"

"Oh, yes. There is always the alternative, Monsieur Brigand."

"Well, please write once more. I would get no pleasure from your death."

From the midst of the audience came a great sigh. It was Peter's sigh. Several of the bandits turned and grinned at him.

The burgher on the platform said, "I will do as you please."

The baron laughed. He admired courage always. "By Heavens I'll get that nephew of yours, sir! And if you know any plan by which you can spare me your death, please execute it at once. If you weren't so old, now, I would make you one of us."

"No, Monsieur Brigand. There are enough of you already. But give me a pen and paper."

During another week of waiting the young prisoner sulked in his tower, venting himself on Peter, who had to bring him his food.

"So you are the horse-boy?" he asked with a snarl.

"That's right," said Peter, eying him. "But I may not be for long." The fellow did not understand the joke, but Peter enjoyed it. He enjoyed it until he met the old man, sitting on a stone near the stable. Then he shuddered.

PETER sat down beside the old man, not finding many words, but managing to express a clumsy sympathy. Peter had noticed the ease with which the burgher had written messages to his nephew—that was the kind of thing Peter would always notice. He concluded that this prisoner was a wealthy trader. Traders spoke many languages. A dark plot began to haunt the horse-boy's mind.

For, he reasoned, if this man was to be killed here, on the bandits' plateau, would it not be perfectly safe to entrust him with the secret of his father's letter? He might thus obtain valuable information without any risk of exposing the letter to the world. He might trust a dead man, might he not?

"Monsieur, if they would let me ride I would go after that nephew of yours and bring him here in your place," he said.

"No, no, my boy. Perhaps I was a little too cynical there. I should not have spoken."

"So you think there is a chance of ransom?"

"Oh, by no means! I merely meant that I had judged him, for which I am penitent. As death approaches, the good and evil of this life dwindle away and give place to mere existence and nonexistence."

"Yes," Peter said, and pondered a while. "But why are you so sure? Your nephew may weaken. It may be harder for him to murder you than you suppose."

THE burgher merely smiled and went into an elaboration of the points he had brought out during the "hearing." Peter decided that he could be absolutely sure of death. And yet he would not show him the letter to-day.

He showed it to him the next day. He led the burgher to a stone at the side of the stable, only a few feet from the cliff's edge, where they were not likely to be seen.

"Monsieur," he said, "I can not read. But I have a letter which I would like some one to read, some one whom I can trust, Monsieur."

The burgher looked at him sharply. "Did you steal it?"

"No, no!"

"I think perhaps you did, that you are afraid of showing it to your comrades."

"Monsieur, I have been here but a few months. The letter was written by my father long ago, some hours before he was murdered. A woman who took care of me kept the letter for me. But no one has ever been able to read it since it was written, twenty-one years ago!"

"Gracious, I am not an antiquarian!" said the old man with a smile. "Your father murdered?"

"Yes, sir."

The burgher looked at him with quiet sympathy. Peter drew forth his document, feeling that he was about to profane a sacred thing. But no, the letter was just a letter, worthless until read by some one. He opened it and passed it to the burgher, who studied the fine script for several minutes.

THEN his face darkened. "This is in English," he said, "and I do not have English."

"Oh," said Peter. "Then my father was English?"

"Apparently."

"Can't you make anything out of it? Not a single word?"

"Only a few, only a few," said the old man. "There is, first, the person to whom the letter is addressed."

"Yes?" said Peter.

"It is addressed to Lady Pole, the Duchess of Suffolk. That is the wife of the exiled Suffolk, I suppose. I did not know he was married. He does not bear that title legally, which has been given to Charles Brandon, the favorite of King Henry of England."

"Oh," said Peter.

"I don't think the duchess is living," said the burgher.

"Are you sure?"

"No, I am not sure. Now, the letter is signed 'George P.' You say your name is Peter?"

"That's what Mère Clos called me."

"Um. 'P' also stands for 'Pole,'" said the burgher, looking at Peter strangely. "My boy, if your father's name was George Pole, I never heard of him, but he belonged to a very illustrious and powerful family!"

"Yes," said Peter, his heart beating madly. "Exiled, you say?"

"George was exiled. But tho he lost the favor of the English King, he has

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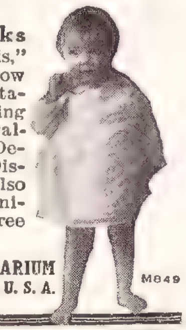

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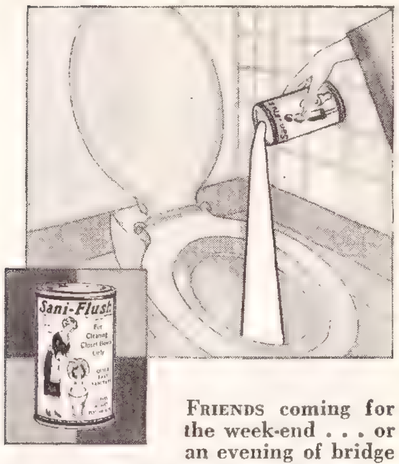

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always been welcome at the court of France." The man hesitated. "I wonder, now. Was he at Pavia? Was he not killed at Pavia?"

"Killed?"

Sensing Peter's anxiety, the burgher said, "No, no. I believe not. I was mistaken. There were so many killed at Pavia it is easy to be mistaken there."

"What was he banished for?" Peter asked.

"I have forgotten."

"Where does he live?"

"He has lived in many places—principally at Metz."

"Oh! And you can make nothing else out of the letter?"

"Practically nothing. It is carelessly written, as if of little importance. Here is the word 'beloved'—that means '*bien-aimée*'—some woman, perhaps. And here is the number 'one thousand.' And here is the word 'come,' which means '*venir*,' and the word '*danger*,' which I suppose means 'danger.'"

A shadow fell across the grass. The baron had come suddenly upon them, was standing over them, his eyes gazing suspiciously at the paper. Peter's heart missed a beat.

THE old burgher arose.

"Good afternoon, Monsieur Brigand. Has my messenger returned?"

"No, sir! And what is this?" pointing to the paper that the burgher held carelessly at his side.

"Oh, the paper." The old man lifted it. "Do you wish to read it?"

Peter's heart stopped again.

"It is in English," said the burgher. "It is an old letter I received five years ago from my sister, who married an Englishman. I was very angry with my sister for running off with one of those rascals and I never answered her message. Now, faced by death, I repent of my harshness, Monsieur Brigand. And I have requested this boy, if he ever rides down among the towns, to have an answer sent for me. I was translating the letter for him, so that he would understand. Here, I shall read it to both of you."

Whereat the old man, without a quaver of voice, read off in French a few touching sentences, among which was a request to give "Monsieur George a thousand kisses," pointing, as he read this, to the Roman numeral "M." Not only was the baron convinced, but Peter himself could scarcely believe that the old man was lying. When his prisoner had finished the baron bowed.

"I did not intend to intrude upon your private affairs, Monsieur," he said. "I am glad you feel reconciled to so gentle a sister, and this evening, if you desire to frame your answer, you will find pen and ink available at the castle. I myself will see to it that the boy delivers your message when he becomes a rider."

PETER'S admiration for the burgher now surpassed reason. Coolness in the face of danger, resourcefulness of wit, polished language, were acquirements that Peter envied more than any others. It was just the kind of thing he would like to do himself. For once his face betrayed him. He gazed at the man with worship.

"A close call," said the burgher when the baron had left them.

"By Heavens, sir, I admire you!" cried Peter.

"I shall pen a false message to my imaginary sister to-night," the other continued calmly. "When you leave here you can throw it away. And now let me suggest that you do leave here, my boy, at the earliest opportunity. With your brains you ought to be able to make your way in the army, if nowhere else.

"Let me suggest that, when you become a rider—however that rank may be achieved—you go to Calais. Calais, as you know, is English. There I have a friend, a Monsieur Robert Tausanne, who keeps a business at the sign of the Cup and Cloth. He is a large importer. For my sake he would translate this letter for you and help you through the legal steps that might be required. He would put you in the way of earning an honest living."

That night the burgher delivered to Peter a false letter addressed to England; and he also slipped into Peter's hand a scrap of paper which said:

> This is my friend Peter. He has news of me. Help him. JEAN SENDRECY.

Thus Peter's plot had not entirely failed. He wanted to tell the old man his position among the Thousand Devils, and the only condition by which he could earn liberty. But Henzau's words had been unmistakable: "And another thing. You aren't supposed to tell the prisoners why you shoot them before you shoot them. Our laws and customs are secret." Of course the laws were secret. But the prisoners were to be killed, and why should they not know the laws for a few hours? It would do nobody harm. And it would be so much easier, so much easier to shoot.

Peter felt that Jean Sendrecy would understand. It would be so much easier to shoot him if he understood.

And then the two messengers arrived again, having met by appointment at the foot of the trail. A "hearing" was called. Peter edged himself close to the platform. His hands were sweating. He pressed them together and slid one palm against the other. He could not breathe easily.

THEY began with the younger prisoner His ransom had been paid in full!

The young man dropped to his knees before the baron, chattering incoherently. The crowd jeered. The baron pushed him away. Then Peter held his breath as he saw the messenger for the old man step forward. The messenger handed the baron a letter. The baron turned, and read it to the crowd:

> Brigands, unhand my uncle immediately, or I shall have the law upon you. If you think you can perform such an outrage upon me as to murder my uncle, you will very shortly find yourselves mistaken. I do not possess the extortionate sum that you ask. Please inform my uncle that I consider your demands utterly unreasonable and that you will not dare to kill him.
>
> HENRI SENDRECY.

A howl of derision from the crowd caused the old man upon the platform to bow his head in shame. Peter felt shame all over his body.

"I am sorry for you," said the baron. "But my law is unalterable. I should achieve nothing otherwise. I promised you a priest. Henzau, lead the prisoner to the holy man for his last confession. As for you," he cried, turning to the younger prisoner, "you will remain here as our guest until after the execution. You can tell the good citizens how well we keep our word. And if *your* uncle is captured by us, perhaps you will show some mercy."

There were several minutes of confused talking while Jean Sendrecy disappeared through the chapel door, seeking the priest. And then the baron's voice from the platform, "Peter!"

Every one was silent.

"Peter, this is your chance. It belongs to you by custom and therefore by right. Let me advise you now to do just what you honestly desire."

Peter could not answer. His throat would not work.

"Say now. Will you kill or not kill?"

"I will—" He could go no further.

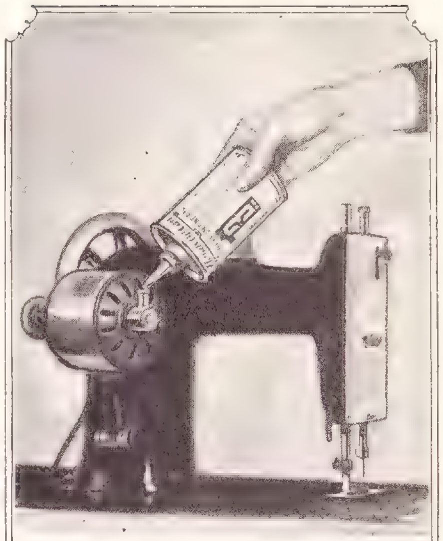
"You will? One condition remains. You were instructed not to inform the prisoners of our rules. Have you done so? Answer upon your honor."

Upon his honor?

"I have not said a word," he gasped.

"Good. Then prepare!"

THE whole band moved to the place of execution, where the wall of a ruin provided a back-stop for the bullets. The men were laughing and drinking and rolling dice. Bets were laid as to whether Peter would see it through. Then there were bets as to whether Peter would hit with the first shot. He was only allowed three. Three pistols lay side by side on the grass several paces from the wall. Peter sat on the grass, unable to stand.



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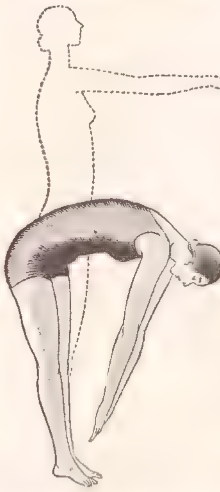

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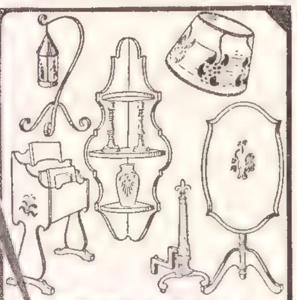

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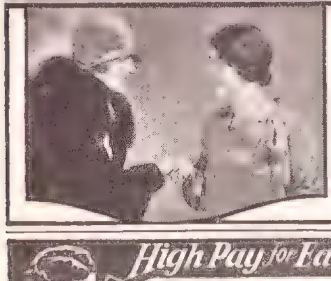

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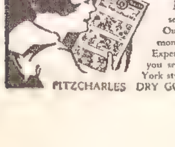

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And there was Jean Sendrecy coming out of the chapel on the right, pausing in the arch of the doorway to survey them. Behind the chapel a violet-and-crimson sunset glowed low in the horizon. For one moment the burgher seemed part of the landscape. Then they bound him and led him to the wall.

BUT altho Peter had allowed the baron to take his "I will" as final, he had not really decided to shoot Jean Sendrecy.

He sat there upon the grass where the current of circumstances had swept him, unable to say "Yes" or "No." He fumbled with a pistol. He felt sick and cold. His head was swimming. Then he looked up to meet Jean Sendrecy's eyes—his living eyes, which, when they saw Peter in the position of executioner, returned a horrified stare.

And suddenly the light dawned in Peter's heart. "*This is my friend Peter. He has news of me. Help him.*" Everything became distinct—the gray wall, the dusk, the deep-green ivy above the burgher's white head, the white shirt opened at the neck, the brown trousers, the yellow ropes that bound his hands to his sides. Peter saw these things as a painter sees, and the light dawned. "I shall not do it," he said. "I'll curse the whole crowd of them."

He reached a spiritual period of the soul. His love for Mademoiselle Renée was no longer for an earthly woman, but for those sublime and eternal qualities which all humanity possesses, and which become evident in human shape when we love. In that moment of far vision, Peter possessed Renée more surely than if she had merely promised to marry him.

In this exaltation he found that it was easy to turn to the baron with a leer and say, "Shoot him yourself!"

And yet Peter made no motion. Some voice within him said, "Keep still, keep still. You will not have to cross the baron." If there is any tangible reward for the spiritual attitude in life it is that of premonition. It is well known that the great mystics of history have been prophets—a fact which can only be explained by assuming that an insight into spiritual things endows a man with a sense of fate, a knowledge of the course of chance. And thus it was that Peter decided not to oppose the baron, but to wait for something else to happen.

That something else happened almost immediately. It began with a hoarse, nervous cry from behind the crowd of brigands, a stirring and swearing of men as some one forced his way through; finally, the appearance of Lucy with a pistol in his hand.

"Baron, Baron!"

"Well?"

"A boon!"

"Well?"

"Last time I failed, I broke down, I was young! Last time I was not worthy of the Thousand Devils. I was but a child."

THERE was a silence. The baron stood with folded arms. Peter with his three pistols sat on the grass, and behind him were gathered the silent gamblers and jesters. Behind the baron the bound white-shirted figure of Jean Sendrecy pierced the dusk.

"Well?" The baron's iron voice spoke again.

"Give me another chance!" cried Lucy. "This boy, this Peter, has been here only a little while. Let him wait a little while. Let me show you the courage that I have."

Another pause. Peter scrutinized Lucy, wondering whether he, Peter, would ever be like that. "No," he said softly, his heart filled with a strange soft love. "No."

Suddenly Lucy aimed his pistol and fired at Jean Sendrecy. The old man's head and beard snapped backward. His bound hands strove to clutch the purple spot swelling from his breast. He curled over and fell.

Peter watched him. Suddenly he sobbed and wanted to bury his head in his arms. "*He will give you news of me. Help him. This is my friend Peter . . . he will——*"

Peter looked at the pistol in Lucy's

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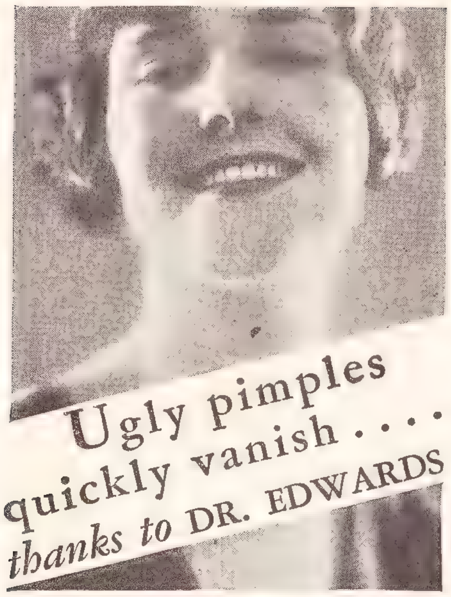

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hand, and saw Lucy turn it over slowly. The emptiness of life! The futility of humanity! Peter turned on his heel and walked away.

Some one's hand was on his shoulder, shaking him. "Sorry, boy." It was the baron's voice. "Lucy's had a rough time of it. You don't mind?"

Peter raised his face and stared with hate into the terrible bloodshot eyes which could never understand.

OVER two years had passed since Peter's flight from Ardente. The peace of that hamlet had been considerably disturbed by the events which followed his giving in to Monsieur Philippe's desire to fence with the naked sword. He left unhappiness behind.

When abandoned at the edge of the woods, Monsieur Philippe did not suspect that Peter was running away. Peter, a peasant, would not dare. Monsieur Philippe continued to scream from pain, and fright, and anger. His screaming consisted largely of vows to have Peter hanged for raising an alarm.

The groom arrived, breathless and scared. At first Monsieur Philippe wanted him to chase Peter immediately; but the fellow assured him that it was already too late, that Peter was just now reaching town and spreading the alarm to Father Gaspard.

"The cursed boor!" said Monsieur Philippe between his teeth. He did not want Father Gaspard meddling with this business.

Not until he was painfully mounted and on his way down the slope to the château, with the groom holding his leg, did the reason for Peter's idiotic decision flash across Monsieur Philippe's mind. The fellow was a coward, had been all along, and was running away! Monsieur Philippe tried to trot his horse, but the pain in his shoulder became so intense that he nearly fell from the saddle. He had to content himself with a fast walk. By the time he had reached the courtyard he was fainting. He must not faint. He must get that fellow, that cur.

"Ho, there, within! Ho, there!" he cried. Guards came rushing from several quarters; servants ran from the house.

"I have been stabbed by a murderer!" shrieked Monsieur Philippe. "That villain Peter has stabbed me! He flees, he flees! Catch the madman!"

They stood around him, astonished, mute. Monsieur Philippe sank to the ground. Renée, hearing the noise, appeared on the balcony above, her hands clasped anxiously.

"Philippe! What has happened?"

"I am stabbed! I am murdered! Catch—Peter—Father Gaspard—" He fainted.

Instantly Renée gave her commands. She was frightened, but she loved her brother and she had a cool head. Men began running about the château. Some hurried to the stable. Others collected pistols, swords. In a few moments a dozen riders leaped to their saddles and clattered down the darkening road.

Renée was kneeling beside her brother with tears in her eyes. She had him carried into the house. She dispatched a rider to Paris for a surgeon.

He left with a pounding of hoofs, amid the cries of stablemen. He would reach Paris the next day by relaying over a dozen horses.

WHEN Monsieur Philippe fainted his last words were "Father Gaspard." He had not intended to accuse the good curé, but merely to identify Peter; for no one seemed to believe that Father Gaspard's Peter had actually done this thing. But the lieutenant who commanded the pursuers was by this time excited enough to believe the devil himself. He reached the little cottage. His first knocking was not answered. He knocked again and again. At last the puzzled, anxious face of the curé appeared in the opening of the door. The lieutenant pushed his way in.

"Where is your servant? Where is Peter, your servant?"

And then the curé knew that something terrible had happened.

Yet he managed to calm himself. He pointed to the kitchen. "He is in there, preparing supper," he said. The lieutenant rushed across the room, burst through

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the door to the kitchen. "What is wrong? What is wrong?" asked the curé, wringing his hands. But the guard that stood there looked at him ominously and made no reply.

Came a banging of pots in the kitchen and then violent blows upon the back door, which Peter had locked; then the lieutenant's voice, "He is not here! The villain has fled! Chase him around the house, out to the field in back! Chase him!" He appeared with drawn sword.

"Why, he was there, he was there!" cried the curé, bewildered. "He was there; he was there when you knocked."

"Be still, Father! You are under arrest. Brifaud!"

"Yes, sir," said the guard.

"Conduct Father Gaspard to the château and put him in prison. Show him all courtesy, but let him see no one."

"Yes, sir."

THE lieutenant disappeared, mounted his horse with a cry, was off in the direction of the pasture, which he felt sure was the direction Peter had chosen.

During the next weeks Father Gaspard was locked in the dungeon of the château, while Monsieur Philippe, who was not seriously wounded, prudently refused to make any disclosures until he had time to put the facts together and present a credible story. This he did at last, as follows:

Peter had for a long time been urging him to fight with the naked sword. Monsieur Philippe refused flatly, of course, such being beneath his dignity as a gentleman and a noble. He asked Peter if the count had not made him promise to fence with practise-swords. Peter replied, "Yes, but that makes no difference now that the count is away."

Monsieur Philippe sensed something strange in Peter's eyes and was afraid to go out alone with him any more. Accordingly he decided to continue the bouts in the fencing-room.

The afternoon of the accident, Peter had appeared at the fencing-room very much excited, saying that two rough-looking men were asleep in the forest near the château. Would it not be a good adventure to go out and fight them? Monsieur Philippe asked if they had guns. Peter replied, "No, only swords." So Monsieur Philippe set forth.

WHEN they reached the woods there were the two ruffians sure enough, but they were not asleep! They attacked Monsieur Philippe, who pierced one of them in the eye with his sword. Monsieur Philippe, having had no time to come on guard properly, was strategically at a disadvantage, but managed to wound the second villain in the hand. Then Peter fell upon Monsieur Philippe and pierced him through the shoulder.

Then the attackers fled, Peter assisting the man with the wounded eye. They left Monsieur Philippe lying there screaming.

This bit of imaginative melodrama was the more plausible because a couple of ruffians had been seen in the woods around the château several times. They had lurked in the woods as if waiting an opportunity to attack, and they had been driven off by the count's guards. Obviously, by Monsieur Philippe's story, Peter was in league with them.

As this account came from his pale lips Renée sat by her brother's bed, holding his hands. Then she began to cry. She could not conceive of Peter as a ruffian. How could he be, with those wonderfully blue, inquisitive, sad eyes? He had looked at her so; he had worshiped her silently! She knew that he had worshiped her, riding behind her day after day, gathering daisies for her, violets, buttercups, anything to her fancy. She had felt in Peter a servant who would expose his life for her safety, and never, never, never presume. Never presume! And he had tried to kill her brother!

But on the other hand she knew that Peter was of low birth, and the social prejudices in which she had been educated asserted that a peasant had no honor. She told herself that one could never trust the peasantry; that they were knaves; that there was no faith in a man unless nobly born. Thus she explained

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to trim the
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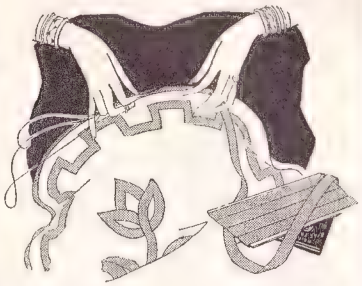

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Peter's betrayal of her brother, his injury to Father Gaspard's reputation, and his seeming faithlessness to herself.

She walked alone among the luxurious shrubs and courts of her château, trying to make herself believe these things against Peter; her face sad; her large blue-violet eyes wistful. She did not so much as suggest to her family the pain which Peter's action had caused her.

SOON after this accident the Count Duprés returned from the war, and Renée dispatched a messenger to Blois. Leaving his business at court in the hands of a subaltern, the count hastened to his château.

He was a kindly man to his equals, invaluable to his superiors. Only to those beneath him was he overbearing, and even then not unreasonably so. He had been able to trust Peter. But his trust of Peter had been based upon his confidence in the judgment of Father Gaspard. Thus the whole weight of Peter's crime fell upon Father Gaspard. The curé had been released from prison, but was compelled to reside at the château, and was allowed to make daily visits to his flock only under guard. But the people murmured against him. They even murmured against his teaching and his religion. Here was a good old man, they said, whose own protégé had attempted murder. What kind of good old man was that, and what kind of teacher?

Father Gaspard's beloved began to leave him. What with his own pain and age, and what with his pain and shame for Peter, he grew very sad and weak and sick. Only, he did not accuse Peter. There had been a mystery in Peter's eyes, but not murder! In the light of Peter's note, which, as Father Gaspard now saw, had been written with the risk of his life, the curé began to doubt the veracity of Monsieur Philippe's story.

When the Count Duprés arrived he had several conferences with Father Gaspard. His lordship admitted that the father was innocent of Peter's crime, but asserted that he was guilty of negligence in recommending such a villain as Peter for a companion to Monsieur Philippe. He inquired into Peter's past. The curé confessed that he knew nothing beyond the fact that Peter was ignorant of his parenthood and that Peter's father had been murdered.

The count pitied the old man and promised to release him from all responsibility, to proclaim his innocence throughout the town. And still it was difficult for Father Gaspard to suggest that Peter was innocent of intent to murder, a suggestion which would imply that Monsieur Philippe had lied. Such a statement would be an insult to his lordship, who might immediately banish Father Gaspard from his domain. The good curé felt that a responsibility toward his few faithful spiritual dependents must prevent such a banishment, and so he avoided protecting Peter.

ONE day, however, the count asked, "Did he never speak of my son suspiciously?"

The curé shook his head.

"You have no evidence for or against him, then?"

"My lord, I must be honest with you. I have evidence for him. I have been afraid to show it to you."

"Show it, show it!"

"My lord, you will treat it as a legal matter purely?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you may believe or disbelieve this evidence, as you like. But since it attacks the honor of your son, I can not show it to you until you have promised to take it impersonally."

"You are bold, Monsieur le Curé! I can extract that evidence by torture if I choose."

"Yes, Monsieur. I merely do not wish to make you angry."

"You are making me very angry!" Then he paused. "Well, show me the evidence. I promise to take no offense."

Father Gaspard's trembling hands produced the scrap of paper. The count read:

Continued on Page 125

Why do they call her...
Senorita Cyclone?

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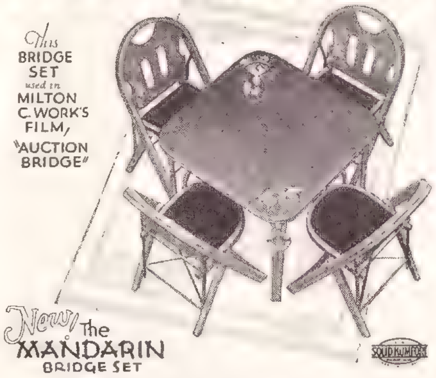

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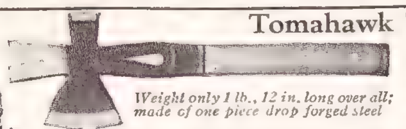

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TEACHING CHILDREN RESPONSIBILITY

By M. C. Telfer

OLIVE TUTTLE used to be one of our best teachers. On my way to spend a week-end with her I wondered if Olive would turn out to be true to the tradition of a popular nature that good teachers make overindulgent or careless mothers. The teacher can always shoo the youngsters home at about three o'clock, and begin to forget them for more than half the day. But Olive Tuttle would have to live persistently with her five, and life on a big farm was a very different proposition from the ordered day of the schoolroom.

Our first eager greetings over, I yielded to my curiosity, and asked to see her children. She pulled out a whistle and said, "Which one first—or all together?"

"We'd better begin with the oldest," I suggested, "and work down."

Olive blew five good blasts on the whistle. From the recesses of the horse-barn I caught an answering, "All right, Mother!" A minute later the lanky legs of the fifteen-year-old strode over to us.

I had to admit to myself that at least one of the requirements asked of the home by the school was here in action: "The child shall be taught obedience."

The next morning I noticed that at each one's plate at the breakfast-table was a little pile of slips. The children ate at a table of their own, and there was a great buzz of conversation as the slips were investigated.

"I did the stairs yesterday; you won't find them very dirty." "Goody, I'm to weed the radishes and I'll find a couple of big ones to chew!"

"Say, Betty, if you'll burn the rubbish to-day, I'll change with you about dusting the dining-room." "Do I have to carry water for all the chickens, Muddie?"

"No, the setting hens are taken care of as another job."

"Who'll read my jobs for me?" piped up Sally, waving her slips. She checked them off on her fingers. "Get kindling for the kitchen, wash out the soap-dishes, dry the dinner-dishes, shine my shoes, and dust my shelves, and write a page of numbers. Then may I play the rest of the day, Muddie?"

"Except when you hear the whistle for errands," was the answer.

I discovered that there were some other exchanges of slips, and every one left the table to attack the jobs in hand, for it was the Summer vacation.

I noticed that there was some lingering over a small poster in the kitchen.

"Here's one I'm going to do—mend stockings at two cents a pair."

Sally crowded herself in between two of the girls and demanded what there was she could do to earn something.

"Pick up things in the sewing-room—can you do that well?" She nodded.

"You can help me, Sally, if you want to. I'm going to do the magazine job; put the same ones in a pile and take the old ones up into the attic. I'll pay you two cents out of what I get."

I studied the list myself then, and found it showed about a dozen items, special jobs that needed attention.

"You see," Olive explained, "the slips give the regular jobs of the home, and the spirit of the thing is that we all give our services for the daily needs. To encourage further effort we have the list with tabulated emoluments, and the workers choose from that as they like best and do the jobs when they wish. But since every one of them is saving up for something, it keeps me humping to keep ahead of them on the list."

"I can't afford to pay very much for the jobs, or I could pay a maid just as well. But there is this to be considered: Even if I pay out quite a little each month for the odd work to be done, I tell myself that this method is far better than having a maid. The children are learning how to run a home, to handle money, be independent, and the spirit of mutual service is growing in them."

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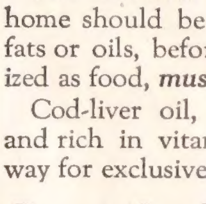

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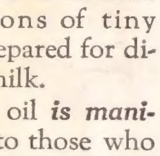

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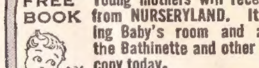

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Continued from Page 123

"I am sorry, Père. I was forced to break my word. Monsieur Philippe wanted me to. Dear père, God bless you, and may He not visit my sins upon your——"

"It was written while his pursuers were hammering on the door," said Father Gaspard. "Please, my lord, I am but a reporter of this opinion."

"Do you believe it?"

"What if I do?" he said. "It makes no difference. I do not know."

"You would dare to accuse my son of lying?"

"No, my lord. I would not dare. I would not even desire. At my age one does not accuse. One remains silent before the majesty of the blessed God." He bowed his head.

"Monsieur le Curé," said the count, "I promised you to treat this as legal evidence. I shall do so. I expect the same attitude from you!"

But Monsieur le Curé was too unhappy to answer, too unhappy in his perception of the wickedness of life. They led him away. They led him back to his empty cottage in silence.

After that the Count Duprès decided that his children would be safer at court than in the country. It seemed more desirable to have them spoiled by luxury than killed by brigands! As soon as Monsieur Philippe had recovered they departed with a large train, guards in front and behind.

RENÉE and her ladies traveled in litters. The gaiety of the company, the flashing suits of red, blue, and green which the courtiers wore, the prospect of being introduced to the great King Francis, all these dizzied Renée with happiness and expectation. And thus Peter left behind him sad traces upon the features of Father Gaspard, and in Renée a memory which sputtered to light now and then, like a candle in the joyous winds of youth.

King Francis, just released from the Spanish imprisonment following his capture at Pavia by Charles V., was now at Fontainebleau, surrounded by that brilliant court which cost so many millions of dollars to maintain. He was in love and happy, not yet having experienced all the disillusionment of his reign.

His mother, Louise de Savoie, had gathered around her the most beautiful ladies in France to adorn the splendor of the court. There were dances, tournaments, plays, music; wit was the *carte d'entrée;* learning was loved for its own sake; beauty was the goddess of the hour.

King Francis took a great fancy to Renée, her small sharp face, her full figure, and her vivid mind. After several conversations with her he gave her expensive presents, recommended some very desirable matches, and spoke so highly of her to his favorites that the count was quite beside himself with pleasure, and Monsieur Philippe quite beyond himself with pride. Thus, while Peter was wandering the Nivernais from one miserable occupation to another, and while he wrestled with the dark problem of good and evil on the brigands' plateau, Renée was in the midst of the silks, the jewels, and the excitement of a court début.

A TOUR of inspection around the plateau for the hundredth time ended at his stable-room in despair. There was no possible escape! And yet, Peter reflected, nature had made nothing perfect. He remembered Father Gaspard's having said that. This stronghold, built as it was by nature, *could* not be perfect. It was a philosophical impossibility.

What a funny mind Peter had!—child of that inquisitive, restless, never-satisfied age; the age that produced Leonardo da Vinci; the age that discovered America and invented the printing-press and questioned the stars. Peter began to look in unreasonable places for a way of escape.

The whole camp had gone forth on some adventure, leaving only the guards, who never forsook their posts by the trail, and the women in the castle, and the cooks, and Peter. It was an ideal time for exploration, Peter thought, as he lay on his belly beside the stable. Below him was a sheet of rock, absolutely perpendicular for two hundred feet; toward the bottom it sloped a little and reached the floor of the gorge as a shale-bank. Opposite him was a similar wall, quite as steep, and reaching up over his head. No way out here.

But how did he know? Was it certain? He allowed his eye to travel along the rim of the cliff to his left. The stable wall

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extended a hundred feet in this direction, separated from the cliff by a ledge. Then, Peter knew, there was an open space covered with underbrush between the stable and the château. He was surprized to find, however, looking in this direction, that the wall of the château was not quite flush with the cliff. There, also, was a ledge—much wider and easier to travel.

Peter arose excitedly, walked around the stable, and lay down at the edge of the cliff beside the massive gray château. He looked to his left again. Suddenly his heart became tumultuous and his hands gripped the ground excitedly. At the other side of the château rose a brown needle-rock upon which the guards were posted. Peter had never studied it closely, but he saw now that it bulged outward in the middle. It would be possible to crawl along the ledge of the château to this rock, then swerve to the left, and, protected by the overhang and the tunnel-like brush, reach the trail without being seen!

There were two objections to this escape. The first was that Peter did not know the trail, since he had been blindfolded when being led up it. He knew, however, that it plunged downward as soon as it passed the needle-rock, because he had seen the guards looking downward while they watched it. It might be possible, therefore, to make as much speed as a horse along this mountain passage, provided always that Peter should be able to get beyond gunshot before the guards should see him.

The second objection was that, tho he could reach the trail unseen, he could not do so unheard. There was too much brush and loose stone to break through at the base of the rock—ground which had never been traveled because the guards would allow no one to approach it. His escape, therefore, could only take place while there was some loud and confusing commotion in the camp, when the crackling of underbrush would not be noticed by the guards.

Peter grinned a little and decided that, if he really wanted to escape, it would be easy enough to start a commotion.

AND so to be free!

This way of escape, he reasoned, was exceedingly improbable, but still possible. Nature had not, indeed, made her plateau perfect; and if Peter could choose the psychological moment, if he were dramatist enough to take his guards when off their guard, he could accomplish it successfully. But it was also a way by which you could not return. He would not use it except in emergency.

Already Peter's imagination had pictured his escape! He saw that in case of emergency he would want to leave a rope hanging over the cliff from his stable-room, so that the brigands would think he had escaped over the cliff. This would give him more time.

It required a lot of planning to obtain that rope. He explained to the chief cook, who was left in charge of the camp, that it was necessary to put a new roof on the stable before the riders returned. He even cut down two or three pines at the other side of the plateau, and dragged them to the stable, by way of pretense. But that was not all. Peter wanted to keep his rope permanently. So he went back to the cook and said, "I want some nails. I'll just go up-stairs to the storeroom and choose my sizes and bring them down so that you can charge me with them." So he did. While he was in the storeroom he took another rope, a large thick one, and threw it from a window. It fell in the dry moat. Peter waited to make sure that no one had heard it fall. Then he collected a bundle of nails and returned to the cook, who inspected them so as to report to the baron how many had been needed. During the afternoon, Peter ostentatiously returned the rope he had borrowed for hauling logs.

That night he crept up to the castle from behind. The only guard the brigands maintained was at the trail, so that he was able to climb into the moat, pick up the rope he had stolen, and return to the stable, where he buried it in the earthen floor.

This scheming and vivid imagining of details show the intense activity of Peter's mind, behind his eyes, while his face was an imperturbable mask. When he had planned his escape thoroughly he was proud of himself.

He felt quite as proud as the greatest of inventors, tho he was, really, a dramatist. Was not that rope a clever idea now! An idea of the devil, surely. Peter thought he would look at himself in a mirror to see whether his face was diabolical. He was close enough to his times to be superstitious.

He obtained special permission to enter the castle by way of the kitchen. There he found a mirror. The face that looked out at him had, indeed, changed; was more mature, almost grim in its expression, with tanned cheeks and eyes that were at once commanding and wistful. Of course, he himself did not notice all this, being more concerned with the unkempt beard which obscured the gaunt triangularity of his face and rounded out his jaws. And his brown hair was very long. He thought perhaps, when the riders should return, he would have one of them who had been a barber attend to these appearances.

LUCY was away with the riders. The small girl with the brown eyes did not come out that afternoon. Peter was left alone to wander around the plateau, making new resolutions about himself. He was inspired by a new daring. That undeciphered letter of his!—supposing he were really related to the great Duke of Suffolk! If that were true ought he not to dominate these brigands? And supposing he should act as if it *were* true? What then? Wouldn't he, then, be able to make these scoundrels do as he wanted, without their so much as knowing it?

With a deep breath of satisfaction he realized that he was distinguished from other men, and that he could rise to power among the brigands without committing a single crime beyond that of associating with them. "Stupid men," he wrote later, "can take no offense at a man who is clever enough not to show his cleverness. Even the gods forgive a truly clever man." And it was by such cleverness, imperceptible to lesser minds, that Peter began to change his fortunes among the Thousand Devils when the band returned. He set himself up for a humorist!

He was the clown. The knowledge that he could escape whenever he chose gave him a confidence and a swagger. He went about with hands in his pockets, a grin on his mouth, chewing a straw, dancing queer steps, making impossible remarks. He was careful to keep his clothes ragged and comical. In the evenings he would entertain the company with songs which he had picked up during his life at wayside inns, with dances just under the gibbets of the baron's platform, even with stories, more or less fictitious, and always funny.

Tho he had been working toward it little by little ever since his arrival, the assumption of this character of the jester was an inspiration born of his sudden confidence in himself and of his scorn for the life which had been forced upon him. He wrote, in an essay on brigandage, "That which is impossible to accomplish by force can be induced to occur by laughter. There is a kinship between recklessness and humor." But it required a confident mind, as well as a sensitivity to human emotions, to reach such conclusions and to act upon them, surrounded, at the age of twenty-one, by several hundred desperadoes.

Above all, Peter was careful to produce an effect of innocence, as if the escape he had planned for himself were the last desire of his heart. This, added to the fact that he had not seemed to shrink from shooting Jean Sendrecy, obtained for him the favor of the baron and all the men. Tho the lowest in rank, Peter was the most privileged of the outlaws.

The second instalment of "The Gentleman King" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published March 25th. If you prefer to read this story at one time save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all later on.

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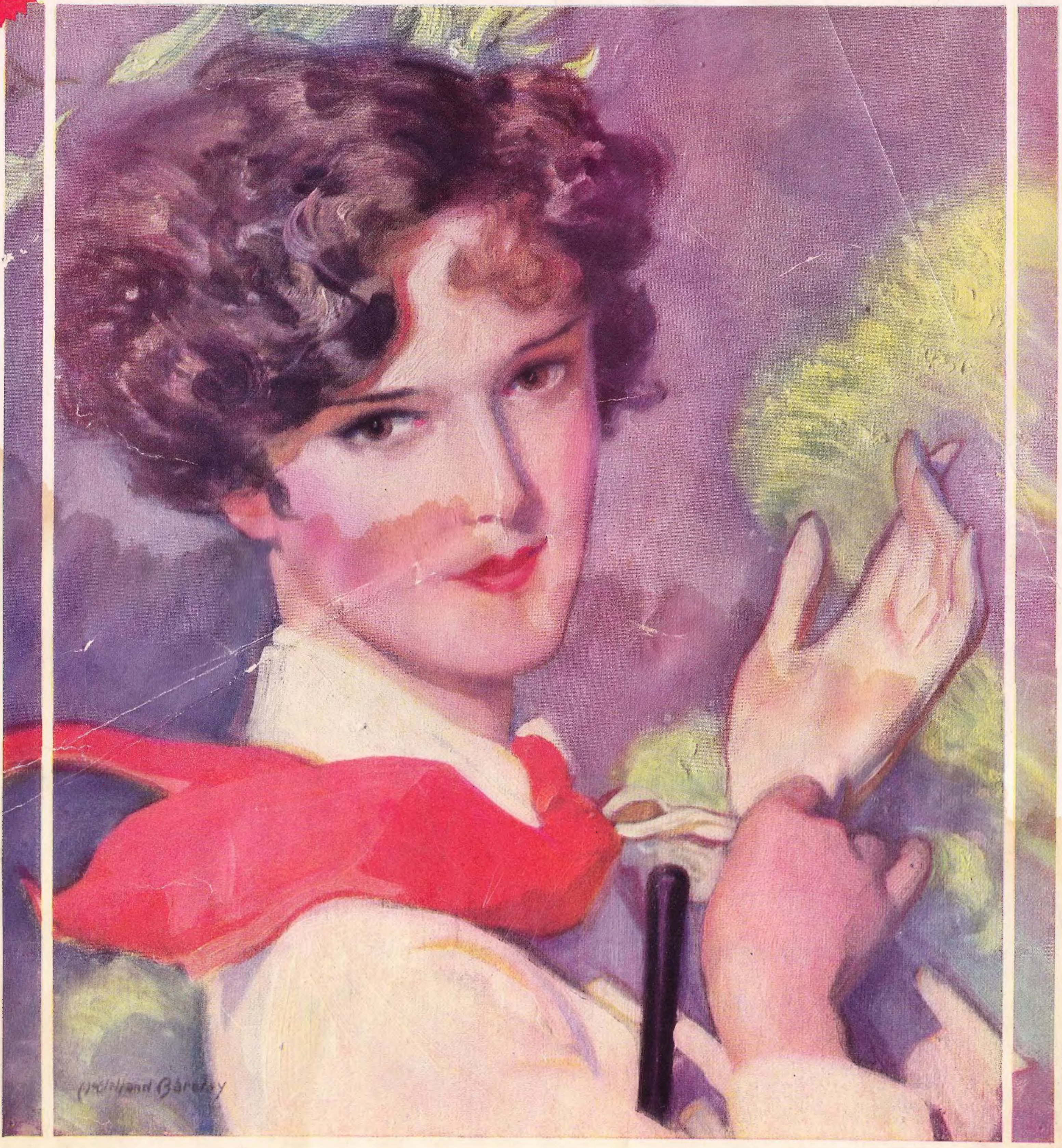

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